

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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Number VI

## THE NEW SUPREME COURT

THE HIGHEST BENCH OF THE AMERICAN JUDICIARY, WHICH HAS  
BEEN SO LARGELY RECONSTITUTED BY PRESIDENT  
TAFT'S RECENT APPOINTMENTS

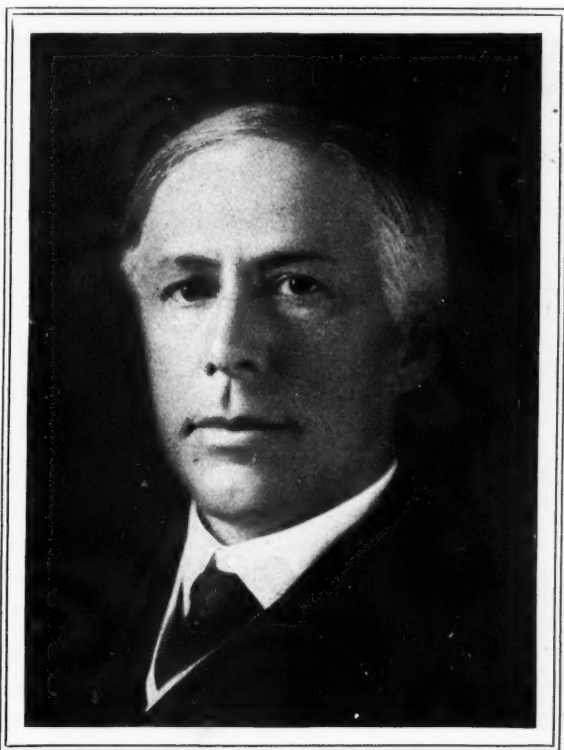
BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

ONE day last December a dramatic event occurred in the crescent-shaped chamber near the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, where the Supreme Court of the United States sits. Scarcely a hundred spectators witnessed it; only a few minutes elapsed; yet the significance of the occasion touched every citizen of the republic.

The room is one that is followed by the richest traditions of American statesmanship. Here the Senate used to sit; here Clay bade farewell to his colleagues and Webster replied to Hayne. Here, on the day of which I speak, a Republican justice, who had served in the Union army during the Civil War, administered the oath of office to a new Democratic chief justice, who had just been appointed by a Republican President, and who had once fought under the flag of the Confederacy. Such is the personnel of our highest tribunal, which has recently been to so great an extent reorganized, and which now begins a new era in its stately history.

The casual tourist in Washington, who steps for a moment into the Supreme Court room

during a session, is awed into silence by the dignity and solemnity of the pro-



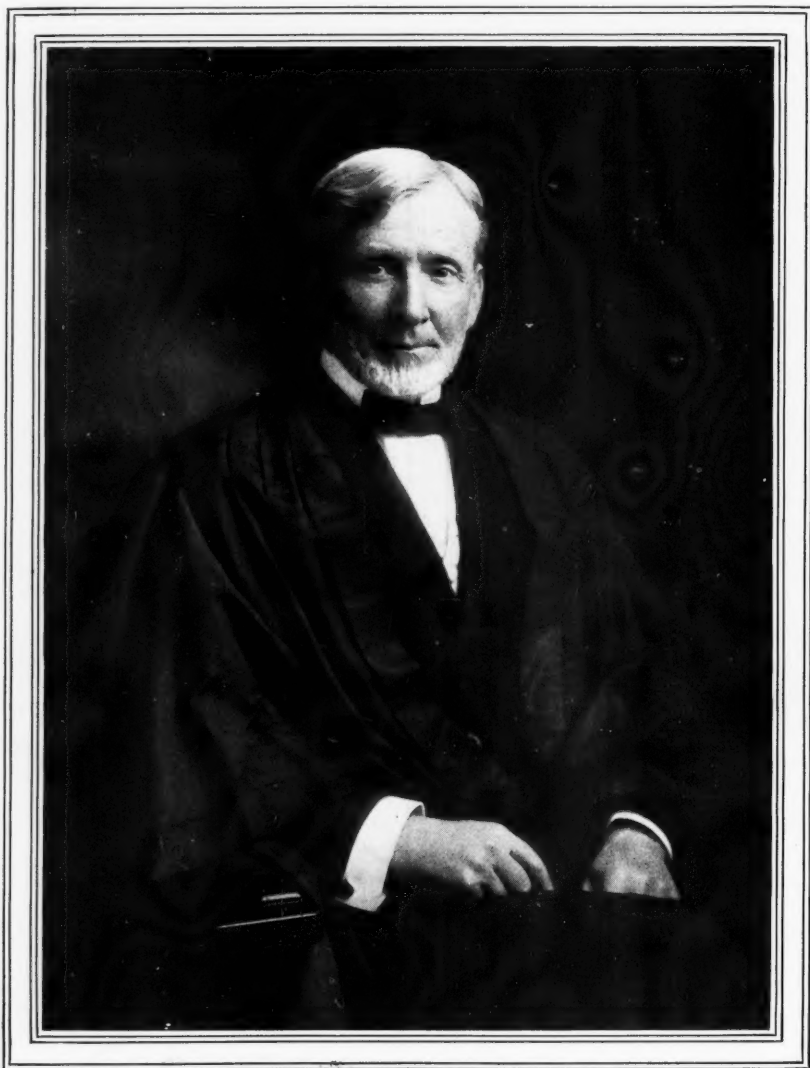
ASSOCIATE JUSTICE WILLIS VAN DEVANTER, OF WYOMING,  
RECENTLY PROMOTED TO THE SUPREME BENCH  
FROM A CIRCUIT JUDGESHIP

*From a photograph by Pierce, Boston*

ceedings; yet he seldom realizes the enormous power of those nine black-robed justices whom he sees sitting under the outstretched wings of a great brazen American eagle. They can annul laws and upset elections, and there is no appeal from their decision. No other court of any time was invested with such far-reaching authority. This bench is the bulwark of the Constitution, and, as such, sets up the very fortress of our liberties.

The Supreme Court has been called the aristocratic branch of a republican government, but in reality it is the very essence of democracy. Senators represent their States, Congressmen their districts, but this court stands for the whole country and all the people.

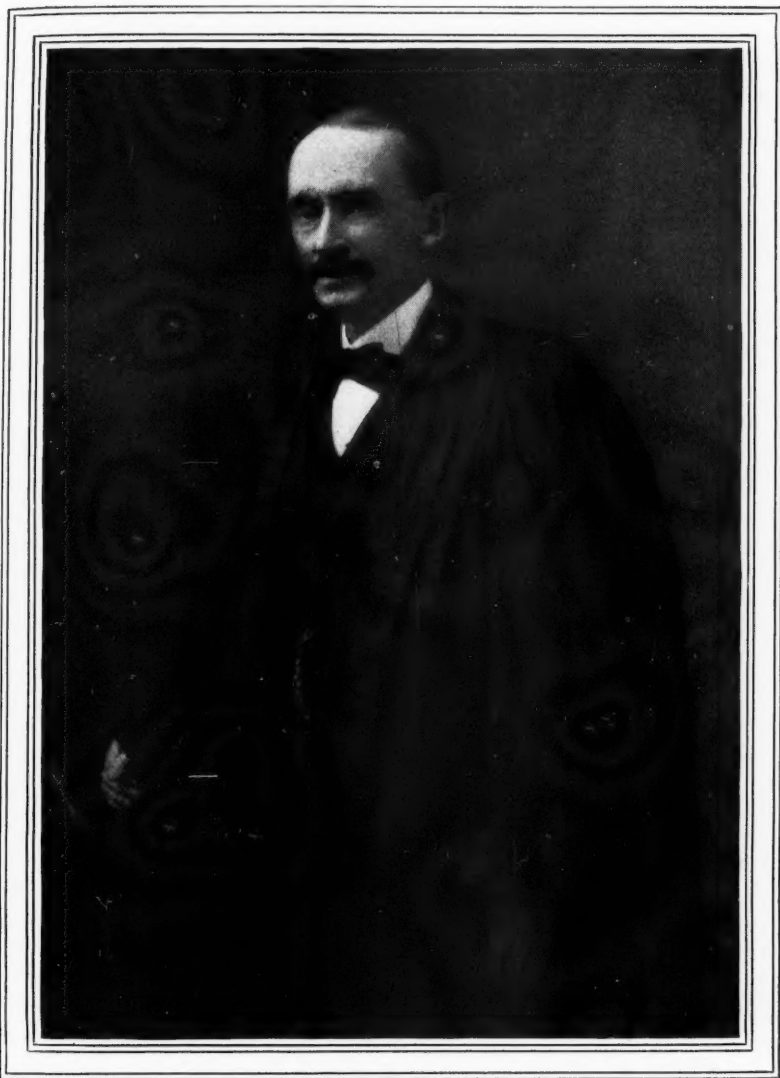
Peculiar interest attaches to its deliberations and decisions this year. There are two distinct reasons. One is the fact that there is a new chief justice, the first since



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE JAMES McKENNA, OF CALIFORNIA, WHO, LIKE JUSTICE DAY, WAS A MEMBER OF THE MCKINLEY CABINET

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ASSOCIATE JUSTICE WILLIAM R. DAY, OF OHIO, WHO WAS APPOINTED TO THE BENCH BY HIS OLD FRIEND AND POLITICAL ASSOCIATE, THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

*From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington*

1888, and three new justices, besides a fourth who took his seat only last year; the other is the far-reaching importance and effect of some of the cases to be decided.

Practically all of Mr. Roosevelt's characteristic policies will come up for final review. Chief among them are the government's suits against the American Tobacco Company and the Standard Oil Company. If the court sustains the contention of the Department of Justice that these immense

corporations are operated in violation of the Sherman Anti-trust Law, suits may then be instituted for the dissolution of many other similar enterprises. These decisions will determine the fate of billions of dollars of capital, and may shake the whole structure of modern business.

The court will also pass upon the constitutionality of the corporation tax law; it must interpret the Pure Food Law, the Employers' Liability Act, and other important

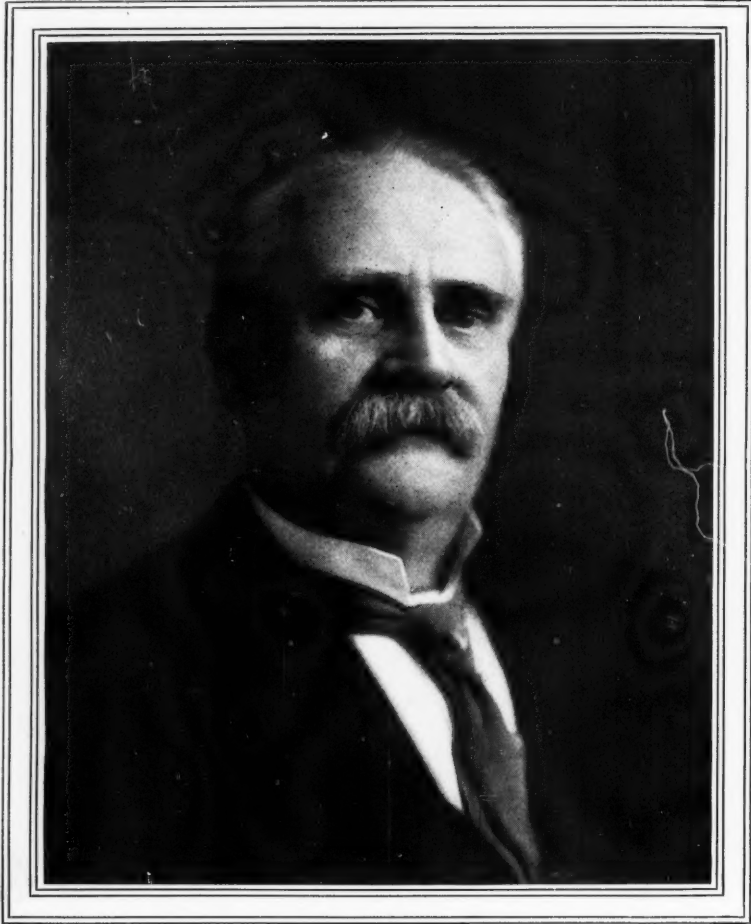
statutes. Every phase of society and industry in all sections will be affected in some way by the action of the nine judges.

It is interesting to note that President Taft has had a distinction seldom accorded to any President in that he has practically reconstructed the Supreme Court. Alto-

sat in it either as chief justice or as associate justices.

Quite naturally the question arises, what kind of men occupy this high place?

There is no mystery about their legal ability, for the evidence of this is written in their decisions. It is the personal side of



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE HORACE H. LURTON, OF TENNESSEE, APPOINTED TO THE SUPREME BENCH LAST YEAR—JUSTICE LURTON IS AN EX-CONFEDERATE AND AN OLD PERSONAL FRIEND OF PRESIDENT TAFT

*From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington*

gether he has filled five vacancies, including the nomination of a chief justice. Only six other Presidents have named for this office—Washington, John Adams, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, and Cleveland. It is a significant commentary on the character and permanency of the court that since its beginning in 1789 only sixty-six men have

the court that is so little known to the nation at large. The dignity and responsibility of so exalted a judiciary seem to have immured the judges in aloofness and made them a sort of group apart. With few exceptions, the world has come to look upon them as institutions rather than men. Yet when you meet them at close range, and away from

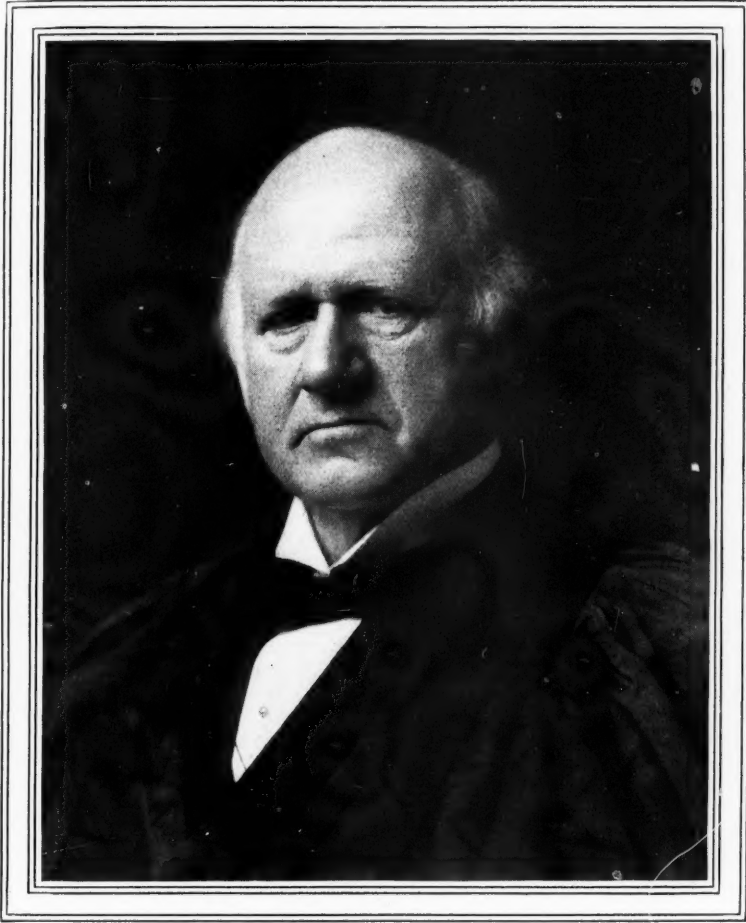
the court, you find that they are intensely and interestingly human.

Each justice's approach to the Supreme Bench is a full chapter of conspicuous public service of some kind, and together they form a gallery of varied and notable achievement. A great Governor sits near a

common ignorance concerning most of the members of the Supreme Court. When the newspapers flashed the news of his nomination for the distinguished post that he now holds, people everywhere asked:

"Who is Justice White?"

Yet he had sat on that high bench for



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE JOHN MARSHALL HARLAN, OF KENTUCKY—JUSTICE HARLAN IS THE DEAN OF THE SUPREME BENCH, AND IS NOW IN HIS THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF SERVICE

*From a photograph by Cox, Chicago*

former Secretary of State, who helped to end an epoch-making war; but diplomacy and politics melted away when they assumed their judicial robes.

#### THE NEW CHIEF JUSTICE

The case of the new chief justice, Edward Douglass White, is typical of the

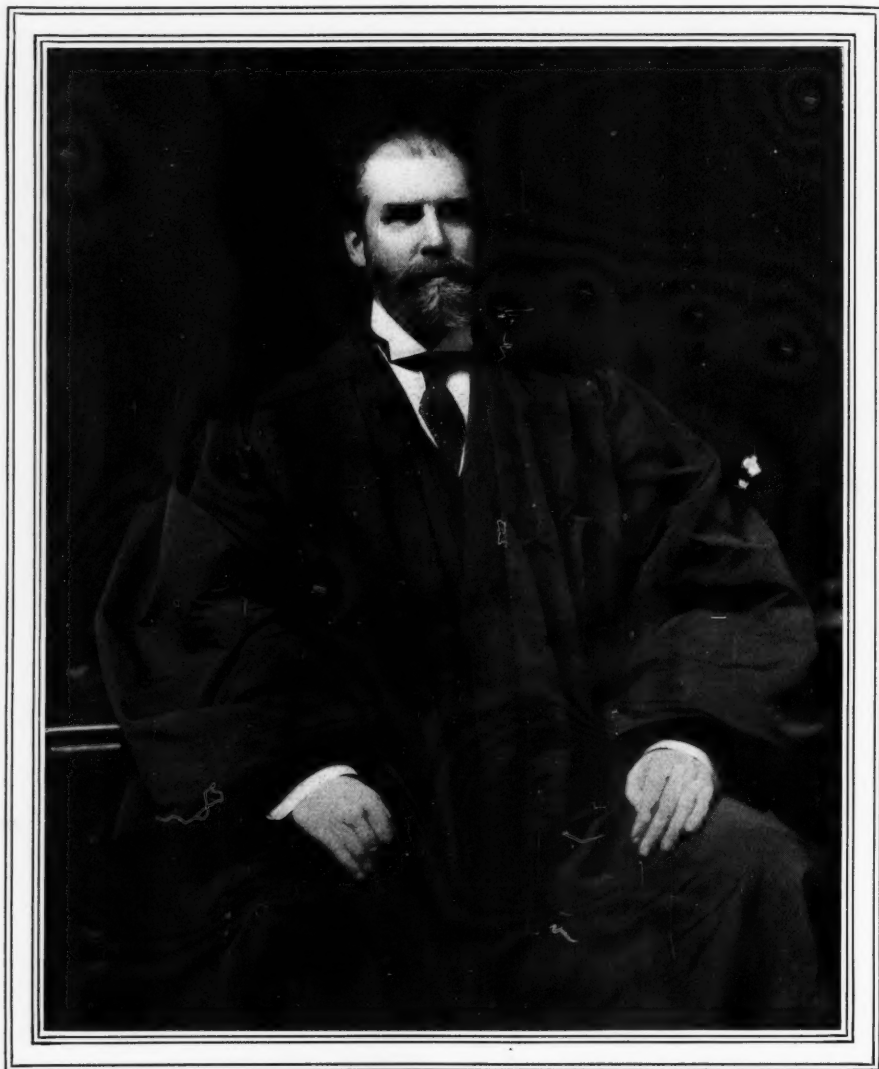
exactly sixteen years; he had participated prominently in cases that shook vast economic fabrics; he had been a Senator from Louisiana, and he possessed one of the master legal minds of his time. Lawyers, some statesmen, and the Washington correspondents knew about him, but to the multitude he was just a name. When that name

was linked with the chief justiceship it instantly became invested with nation-wide interest and importance. There could be no better tribute to the office.

Nor was Justice White's elevation without distinctive features. With the exception of Roger B. Taney, he is the first Roman Catholic to fill the highest judicial station in the country, and he is the only chief justice ever promoted from the bench. Likewise he is the first Southerner to preside

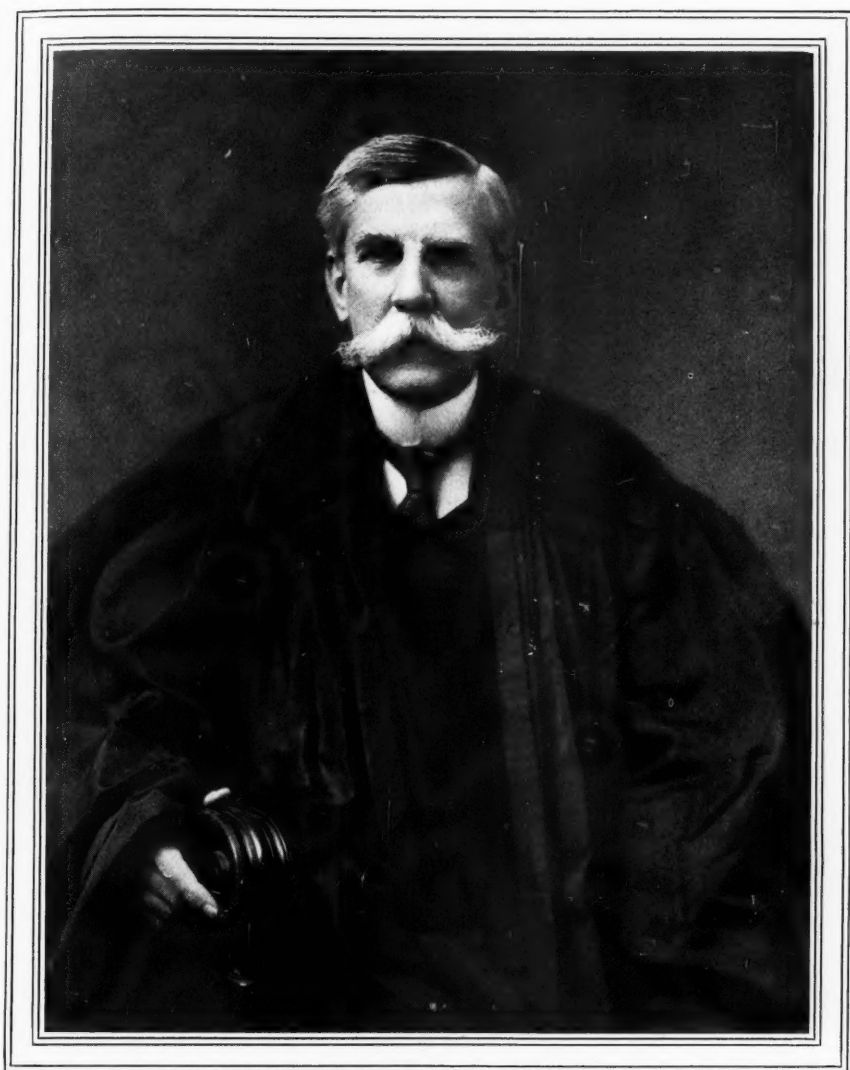
over the tribunal since the Civil War, although before that time the office had been in Southern hands for more than sixty years continuously.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Chief Justice White—such is his official title when you address him—did not really need any solemn investiture to single him out for distinction. In a quiet way he had played a man's part in large affairs long before he was called to the Supreme Bench. He



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, AND THE MOST WIDELY KNOWN OF ALL THE SUPREME COURT JUSTICES

*From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington*



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, OF MASSACHUSETTS, SON AND NAMESAKE OF THE FAMOUS "AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE"

*From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington*

comes from a family that helped to make Louisiana history. His grandfather, James White, was judge of western Louisiana. His father, Edward White, was Governor of the State for four years and served several terms in Congress. His mother was related to the hero of Palo Alto immortalized in "Maryland, My Maryland."

The Chief Justice was born sixty-six years ago on a sugar plantation in the Lafourche Parish, Louisiana. He was educated at

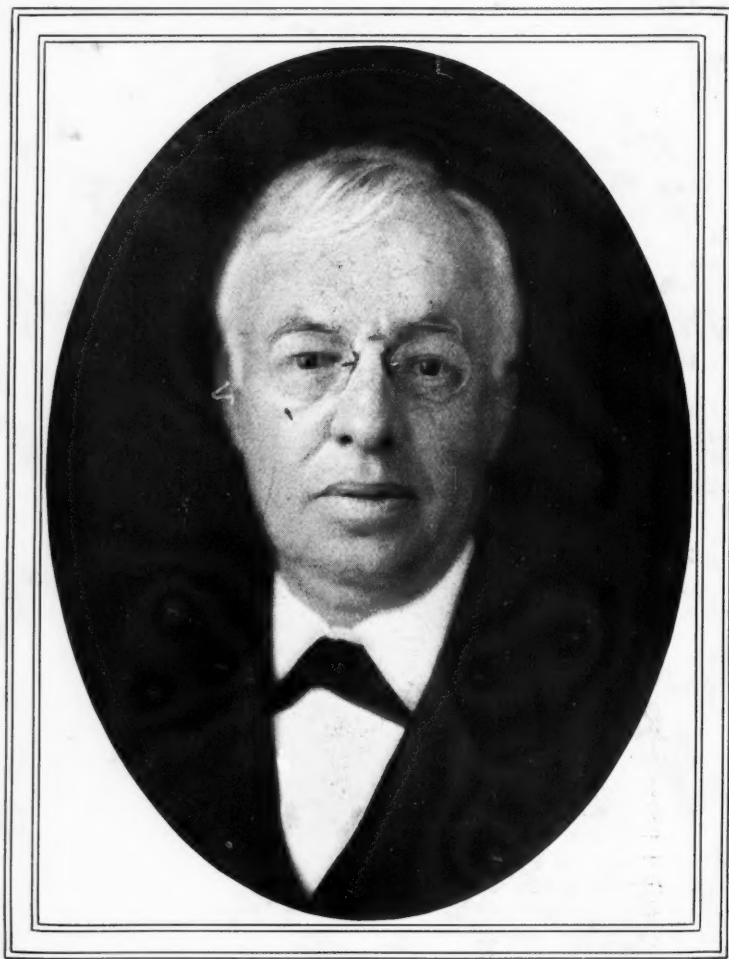
various Catholic institutions, and finished at Georgetown University, the Harvard of his faith. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the Confederate army. During the siege of Port Hudson he served on the staff of General Beale, and was taken prisoner by General Banks on the surrender of that place.

After the war, he entered the law-office of Edward Bermudez, later chief justice of Louisiana, and was admitted to the bar in

1868. Ten years later he made his entry into the politics of the State, and was elected a State Senator. Not long after he was appointed an associate judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. Here he remained until 1879, when a new constitution vacated all offices in the commonwealth.

for a successor to James B. Eustis in the United States Senate, in 1890, their choice fell upon him.

In the Senate, Mr. White distinguished himself on many occasions. One was when he made his argument against the constitutionality of the Anti-Option Law; another



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE JOSEPH R. LAMAR, OF GEORGIA, A SOUTHERN DEMOCRAT  
RECENTLY APPOINTED TO THE SUPREME BENCH BY PRESIDENT TAFT

*From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington*

Entering politics again, he conducted the campaign which resulted in the election of Governor Nichols. It was a fight for reform, and he displayed such brilliancy, energy, and resource that all the State came to know and to respect him. When the Democratic legislators were casting about

was his advocacy of President Cleveland's views during the struggle for the repeal of the silver coinage law.

During his term as Senator, Justice Blatchford of the Supreme Court died. After two unsuccessful attempts, extending over two months, to fill this vacancy with



a nominee from New York State, which had had a representative on that bench for eighty-eight years continuously, Mr. Cleveland suddenly turned to the South, and selected Mr. White. He was confirmed without a moment's hesitation, and on March 12, 1894, he became part of the mighty tribunal over which he now presides.

Before attempting any characterization of the chief justice, it might be well to say that there are two Mr. Whites. I do not mean this in the Jekyll-Hyde sense, but because you get one kind of impression of him when you see him in court, and quite a different one when you meet him in his home. In both cases he is the same splendid mountain of a man, big of face, keen but kindly of eye, deep of chest, and radiating the vitality of health and vigor.

On the bench, clad in the garb and the authority of his high magistracy, he looks the student. The great face is becalmed; meditation enwraps him; he literally personifies judgeship. Often he sits with his eyes shaded by his hand, to keep out the light, and his bulky presence broods over the whole court-room. At such times he may look as if he were asleep; but that apparently somnolent calm has misled more than one lawyer, for out of it there has suddenly been projected a searching question that showed complete knowledge and understanding of everything that had been said and done.

#### THE CHIEF JUSTICE IN HIS HOME

But it is when he greets you in his own house that you come face to face with the real man. Whether you bring introductions or not, the chances are that he will receive you himself, at the head of the winding stairway that leads to his study on the second floor of the big red mansion on Rhode Island Avenue where he has lived for ten years. Then you will see his craggy face crinkled up in a generous smile, and he looks more like a jovial monk than the learned judge. Put a brown cowl on him, and you could well fancy him at the porter's wicket of a monastery, offering hospitality with the most genial grace.

His welcome is a benediction. I emphasize this because every one who has ever been received by him has carried away an unforgettable memory of exquisite manners. There are about the chief justice's bearing that simplicity and that reality of courtesy which, while often ascribed to the

traditional Southern gentleman, really have no section.

Like all men who are truly big, he is sincere and unaffected. Once past his doorstep, rank and station bow before an equal and thoughtful consideration. Nor does he ring for a footman to show his callers out, but with the finest sense of hostship he himself escorts the guest to the door.

He talks in a rich, eloquent, musical voice that seems to set his delightful manners to music. Congratulate him on his accession to the chief justiceship, and he will reply that all stations are alike on the Supreme Bench, for modesty with him is no affectation. Tell him that his career has been a proud one, and he will answer that he has simply tried to do his work.

There is a delightful spaciousness about the house that gives the impression of easy and comfortable living. One of the most interesting rooms is the chief justice's study—a long, stately, high-ceiled apartment almost walled in by yellow law books. At one end, the massive face of his eminent predecessor, John Marshall, looks down upon him from an oak frame; at the other end he can see the stern visage of Daniel Webster.

This room is Mr. White's workshop, and also his judicial "chamber," for there are no offices for the justices in the Capitol. In the middle is a large, flat-topped mahogany desk, piled high with briefs, documents, books, and all the other paraphernalia of decision-making. Sitting at this desk, or walking up and down the room with his hands dug deep in his pockets, he dictates his opinions to his stenographer.

After one dictation, he is able to repeat a whole decision by heart. His memory is amazing, and there have been many extraordinary examples of it. In the income-tax case he was called upon to deliver the dissenting opinion—one of his greatest documents—which upheld the tax. At the outset he picked up his manuscript, but after a moment he laid it aside, took off his glasses, and then recited it without once looking down at the copy. He did not miss a word, and this, too, in spite of the fact that the opinion contained masses of references and scores of quotations from other opinions. Not only are his decisions learned and scholarly, but lawyers everywhere agree that they are finished, eloquent, and literary in quality.

It was on the occasion of his recitation

of the income-tax decision that Mr. White, then an associate justice, broke one of the unwritten laws of the Supreme Court. He spoke in a clear, resonant voice, just as if he were arguing a case, and pounded on the desk in emphasizing a point. This was most unusual, for as a rule the judges scarcely raise their voices above a whisper. The court-room is small, and a loud tone is not needed to fill it.

The chief justice's memory is not confined to legal matters. His range of reading is very wide, and he can repeat thousands of lines of English and French literature. He is perhaps the only man on the Supreme Bench who can argue a case in French as readily as in English. It has been said of him, too, that he has a Latin mind. An eminent lawyer once declared his belief that Mr. White could give an extemporaneous speech in Latin and find it no task at all.

Mr. White is a prodigious worker. In fact, hard work is the lot of every man on that bench. One day a delegation invited the chief justice to make a speech at the Southern Commercial Congress, held in Atlanta. He courteously declined. He had received the deputation in his study, and, pointing to his piled-up desk, he said:

"Gentlemen, here are some twenty or thirty legal documents that have come to me to-day. They are only part of my work. During the sixteen years that I have been on the Supreme Bench, I have never found time to make speeches. You see before you the reason why. I worked until one o'clock this morning, and I was back at my desk at half-past seven."

Despite the ponderous dignity of his position, and the fact that many regard the chief justiceship of the United States as the most impressive gift that the republic can bestow, Mr. White is the most democratic of men. Although he owns motor-cars, he prefers to walk whenever and wherever he can. Like Mayor Gaynor of New York, he believes in long constitutionals. His daily stroll is around the open space behind the White House grounds. Some of his friends call it the "White Lot."

Not long after he had been sworn in as chief justice, he walked from his house to the Capitol. He was entering the Senate wing, where the Supreme Court is located, when he was accosted by Senator Scott, of West Virginia, who had just alighted from a limousine.

"Hello, Mr. Chief Justice!" the Senator

said cheerily. "I see you walk, just like an ordinary citizen."

"That is precisely what I am," replied Mr. White.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE

It is not too much to say that, with the possible exception of Justice Harlan, the new chief justice is the most human figure on the bench. This reference to the veteran Kentucky jurist recalls a story about both of them.

Mr. White and Mr. Harlan are great tobacco-chewers, and they chew steadily through the sessions of court. One day Mr. White forgot his plug, but he did not discover the fact until he had settled back comfortably to listen to the argument in a very important case. A look of real pain came over his face. Then he wrote a message on a sheet of paper, called a page, and asked him to take it to Mr. Harlan.

This performance greatly interested the lawyers. They nudged one another, as if to say that Mr. White had been impressed by some telling point in the argument and was imparting it to his colleague. As a matter of fact, what he had written was this:

Have forgotten my plug. Please send me some tobacco.

Mr. Harlan read the note, took out his tobacco, cut off a generous piece, and sent it back by the page. Mr. White seemed much relieved, for a beneficent smile overspread his massive countenance, and once more he settled down to the case.

The more you find out about the new chief justice, the more convinced you become of the many-sidedness of his human qualities. For example, the average man might be surprised to learn that a jurist occupying such an exalted station is an ardent baseball "fan," but such is the case. As a student, Mr. White played baseball at Georgetown, and now he goes to the professional games whenever he has the time. More than this, he keeps up with the progress of the sport, and knows the standing of the clubs and the fine points of the players. "Ty" Cobb is his special admiration on the diamond.

The chief justice is a good "rooter" in his way, and this once led to a characteristic incident. He was witnessing a very close game between the Washingtons and the Clevelanders. It was during a winning streak of the home team, and all the capital

city was excited. The justice sat down in a front seat, and next to him was a plainly dressed individual. Both men were "rooting" hard for Washington, the justice in a quiet, judicial fashion, and his neighbor with all his might, main, and noise-making powers.

Quite naturally, the men struck up a conversation. When the game ended, and the crowd started for the gates, the justice's neighbor said:

"My name is Henderson. Glad to have met you!"

"My name is White," replied the justice, and they separated.

A few days later, the justice was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue when he felt a thump on his back and heard a voice say:

"White, that was a great game of baseball we saw the other day!"

Turning around, he saw his friend of the grand stand.

"Yes," he replied, "it was a great game and a great victory."

The man passed on, never dreaming how familiar he had been with our highest judicial dignity. This is a story that Mr. White tells on himself.

He also tells some on other people. Being a Southerner, he knows many negro stories. Here is a sample of the kind he relates—and, by the way, it is one of his favorites:

Two Louisiana negroes, who worked on his father's plantation, got into a row with a third laborer, who was handy with a pistol. The man with the revolver began to shoot, and the pair ran to cover. When they were out of range, one of the negroes said to his friend:

"Did you hear dat last bullet?"

"Deed I did. I hearn it twice!"

"What do you mean by dat?" asked the first one.

"I hearn dat bullet once when it passed me, and den anudder time when I passed it!" was the answer.

After baseball, the chief justice's pet hobby is collecting precious stones. He does not gather them for his own adornment, for he is a man of simple tastes and very modest dress; but he loves them for their intrinsic beauty. You may often see him standing in front of the fine jewelry-shops, admiring the gems in the windows.

#### THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND AN INTERVIEWER

I could tell many other stories about Mr. White, each one revealing some quality of

courtesy, kindness, or humor. But just one further incident will show how he once met a peculiar situation with characteristic dignity and tact.

It is an unwritten law in Washington that justices of the Supreme Court are never, under any circumstance or condition, interviewed about cases or matters that come up before the tribunal. With very rare exceptions, the rule is scrupulously respected by the newspaper men.

One day, several years ago, the correspondent of a Western paper received a telegram from his managing editor, requesting him to ask Mr. White a question that was manifestly improper. The reporter knew the ethics of the situation, but he also felt that he must at least try to carry out the instructions of his chief. In great trepidation, he went to Mr. White's house, where he was received with the usual kindly greeting. Then he handed over the telegram from the editor.

Mr. White read it carefully. Then he smiled pleasantly, and said:

"Come into the next room. I have something I want to show you."

The reporter knew that the days of the rack and thumb-screw had ended, but he didn't know just what was going to happen to him. He had not been in Washington very long.

In the next room, the justice produced a bottle and two glasses.

"Here," he said, pouring out a little of the bottle's contents, "is some brandy that I have just received from Louisiana. I'd like to get your opinion of it."

"It's fine!" said the correspondent.

"I am glad you like it," replied Mr. White.

They discussed casual subjects for a few moments, and the correspondent started to go.

"Come again," said the justice, as he shook the visitor cordially by the hand. "I shall always be glad to see you."

With this he escorted the newspaper man to the door himself, and bowed him out in his delightful fashion. It was his way of meeting an awkward situation, and he carried it off with credit to himself and no discomfiture to a reporter who was simply doing his duty.

You have now had a glimpse of the chief justice as a man. To know him as a lawyer and judge is to look at any one of his great opinions. One of the most famous

is his dissenting decision in the Northern Securities case. He held that the vast merger which represented the truce between Harriman and Hill for the conquest of the Northwest was not illegal. The majority of the court was against him. He maintained that the purchase or control of the stock of one railroad corporation by another could not be said to be inter-State commerce; that it was a mere transfer of title to property within the State, and that it did not come under the provisions of the Sherman Law.

Besides his opinion upholding the income tax, which has already been mentioned, and which is regarded by many jurists as one of the most brilliant examples of legal analysis ever made in this country, another of his noted deliverances was an affirmative one in the celebrated "commodities case." This opinion fixed the constitutionality of the clause in the Inter-State Commerce Law prohibiting railroads from carrying coal which they mined or owned.

It only remains to reveal one more phase of the character of the chief justice, and this involves an intensely personal episode. The world is not apt to associate tender sentiment with reticent men, especially with those who help to create the secluded and highly prosaic atmosphere of the Supreme Court of the United States. But romance has dwelt with Chief Justice White for years, and nothing in all his life is more beautifully characteristic of some of his traits than his love-story.

When he was a young man just breaking into the law, he became deeply attached to a Miss Montgomery, of Alabama, who was a belle of the seventies. He wanted to marry her, but instead of accepting him she married Mr. Linden Kent. Mr. White thereupon resigned himself to bachelorhood and went his way, each year witnessing some fresh manifestation of his ability and his success.

Then Mr. Kent died, and in time the rising lawyer renewed his suit; but once more he was rebuffed. A firm friendship was cemented, however; and after a few years the persistent lover, who was now an associate justice of the Supreme Court, again pressed his case and won. He had kept to the faith of his first love for precisely twenty-five years, and they are both very happy. In fact, the married life of the Whites is held up as a model to young couples in Washington.

When you come to sum up the personality of the chief justice, you find that he not only typifies the high traditions of his office and measures up to its eminent requirements, but also has the time and the talent to be a human being.

#### THE FORMER GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

Now let us turn to the new justices. Chief among them in popular interest, and the best known so far as the general public is concerned, is Charles E. Hughes. Mr. Justice Hughes brought to the bench the peculiar distinction of having sacrificed for his judicial post a possibility, or even a probability, of being a Presidential candidate. This was not a great surprise to those who knew him intimately, because, despite his short and dramatic career in New York politics, he never quite got out of his legal frame of mind.

I had seen him in his campaigns, when he pleaded his cause with the people, and at Albany when, as Governor of a great State, he brought a hostile Legislature to its knees. In all instances he projected cold reason into partizanship, and won by logic rather than by passion. In short, he was always the lawyer. When I recently beheld him at Washington, as an associate justice of the Supreme Court, in dignity, manner, and temperament he was the same man that I had known before.

He has taken a big red house out on Massachusetts Avenue, where he can get a glimpse of the country. His study is a converted dining-room in the basement. He calls it "the dungeon," but that is one of his jokes, for it is spacious and well-lighted, and looks like a very comfortable workshop. The walls are lined with books, mostly law volumes, but here and there you can see the familiar green or gold binding of a "best-seller," for the justice relieves his mind with light fiction.

So much was written about Mr. Hughes during his two terms as Governor of New York that it is unnecessary to dwell upon any biographical details here. The world knows him as he stood in the fierce glare that beats about a determined and constructive reformer defied by a party machine. Such was Hughes the statesman.

Many people think that Justice Hughes is cold and unresponsive. As a matter of fact, when you really come to know him, you find that he is very human, and has a keen sense of humor. At college he presided over all



social gatherings. When he went into law, he took on much of the aloofness of the profession, but it was only external. In his campaigns he unbent.

He tells the story of an experience that befell him on his first speech-making tour. In a little up-State town, a woman pressed through the throng at the conclusion of his address. Grasping his hand, she said with great enthusiasm:

"Mr. Hughes, I wanted so much to meet you! My father had whiskers just like yours!"

One striking fact in regard to Mr. Hughes, though it has not been generally commented upon, is that with the exception of William Jennings Bryan, no other man of recent times rose so swiftly to high political prestige. Up to 1905 he was a comparatively unknown lawyer. His brilliant conduct of the Armstrong insurance investigation made him a leader. The next year he was elected Governor; and the year after, his name had been presented for the Republican Presidential nomination.

There are many who believe that Mr. Hughes has one of the great legal minds of his time. Like his eminent chief, he has a remarkable memory. Years ago, when he was a quizzer at Columbia, he never referred to notes, despite the fact that he quoted scores of opinions. In his political speeches he used to reel off table after table of figures by heart.

There was a characteristic illustration of his memory during the closing days of his last term as Governor of New York. A member of the Public Service Commission for the First District had made an elaborate investigation of the law relating to the revival of franchises, with special reference to the so-called Steinway tunnel under the East River. It was a specialized line of law, and required much research. Then he went to Albany to talk it over with the Governor. To the commissioner's great astonishment, Mr. Hughes knew all the cases cited, and quoted most of them offhand.

During his service as inquisitor in the gas and insurance investigations, Mr. Hughes proved his ability to follow up a line like a ferret. Nothing escaped him. Under his adroit questioning, a single word of admission often brought on a whole avalanche of damaging testimony. To quote one of his old colleagues, "he has the three essentials of the ideal lawyer—clearness of perception, splendid memory, and a logical process of

mind." Thus he fits into the company of a great group of lawyers.

#### A NEW JUSTICE FROM THE SOUTH

In sharp contrast to Mr. Hughes, one of his new brethren of the bench, Justice Joseph R. Lamar, came to the Supreme Court almost unknown to the multitude. He really owes his elevation to a golf-game. One day, when President Taft was sojourning at Augusta, Georgia, he went out to the golf-links. While resting on the piazza of the clubhouse, he was introduced to Judge Lamar. A warm friendship sprang up between the two men. Mr. Taft always likes to discuss fine legal points, and the knowledge displayed by the Georgian impressed him. Those who knew his admiration for Judge Lamar were not surprised when he named this Southern Democrat for the Supreme Court.

I might add that, unlike most of his judicial associates, Judge Lamar is not a golfer, and on the fateful day when he met the President he merely chanced to be a visitor at the clubhouse.

Justice Lamar is the second of his name to sit on the Supreme Bench. His illustrious namesake and cousin—for all the Lamars in the South are cousins—was Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, of Mississippi, who was also Secretary of the Interior under President Cleveland.

There has been little of unusual incident in Justice Lamar's life, and the human-interest historian finds it hard digging to unearth anecdotes about him. He has given his life to the law, and in a very modest way. He is fifty-three years of age, the son of a preacher, and was born at Ruckersville, in northern Ruckersville, Georgia. His middle name is Rucker, and the place was named after his mother's family. Among his early tutors was Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, a famous Georgia educator and littérateur. He graduated in law from Washington and Lee University, and was admitted to the bar at Augusta in 1878.

Save for one term as member of the Georgia Legislature, Justice Lamar has never departed from his allegiance to the law. In 1903 he was appointed to the Supreme Court of the State to fill an unexpired term, and was later elected to succeed himself. After three years of service, he retired to private practise, and was a member of the Augusta bar when President Taft named him for the Federal bench. His opinions have been

marked by picturesqueness of expression and vitality of thought.

To meet Justice Lamar is to know another man of the type of Chief Justice White. To dignity and refinement of bearing he adds a fine Southern courtesy. He is large of frame; his skin is smooth and ruddy; his eye is clear, and his fine, broad, unwrinkled brow is surmounted by a mass of white hair. A distinctive accent ripples through his speech, and makes it a pleasure to hear him talk. He is essentially a man of the judicial type.

One characteristic of Justice Lamar is his unrelenting energy. He is a tireless worker and a constant reader. He does not believe in vacations. When he travels on the train, or in a street-car, he always carries a book or magazine. The result of this omnivorous reading is an amazing mass of information, which he has at the end of his tongue.

One night he met a man quite casually at the dinner-table in an Atlanta hotel. A conversation started, and the subject turned to wool. The stranger was so impressed by the judge's knowledge of the subject that he asked:

"May I ask if you are interested in the wool business?"

"No," replied Judge Lamar, "I am only a plain lawyer."

The justice is an earnest churchman. For many years, at Augusta, he conducted a large class for men and women every Sunday morning. His talks before it were really notable and scholarly addresses, and when reproduced in the newspapers they attracted attention all over the State. He combines the character of the high-minded and useful citizen with the learned equipment of the jurist. His promotion to our most exalted court is one more evidence of the wiping out of sectionalism in our public service.

#### A NEW JUSTICE FROM THE WEST

For the next new justice you must turn from the South to the West. Although he was born in Marion, Indiana, fifty-two years ago, Judge Willis Van Devanter was appointed from Wyoming, and has been identified for years with the politics and the judiciary of that section. Unlike Mr. Lamar, he has been involved in strenuous affairs both in and out of his profession. He went to Cheyenne when it was a frontier settlement, and he prosecuted "bad men" when he took his life in his hands to do it.

In those early days an old Wyoming editor, E. A. Slack, made a prediction about Van Devanter. Putting his hand on the young lawyer's head, he said:

"Van, from the shape of your dome, and from your intellectual powers, I know that you are going to be a great man."

He lived long enough to see his prophecy at least partly fulfilled.

Soon after he went West, Mr. Van Devanter became interested in politics. He was elected city attorney of Cheyenne, and was later a member of the Territorial Legislature, where he served as chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He was appointed chief justice of the Territory by President Harrison, and was one of the youngest men to fill this office anywhere. Later, when Wyoming became a State, he was chosen for the same post at the first election. All the while he was conspicuous in the councils of the Republican party.

He came under the wing of Senator Warren, who regards him as a protégé. In 1897, the Senator asked President McKinley to appoint him as Solicitor-General, or to some equivalent office.

"I'd like to," replied the President, "but he is too young."

At that time Judge Van Devanter was only thirty-eight. The Senator was not to be rebuffed, however.

"Try him for thirty days," he urged. "If he does not make good at the end of that time, he will resign; but I will stake all I own that he will prove more than satisfactory."

President McKinley was won over, and named Van Devanter as Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. He was assigned to the Interior Department. In six months he had revolutionized the legal work there, and had brought more than two years' arrears of business up to date.

Among other things, he conducted the celebrated Lone Wolf case, in which the Supreme Court for the first time defined the status of the Indian. It declared that the Indian question was a political one, and within the control of the political branch of the government, and that the courts could not interfere when Congress abolished a reservation. As a result of this case, Lone Wolf has been called the Dred Scott of the red race.

Judge Van Devanter devised the plan of opening Indian reservations by drawing lots, which did away with the old mad



rushes for sites, and with the endless litigation and complication that invariably ensued. President Roosevelt found him a man after his own heart, and rewarded his services by appointing him a United States circuit judge. He was one of the first to sit on the Northern Securities case, and his decision, declaring the great merger unconstitutional, was affirmed by the court of which he is now a member.

Justice Van Devanter brings peculiar strength to the Supreme Bench. For years many of the cases before it have come from the West, and most of them involve important questions in land and mining litigation. The court has been without a specialist along these lines. Mr. Van Devanter, who has made such matters his particular study, and who has had exceptional experience in regard to them, fills a long-felt need.

The judicial robe fits Justice Van Devanter as if he had been born to it. He has distinction of presence; he is of average height, with olive skin, piercing eye, and his black hair is streaked with gray. His whole bearing suggests force, determination, and ability.

#### ANOTHER SOUTHERN JUSTICE

In an institution like the Supreme Court, where the matter of a year in age or service counts so little, Justice Horace H. Lurton may be accounted a new member, because he has been on the bench only since last spring. His first day in Washington, when he came to take the oath of office, was marked by the establishment of a Presidential precedent. The justice and the President are old friends, and the former was Mr. Taft's first appointee to the Supreme Bench. As soon as the President heard that his old colleague was in town—they had been in the Federal judiciary together—he posted over to the Willard Hotel and made a call on him. No other President had ever done such a thing.

Justice Lurton is an ex-Confederate and a Southerner. He was born in Kentucky, but has spent the greater part of his life in Tennessee, where he won every judicial honor that the State could bestow. Then he went to the Federal circuit bench, where he first met Mr. Taft.

An incident in his early life emphasizes not only the trite saying that the world is very small, but the maxim that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. When the

Civil War broke over the land, Mr. Lurton joined Morgan's famous Kentucky command. Under the flag of the daring leader he participated in many raids, being twice captured and twice making his escape. One day, near Hartsville, Kentucky, while in command of a detachment, he suddenly encountered a considerable force of the enemy. A sharp battle ensued, in which both sides lost some men. The Confederates retired after the engagement.

Now the interesting thing about this apparently trivial fight was the fact that the commander of the Union troops was a big, raw-boned Kentuckian named John Marshall Harlan. After many years had passed, the chiefs of these two opposing commands met on the same bench. One was a United States district judge; the other was an associate justice of the Supreme Court. To-day they sit side by side in the highest tribunal in the land, in proof of the fact that peace and a reunited land have many compensations.

The fine sense of courtesy that seems to mark all the Supreme Court justices finds natural and admirable expression in Justice Lurton. He is short and stocky, with kindly eyes, and all the quiet graciousness of a country gentleman. He lives on I Street, in a very modest house, where one of his neighbors is Justice Holmes.

Ask him what his favorite diversion is, and he will tell you that he would rather fish for bass than play the greatest game of golf in the world; but when there are no bass he will accept golf as a second choice.

#### A VETERAN OF THE BENCH

We now come to the other actor in the war-time episode in which Justice Lurton played a part. For more than thirty-three years Justice Harlan has sat on the Supreme Bench, and during most of that time he has been its most picturesque figure. He has outlived and outlived two chief justices and ten associate justices, and to-day, at the age of seventy-seven, he is still erect, stalwart, and a power in the judiciary. With the possible exception of Justice Hughes, he is the best known of all the judges; certainly he is the best loved.

This giant of a man is a link with mighty history, for his career almost swings back to the days of Clay and Webster. He grew up among those great Kentuckians who made their State a forum of the whole nation; he himself ran twice for Governor of the com-

monwealth. He is a sort of living, breathing, dominating incarnation of pure Americanism, an inspired apostle of law, morality, and order. It has been well said of him that he goes to bed at night with the Bible in one hand and the Constitution in the other.

Despite his burden of years, there is no more impressive figure in our national service. His full seventy-three inches of commanding body; his gray eagle of a face, surmounted by a massive dome of a head; his enormous voice, which has the ring of a deep-toned bell—all combine in a compelling and unforgettable presence.

And yet none of the justices, not even Mr. White, is quite as human and accessible as Justice Harlan. There are more stories told of him than all the rest of the court combined. They begin with the time when he was very young. He knew George D. Prentice, editor of the old *Louisville Journal* and forerunner of Henry Watterson, and sometimes he wrote pieces for the paper.

It is told of him that on one occasion he was in charge of the local room, when the proof of a long article about a man who had fallen out of a fourth-story window came in. He ordered it cut down to a few lines, whereupon one of his associates protested, saying:

"This is the most important local article we have."

"I don't think so," said the young lawyer-journalist. "There's nothing remarkable about it. Any fool can fall down four stories. If he had jumped up four stories, the story would be worth the space!"

In his earlier Kentucky days he was somewhat involved in the politics of the State, and was an active campaigner at a time when candidates for office got close to the people. In one of his contests for Governor, his Democratic opponent was the late Preston H. Leslie, who was afterward a Territorial Governor of Montana. They were good friends and at one stage of the campaign traveled together, conducting a series of joint debates. At a certain very small town in the "pennyrile" district of the State, they found a great lack of accommodation, and had to share the same bed. During the night Mr. Harlan poked his rival in the ribs and said:

"Leslie, I have just solved an interesting problem."

"What is it?" asked his companion sleepily.

"This bed holds the next Governor of Kentucky," was the reply.

At that critical moment, the bed, unable to sustain the double weight of statesmanship, broke down, and Mr. Harlan found himself on the floor. Mr. Leslie was more fortunate than his friend and rival, for he remained in the bed.

"Harlan, you are right," he said.

It was quite true, for at the election Mr. Leslie was elected Governor. This was no great discredit to Mr. Harlan, for in those days Kentucky was a rock-ribbed Democratic State.

Judge Harlan is the master golfer of the Supreme Court. He can hold his own on the three-mile links at Chevy Chase with the youngest of his colleagues. These links, by the way, were the scene of one of his most famous stories.

He was playing with an Episcopal bishop, who was a better churchman than golfer. The cleric struck at the ball five times, missing every stroke and finally hitting himself on the shin; but he said nothing, although his look spoke volumes. Justice Harlan, who had watched the proceedings, stepped up and said:

"Bishop, that is the most profane silence I ever heard!"

The justice has entered thoroughly into the life of the capital. He is a welcome guest at the dinners of the Gridiron Club, and he enjoys the sport. At one of these banquets a member read a parody on him. Here is a verse of it, which really sums up a good many of the judge's virtues:

When he talks the lawyers listen; he knows so much law,

Makes a decision with precision and without a flaw;

Often teaches, often preaches, tells a story, too;  
Fine old fellow is this Harlan—best you ever knew.

He is known as the "newspapermen's friend," and he has performed acts of kindness for them without number. On one occasion a certain decision was handed down, affecting local interests in a Western city. In some way it escaped the reporters. Late that night, however, the Washington correspondent of a paper in the Western city received a telegram from his chief, saying that word of the opinion had come to him from a lawyer, and requesting full details.

Of course, the correspondent turned to Justice Harlan. It was a very hot night, and when he got to the Harlan home he found that the justice had retired. He was still awake, and he asked the newspaper man to come up to his room. There, stretched out in his bed, he dictated practically the whole decision from memory.

Unlike most of his associates, Justice Harlan is not averse to a flash of humor or a personal opinion from his august bench. There was an example of this during the recent argument in the American Tobacco case. As has already been remarked, the justice is a great chewer of tobacco, and during a lull he complained to Mr. William B. Hornblower, attorney for the English company which is a party to the suit, that he had to chew such inferior tobacco now.

"Tobacco to-day is wretched," he said. "It is impossible to get a good quality any more."

This *obiter dictum* had a curious result; for it is said that tobacco-growers and dealers all over the country sent the judge samples of chewing-tobacco, all guaranteed to be absolutely unadulterated.

Justice Harlan's opinions are expressed with great eloquence and force and with profound knowledge of the law. He is regarded by many people as being the greatest living interpreter of the Constitution. Like the great chief justice whose name he bears, he brooks no interference with the national authority. He has refused to concur with the majority of the court in so many famous cases that he may well be called the Great Dissenter.

He lives in a vine-covered house that stands on an eminence at Fourteenth and Euclid Streets. Here you get the most charming of Southern welcomes; here, too, in the cozy, book-littered study on the second floor, you see the veteran justice in repose. Hanging on the walls are pictures of his colleagues of other days; he has outlived them all. It is a sort of Kentucky legal Valhalla, for you see Tom Marshall, Crittenden, Boyle, Robertson, and the eloquent Breckenridges—all that silver-tongued coterie which set a new standard of oratory for the American bar.

As you sit by the wood fire in this room and smoke stogies with the venerable judge—he prefers them to the finest cigars—you bask in the mellowing light of a full life, and somehow you seem to hear the voice

of another era. For he belongs to a vanishing race of statesman-jurists.

#### TWO MEMBERS OF MCKINLEY'S CABINET

Of the three remaining justices, William R. Day stands out with the greatest prominence, for, like Justice Hughes, he had a distinguished public career before he came to the bench at Washington. He, too, enjoyed a somewhat remarkable ascent to fame. Within six years he rose from the modest and even obscure station of a general practitioner in a small inland town to the highest court of the land.

He comes by his judicial accomplishments and connections quite naturally, for his father was a chief justice of Ohio. The most fateful event of his early life was when he settled in Canton, Ohio. There he met William McKinley, then the prosecuting attorney of Stark County. Twenty-six years later that same prosecuting attorney, then President of the United States, appointed his old friend Assistant Secretary of State.

It is not necessary to rehearse Mr. Day's record of public service here. He was Secretary of State during the war with Spain, and later a member of the Peace Commission. He helped to negotiate and sign the Treaty of Paris, which ended the war and made the United States a world-power. It was of him that Mr. McKinley said:

"Judge Day has made no mistakes."

Despite his flashing journey across history amid the crisis of war, there are really no anecdotes about Judge Day, for the man himself is not of the "story" kind. He is the very symbol of modesty and retirement. He is slight of stature, with the head of a scholar and student. With him you find that gracious courtesy has no sectional bounds. His fine house out on Columbia Heights is the center of a delightful hospitality. The judge has a spacious study up-stairs where he can sit at his desk and see, far away, the gleaming dome of the Capitol and the whole misty panorama of the city.

He does not play golf, but when he needs diversion and exercise he goes to his billiard-room on the top floor and knocks the ivory balls about. In his reading he prefers biography and history, but the day I saw him he had just laid aside James Lane Allen's new book, "The Doctor's Christmas Eve," which shows the variety of his tastes.

Justice Joseph McKenna likewise came to the Supreme Bench by way of the Cabinet, for he was Attorney-General under McKinley. He is the only Roman Catholic among the associate justices. He was originally intended for the priesthood, but preferred the bar. He grew up in Benicia, California, and while a fledgling lawyer was elected district attorney of Solano County.

It was with reference to this first official position that he once said:

"I tried to vindicate such learning as I had, because my county of Solano bore the revered name of Solon, the law-giver."

Justice McKenna is the only member of the court who lives in an apartment-house, but it is one of the largest and most imposing in Washington. His study is a reflection of himself, for it is compact and dignified, and radiates a courtly dignity. The justice is below the average height, but is wiry and active. He wears a closely cropped white beard, and black stocks that give him the look of a statesman of the forties.

He is a crack shot, and for years his principal diversion was hunting. In Washington he exchanged the gun for the golf club.

#### JUSTICE HOLMES OF MASSACHUSETTS

When you come to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, you realize anew the varied

composition of the Supreme Court. This son and namesake of the famous author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" embodies traditions of literature, law, and war. He wrote his class poem at Harvard while he was under arms; he carries the scars of half a dozen wounds received in battles from Ball's Bluff to Fredericksburg; he has been a professor of law at Harvard and a member of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and some of his legal works have been translated into Italian.

If you met him on the street, you would at once know that he had been a soldier, for he is tall, erect, and straight, with a fierce white military mustache. His closest friend on the bench is Chief Justice White, and yet no two men could be more widely different in temperament and bearing. Mr. Holmes is the coldest and most aloof of the judges; he prides himself upon the fact that he does not read the newspapers or the magazines, and he prefers to get his news of the world from conversation with his friends.

Thus is completed the portrait-gallery of our great court of last resort—"the august representative of the wisdom, justice, and conscience of the whole people." In a human way it proves that the opportunities for eminence in jurisprudence are as remarkable, and sometimes as swift and unexpected, as those in statesmanship or letters.

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#### ANOTHER DAY

ANOTHER day! The slowly rising sun  
Proclaims long hours of toil to be begun  
On life's highway.

We fain would slumber on, for rest is sweet;  
But we must work to live, and so we greet  
Another day.

Another day! We venture forth, not knowing  
Whether, ere sunset, we too may be going

Far, far away,  
Into that distant land where we forget  
The pricking thorns and cares that once beset  
Another day.

Another night! The dark, with brooding wings,  
Brings with it haunting fears of unknown things;

And so we pray  
That God will pardon work so feebly done,  
And let us live again to greet the sun  
Another day!

*Ella Middleton Tybout*



# THE EYE FOR BEAUTY

BY C. MacLEAN SAVAGE

AUTHOR OF "THE FOOTLIGHTS AND SALLY," ETC.

"WELL, Roland, my boy, what's on the bill for to-day?"

Burton Fortescue sauntered into the morning-room, the usual before-breakfast cigarette between his perfectly formed lips. His costume was a heavy kimono of pale blue silk, delicately embroidered with old gold dragons and strange oriental symbols.

"Fifteen requests for your autograph," I answered. "A letter from Katahara, the curio importer—he has a new Satsuma he would like you to look at. A bill for nine hundred and fifty from Kavisadjian for the Persian rug, and two tickets for the Associated Musical Comedy Club's ball."

"Write out a check for the rug man—I'll call on the Jap this afternoon—the autographs I'll do after breakfast."

Burton Fortescue, successful actor, playwright, and producer, stifled a yawn with his long, tapering fingers, sat down at the mahogany table, and daintily thrust a silver spoon into a luscious-looking grape-fruit. As he ate his morning meal, I sat there watching him, as I had done a thousand times before. His face, a perfect cameo, was known to all the city, and no society function was complete without that wonderful mass of long, wavy, white hair.

For fifteen years I had known him—first as his dresser, when he was a "road star." Later, I rose to a place as a member of his company, and now I was his private secretary, business assistant, and confidential man. No one knew him better than I did.

To me he was three men—the keen man of business, the actor-producer, and, above all, the connoisseur and lover of beauty in all things. I have heard him argue with a manager for hours, just to get five dollars a week more salary than had been offered him, and I've seen him plank down a four-figure check for some piece of pottery, some dainty miniature, or some odd bit of orien-

tal jewelry. Yet every one connected with metropolitan theatricals knew his worth. The mere words on a bill-board, "produced under the personal direction of Burton Fortescue," went a long way toward insuring the success of a play.

I had made out the check and arranged the autograph slips. With the tickets for the ball in my hand, I looked about for the waste-paper basket. It was not in its usual place, so I went out into the hall to look for it. I had got as far as the hat-rack when I heard Fortescue's voice. My overcoat hung within easy reach, so I thrust the tickets into the outside pocket, intending to destroy them when I reached the street.

"Oh, Roland!" said Fortescue. "My Russian cigarettes are nearly all gone—write to Petrovitch in Moscow for another thousand. I won't need you this afternoon. Come around to the theater about ten, and we'll go out and have a bite. That's all!"

I spent that day, as I had spent many other days, in a big leather armchair in the library, where my feet sank deep in the soft velvet carpet. The armor of a prince of the Samurai kept guard in the corner; the cunningly hidden electric light cast a mellow glow on the Vandyke above the bookcase. It was a place of ease, luxury, and comfort, where leaden hours slipped by unnoticed. The heavy Persian draperies, the many-colored Turkish lamps of wrought silver seemed to blend together in an exotic harmony that spoke eloquently of the owner of the room—Burton Fortescue, lover of beauty and connoisseur.

When next I saw him he was seated before the mirror, wiping the grease-paint from his clean-cut face. There was a look in his eyes that I recognized at once. It told me that something had gone wrong.

"Have you heard the squawking peacock in this production, Roland, my boy? She actually pretends to have a voice! I

shall have to go to the club after this, and drown the memory of her in a long glass of soda and Scotch."

But neither soda nor Scotch availed to lift up those drooping mouth- corners. It didn't help matters when Fortescue found that old Canby, the comedian, his usual partner in a midnight game of billiards, was ill. The clouds were gathering.

Fortescue called for his coat and hat, and I did the same. He turned to me.

"Roland, what the deuce is there to do? I don't want to eat. I've had enough to drink, and there's no one to play billiards with. Can't you suggest something?"

My hand happened to be in my outside overcoat pocket. I drew out the two tickets I had put there that morning. Here was a desperate chance.

"Here are two tickets for a chorus-girls' ball," I said.

He raised his left eyebrow and looked at me quizzically.

"Are they for to-night?"

"Yes—New Netherland Hall."

He lit a cigarette, blew the smoke in three or four rings, and then turned to me.

"Call a taxi, Roland. The chorus-girls' ball it shall be! I'm stagnated—convention's a bore to-night."

A brass band blared, and the rhythmic shuffle of feet kept time to the music. Round and round the figures spun, laughing and chatting. Most of the girls had come in costume and make-up. There were short-skirted "ponies," haughty show girls, and chorus men—some in their stage clothes, others in dress suits. It was a riot of sound and color. Fortescue and I stood in an out-of-the-way corner watching it all.

"This is nothing new to him," thought I. "He will soon tire of it and go home."

Suddenly I felt him grip my forearm, and heard a whispered exclamation. I looked at him—he was staring at something. I followed his gaze, and there—

I have seen beauty in my day, but never such beauty as that. She couldn't be more than sixteen, and her face had a Madonna-like perfection that was impossible to describe. No wonder he stared.

I heard his voice again.

"Not here—she doesn't belong here!"

I turned to speak to him—he was gone. It must have been twenty minutes before he returned.

"Roland, my boy"—his voice was shak-

ing—"do you see yonder atrocious specimen of masculinity leaning against that pillar?"

I looked—"atrocious" was indeed the word. A mere lad he was, about eighteen, in a black sack suit, with a green and yellow striped necktie. His flaming red hair was parted in the middle; his face was covered with innumerable freckles, and he possessed a pug nose and watery blue eyes.

"You are to make the acquaintance of that, somehow," continued Fortescue. "Keep him away for half an hour—longer if you can. If you can get him drunk, so much the better."

"But why?" I asked in amazement.

"Tut, tut—don't you see? He is the escort of our Venus de Milo. There's a good chap, Roland—don't fail me!"

Never have I seen Fortescue so excited. Yes, once—at a private auction in Paris, when a snuff-box that had belonged to Napoleon was being bid for. A Chicago pork-packer was running the price up into the thousands, and Fortescue would top his bid every time. I remember the flushed face and sparkling eyes. A beautiful and precious thing was before him—he wanted it with all his soul. I knew then, I knew now—his present feeling was the same.

Redhead's acquaintance was easily made by the usual bump-into-him-I-beg-your-pardon method. Would he join me in a drink? He would. He drank beer, and smoked cheap cigarettes. It was hard to reconcile the face before me with the theatrical profession. I inquired.

"Aw, I ain't no actor," he told me. "Mike Flaherty, he opens de stage door at de Folly Theayter. He got a souse on, an' couldn't go, so he gives me de pasteboards. Where's Maggie gone, huh?"

We found Maggie and Fortescue seated under a scrawny-looking artificial palm.

"Oh, Jimmy, this is Mr. Fortescue, the great actor."

"Glad to know youse," says Jimmy.

"We have planned a little supper," purred Fortescue. "You'll join us?"

"Aw, I ain't got de dough for no grub."

"Don't mention it, my boy—this is my treat."

A taxicab took us to one of the best restaurants in the city. Jimmy gave out gratis information concerning the prize-ring—I had to listen. Fortescue did nothing but feast his eyes on Maggie's beautiful



face. Once I saw him raise that left eyebrow. It was when the waiter came for the girl's order.

"Gimme a Hamburger steak," she said.

To me, that supper was the acme of boredom. Jimmy was a nuisance; Fortescue was in the clouds, and as for the girl, it didn't take me long to see through her. Physical perfection, her face, yet it was absolutely expressionless. Beauty she had, but there was neither character nor charm behind it.

I was glad when it was all over. Never before did it seem so good to stretch myself under the pure linen sheets of my own bed. As I lay there, perfectly relaxed, I heard Fortescue in the next room; and wonder of wonders—he was singing!

Where was the keen business man now? Where the energetic actor-manager? Completely submerged they were in that other Burton Fortescue the connoisseur. His big bass voice still boomed in my ears when I fell asleep.

The jewel in the rough was found; there remained only the polishing. From my point of vantage I watched the process.

One Sunday evening the butler informed me there was "a person to see Mr. Fortescue." In the hall I found a little Irishman, with gray whiskers under his chin.

"I'm Pat Clancy," he said arrogantly. When I stared, he thumped his blackthorn cane on the carpet. "Oh, he'll know! Tell him it's Maggie Clancy's father."

In an hour's time Fortescue called me from the library. I saw the little old man dabbing his eyes with a red bandanna handkerchief and murmuring something about "Hiven will bless ye fer givin' me darlin' child a chanst."

"Would you mind getting the brandy, Roland?" said Fortescue.

I went out, and returned with the decanter. He was talking now—Pat Clancy was all ears.

"You'll be proud of her yet, Mr. Clancy. Personally, I've no interest in the child; but it will be better for her, and for you, too. Why should a girl of her beauty waste her time behind a counter in a department-store, when with a little—"

I softly closed the folding-door behind me, and left them together. It was no affair of mine. I knew my man. What was the difference? Heretofore it had been paintings, jewels, and Satsuma vases; now it was

a low-born but beautiful girl. The impulse was the same. There was no question of emotion—only the keen eye for beauty.

Every month there came a bill from the Misses Curtis's Finishing School—a fashionable establishment on Riverside Drive. They were made out to "R. Fortescue, guardian of Miss Margaret Clancy, for tuition, etc." There were also dressmakers', milliners', and bootmakers' bills. He paid them all.

The next development struck me as being rather odd. He strolled into breakfast one morning, his handsome face marred by a cut over his eye. Never a word did he say until he had finished his meal.

"Roland," he called. "Look up the Yellow Star Steamship Company in the telephone-book, and get Mr. Welch on the wire."

I did as I was bid. He picked up the receiver, and, suave as you please, I heard him say:

"Hello, Welch—this is Fortescue—I've a favor to ask of you—that's very kind—it's a young man—a protégé of mine—his name is James Maguire—do you think you could give him a berth on one of your liners?—yes, a long cruise—thanks—I'll send him down to-morrow—good-by!"

So Redhead resented his "goil's" transformation! That explained the mutilated eye; and now Jimmy was to be gently removed from the cast of characters in our little drama. The flawless jewel must not be broken in the setting!

During the summer there was work to be done. A new musical comedy was under way, and I forgot all about Maggie Clancy until she was forcibly brought to my notice by a very warm and very angry gentleman of the name of Jones. He burst into the room one day with a brusk—

"Where's Fortescue?"

"What's up, Jonesy?" I asked.

"It's this darned girl Fortescue sent! I've coached many a rank amateur in my day, but this one is the limit. Have you seen her?"

"You bet I have. She's a dream!"

"She's a nightmare. You ought to see—"

I heard the sound of a key in the door, and a step in the hall. Burton Fortescue came into the room. At sight of him, the irate Jones poured forth a perfect cataract of words.

"For the love of Mike, Burt, where un-

der the sun did you pick this lemon? I'll bet she'd get the hook in any amateur night before she'd said ten words! She can't act—she can't walk like a human being—she doesn't even know enough to smile!"

Fortescue flicked the ash from his cigarette and raised that eyebrow.

"You can tell her when to smile, can't you?"

I thought poor Jonesy's eyes would pop completely out of his head.

"Tell her when! Tell her—" he shrieked. "Good Lord, Burt, what do you think I'm running—a kindergarten?"

"Make out a check for another hundred, payable to Jonesy here," said Fortescue, turning to me. "You've got to do it somehow, Jones, old man. I'm going to use Miss Clancy for the part of the *Princess* in my new production, 'The Purple Butterfly.'"

Money talks, and it said soothing words to Jones. He left the house promising to "pull her through somehow."

Rehearsals of the big musical extravaganza were well under way, and the real work began. There was a shirt-sleeved, dynamic Burton Fortescue running up and down the aisle in the darkened auditorium. He was once more the great producer. I was there, of course, and had my first good look at the metamorphosed Maggie Clancy.

In a way, Jones was right. Walk like a human being, or act, she couldn't; yet, oh, what a change from the girl I had seen at the chorus-girls' ball! The work of hairdresser and dressmaker was evident. Every move, every gesture, was the result of careful coaching. With a background of tropical foliage, with a beautifully gowned chorus, and with the spotlight shining full on her—I held my breath in rapture, for she was beautiful!

The jewel was perfection, as far as the eye was concerned. Oh, how the polishers worked! Old Jones wept, Fortescue must have sweated blood. Through it all Maggie Clancy—stage name, Margaret Clermont, if you please!—was as hard and as cold as if she were indeed nothing but a precious stone. She shone in another's light, and threw it back with redoubled splendor.

At last the opening night of "The Purple Butterfly" arrived. Shall I ever forget it? It was—

"Roland, my boy, run to the florist's—another dozen American Beauties! Telephone the milliner about that hat!"

Half-hour was called—Miss Clancy had not arrived.

"Go to her hotel, Roland—take a taxi—bring her back with you!"

Turning corners on two wheels, that taxicab fairly flew to the hotel. I found a white-faced maid and a whiter Mrs. Clancy. Miss Clancy had left that morning for the theater—said she wouldn't be back till after the show—must be at the theater—couldn't be anywhere else!

Back again zipped the taxi—at the theater she was not! Fortescue was like a madman—he sent me to restaurants, hotels, other theaters, all kinds of foolish places—Miss Maggie Clancy could not be found! Half an hour late, the curtain was rung up, with an understudy in the rôle of the *Princess*.

Next morning there was the usual cigarette and the usual serene Burton Fortescue, also the customary—

"Well, Roland, my boy, what's on the bill for to-day?"

There was a letter in a handwriting that I knew, and a long pasteboard box. The contents of the latter I had seen—a delicately wrought fan of ivory and lace; I guessed who it was for. I handed him fan and letter, and went on with my work.

Ten minutes passed—I heard a snapping and a rending of goods—I looked up in time to see the fan crushed and torn between his long, tapering fingers.

"Oh, pshaw!" I heard him say.

When he had gone, I picked up the remains of the fan and smoothed out the crumpled letter. It was in a round, childish scrawl, and ran:

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE:

Jimmy come back yesterday. He said he didn't want me to be no actress. I like Jimmy all right, so I done what he says. He's got money saved and a good job, so him and me was married. Sorry to cause you so much trouble. Yours truly,

MAGGIE CLANCY MAGUIRE.

The name of Burton Fortescue on a bill-board still goes a long way toward insuring the success of a play. He still buys Satsuma vases, and has not lost his eye for beauty in all things. I suppose somewhere in the Bronx, in a four-room flat, Maggie Clancy rises at seven in the morning and cooks ham and eggs for Jimmy Maguire's breakfast; or perhaps it's Hamburger steak—I don't know.

# PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL GRANT

BY COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY

COMMANDER OF MOSBY'S PARTIZAN RANGERS DURING THE CIVIL WAR

I FIRST met General Grant in May, 1872, after Mr. Greeley had been nominated for the Presidency by a convention whose members called themselves Liberal Republicans—although, as a matter of fact, many of them had been the most radical element of the party, but had seceded on account of personal grievances. My home was then at Warrenton, Virginia, where I was practising law. As it was only fifty miles from Washington, I was frequently there, but I had only once seen General Grant—one evening at the National Theater, when he was in a box with General Sherman. Both men seemed to enjoy the play as much as the gods in the gallery.

In common with most Southern soldiers, I had a very kind feeling toward General Grant, not only on account of his magnanimous conduct at Appomattox, but also for his treatment of me personally at the close of hostilities. I had never called on him, however. If I had done so, and if he had received me even politely, we should both have been subjected to severe criticism, so bitter was the feeling between the sections at the time.

No doubt, in those days, most Northerners believed the imaginative stories of the war correspondents, and supposed that my battalion fought under the black flag. Of course, as a matter of fact, it was directly under the orders of General Robert E. Lee and Major-General J. E. B. Stuart. The records of the war show what those commanders thought of us; nor can there be

found in them any charge of our violating the customs of war.

The records were compiled by a board of Union and Confederate officers, and published under an act of Congress. A member of the board was General Marcus J. Wright, who is still in the War Department, where he has served for more than thirty years. I hope I may be pardoned for citing the following letter, which he wrote to me just seven years ago:

DEAR COLONEL MOSBY:

It may, and I know will, be interesting to you for me to write you that I have carefully read all of General R. E. Lee's printed despatches, correspondence, etc., during the war 1861-1865; and while he was not in the habit of paying compliments, yet these papers of his will show that you received from him more compliments and commendations than any other officer in the Confederate army.

Very truly your friend,

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

General Grant was as much misunderstood at the South as I had been at the North. But time has healed wounds which were once thought to be irremediable; and there is to-day no memory of our war so bitter, probably, as the Scottish recollection of Culloden. Like most Southern men, I had disapproved the reconstruction measures, and was sore and restive under military government; but since my prejudices have faded, I can now see that many things which we regarded as being prompted by hostile and vindictive motives were actually necessary, in order to prevent anarchy and

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EDITOR'S NOTE—This article will be followed, in the April number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*, by a paper containing Colonel Mosby's recollections of General Robert E. Lee, whom the colonel first met when he carried a very important piece of news to the Confederate commander-in-chief during the Peninsular Campaign.

to secure the freedom of the newly emancipated slave.

#### WHY I SUPPORTED GRANT IN 1872

I had given little attention to politics, and had devoted my time to my profession, although I was under no political disability. As we had all been opposed to the Republican party before the war, it was a point of honor to keep on voting that way. Macaulay remarks that the Wars of the Roses, which had their origin in conflicting claims of hereditary right, did not end with the legal settlement of the contest by the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster. It took the contending factions thirty years of strife and bloodshed to find out that they were fighting about nothing.

When Horace Greeley was nominated, I saw—or thought I saw—that it was idle to divide longer upon issues which we acknowledged to have been legally, if not properly, settled; and that if the Southern people wanted reconciliation, as they said they did, the logical thing to do was to vote for Grant. I have not changed my opinion, nor yet have I any criticism to make of those who differed with me. We were all working for the same end. Some said they couldn't sacrifice their principles for Grant's friendship; I didn't sacrifice mine.

Not long before the death of the late General M. C. Butler, United States Senator from South Carolina, I met him on the street in Washington.

"We ought to have gone with you for Grant," he said.

I have mentioned the fact that I had strong personal reasons for being friendly to General Grant. If he had not thrown his shield over me, I should have been outlawed and driven into exile.

My battalion was in northern Virginia, on the Potomac, a hundred miles from Appomattox, when General Lee surrendered. The Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, immediately issued an order directing that all Confederate soldiers in Virginia should be invited to surrender, and offering them the same paroles that were given to Lee's army; but the order excepted me personally. General Grant, who was then all-powerful, interposed, and sent me an offer of the same parole that he had given General Lee. Such a service I could never forget. When the opportunity came, I re-

membered what he had done for me, and I did all I could for him.

Early one morning, a few days after the election of 1872, I had to go to the Treasury Department on business. The Secretary, Mr. Boutwell, had not come, and I was waiting for him in an anteroom. To my surprise, General Grant walked in. He shook hands with me, and said:

"I heard you were here, and came to thank you for my getting the vote of Virginia."

That is the only time I ever saw a President in any of the departments. Of course, I appreciated General Grant's compliment although he gave me credit for a great deal more than I deserved.

#### A GREAT SOLDIER'S GENEROSITY

He had also done another thing which showed the generosity of his nature. A few weeks before the surrender, a small party of my men crossed the Potomac one night, and got into a fight, in which a detective was killed. One of the men was captured and sent to Fort McHenry. After the war he was tried by a military commission and sentenced to be imprisoned. The boy's mother went to see President Johnson, to beg a pardon for her son; but Johnson roughly repelled her.

In her distress, she went over to the War Department, to see General Grant. He listened patiently to her sorrowful story, then rose and asked her to go with him. He took her to the White House, walked into the reception-room, and told the President that there had been suffering enough, and that he would not leave the room without a pardon for the young Southerner. Johnson signed the necessary paper.

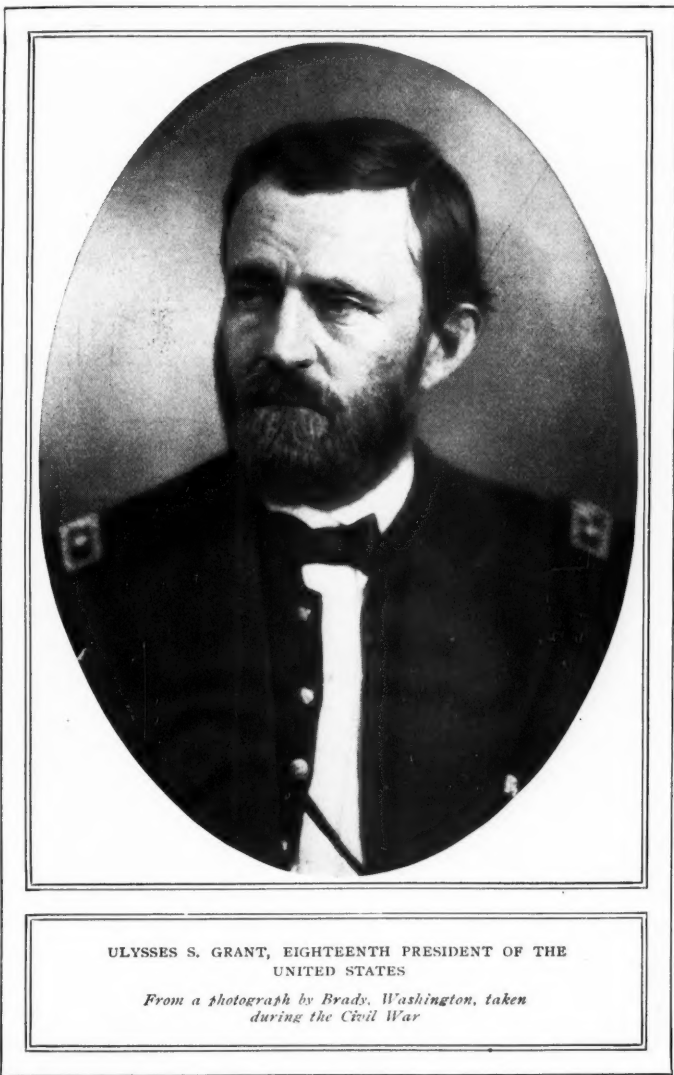
In spite of the parole that I had taken, after I had settled down to practise law, I was several times arrested by provost-marshal's stationed at the court-houses where I went on the circuit. This was both annoying and unfair. My parole was a contract with the government that was binding on both parties. To arrest me before I had violated it was a breach of it.

As my wife passed through Washington on her way to Baltimore, she determined to go to the White House, not to ask for a pardon, but to make a complaint. She had not intimidated her purpose to me. Her father and President Johnson had served in Congress together, and had been friends; so she told Johnson whose daughter and whose

wife she was. Instead of responding kindly, he was rude to her.

She left him and went to see General Grant at the War Department. He treated her as courteously as if she had been the

When General Ewell was captured by the Federal forces, on the retreat from Richmond, he was sent to Fort Warren. Mrs. Ewell—who had married the general during the war—was from Nashville, and



wife of a Union soldier, and then wrote a letter, which he gave to her. He did not dictate the letter to a clerk; the whole is in his handwriting. It gave me liberty to travel anywhere unmolested as long as I observed my parole. I preserve that letter, framed, among my most precious possessions.

had known Johnson when he was Governor of Tennessee. She, too, called on the President, presuming, on their old acquaintance, to ask that her husband be released on parole. Ewell was in a feeble condition; he had lost a leg in the war. Johnson treated her just as he had treated my wife, and

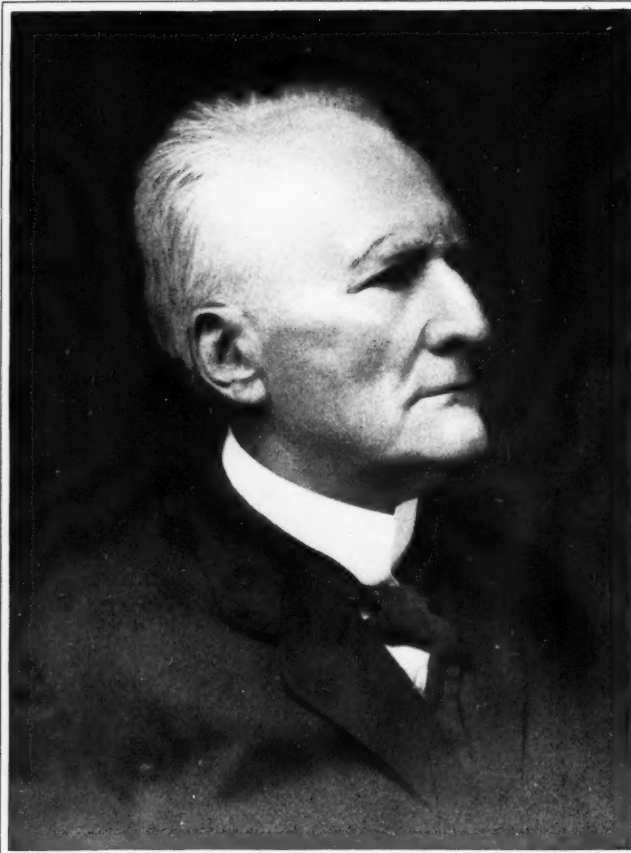


asked her why she had "married a one-legged man."

Mrs. Ewell then went to see General Grant, who expressed great pleasure at being able to do something for "my old friend

how near I came to capturing the train on which he went to take command of the Army of the Potomac in 1864. I remarked:

"If I had done it, things might have been changed—I might have been in the



JOHN S. MOSBY, COLONEL OF MOSBY'S PARTIZAN RANGERS  
DURING THE CIVIL WAR, AND UNITED STATES CONSUL  
AT HONG-KONG FROM 1878 TO 1885

*From a recent photograph by Clinedinst, Washington*

Ewell," and ordered that the poor fellow should be released from prison. He did hundreds of similar things.

As I have said, my first interview with General Grant was in May, 1872, when I was introduced to him by Senator Lewis of Virginia. He immediately began telling me—

White House and you might be calling on me."

"Yes," he said.

#### AN OLIVE-BRANCH TO THE SOUTH

In our talk I became convinced that he was not only willing but anxious to lift the



Southern people out of the rut they were in, but he couldn't help them without their co-operation. If they insisted on keeping up their fire on him, he had to return the fire. I knew that he was in favor of relieving Southerners of the disabilities imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment, as he had recommended in his message. Such a bill had passed the House, but in the Senate Sumner had insisted on tacking to it his Civil Rights bill, which made it odious, and the measure was defeated.

I suggested that if he could get such a bill passed, it would be construed as an olive-branch, and would create such a reaction in his favor in Virginia that we could carry the State for him.

"We will see what can be done," he replied.

As I was under no disability myself, it would have been hard to discover a selfish motive in what I urged Grant to do. A few days afterward, a bill removing political disabilities was reported in the House; the rules were suspended, and the bill passed. It was sent to the Senate; there was a night session; Sumner went to his committee-room to take a nap, and while he was asleep the bill was called up and became a law. He was furious when he awoke and found out what had been done. Many Confederates who had been excluded from public position were then sent to Congress or received appointments from Washington. Among them was the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy.

-I crossed the Rubicon when I paid my first visit to the White House, and I have not yet recrossed it. My son Beverly, who was about twelve years old, was with me. He had been with his mother six years before, when she called on Andrew Johnson. That night, when he knelt by her to say his prayers, after getting through the usual form, he turned to her and said:

"Now, mama, may I pray to God to send old Johnson to the devil?"

I told Grant the story.

"A great many would have joined in Beverly's prayer," he said, laughing.

As many people in the South regarded me as a connecting link between the administration and themselves, I had to pay frequent visits to the White House, either to ask favors or to carry complaints. Such a duty is a shirt of Nessus to any one who wears it. Soon after the election I received a note written at Grant's request, asking

me to come to Washington. I went. He told me that he felt he owed the vote of Virginia to me, and that he wanted to do something for me.

"I would as soon hold office under you as under Washington," I replied; "but I frequently said, during the campaign, that I would accept no office, and I shall stick to it."

Although I declined to take office from General Grant, and exerted all the influence I had with him for the benefit of the Virginia people, this did not save me from the imputation of sordid motives.

It is generally thought that Grant appointed me consul at Hong-Kong. I was appointed by Mr. Hayes.

#### GRANT IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Often as I went to the White House during Grant's second term, I never failed to see him except once, when he was in the hands of a dentist. In those days hundreds went to him for appointments who would now be sent to the Civil Service Commission. In spite of all this pressure, he never seemed to be in a hurry. He was the best listener I ever saw, and one of the quickest to see the core of a question.

I once called at the White House about seven o'clock in the evening, with a telegram which I had received from General Hampton. The doorkeeper said that the President was at dinner. I gave the man my card and told him that I would wait in the hall. He returned with a message from General Grant, asking me to come in and take dinner with the family. I replied that I had already dined. Then U. S. Grant, Jr., came out and said:

"Father says that you must come in and get some dinner."

Of course I went in. At the table, the General spoke of having called that evening on Alexander Stephens, who was lying sick at his hotel. It looked as if our war was a long way in the past when the President of the United States could call to pay his respects to the Vice-President of the Confederate States.

A few weeks before the close of Grant's second term, I introduced one of my men to him.

"I hope you will not think less of Captain Glasscock because he was with me in the war," I said.

"I think all the more of him," the President promptly replied.

I once said to General Grant:

"General, if you had been a Southern man, would you have been in the Southern army?"

"Certainly," he replied.

He always spoke in the friendliest manner of his old army comrades who went with the South. Once, speaking of Stonewall Jackson, who was with him at West Point, he said to me:

"Jackson was the most conscientious being I ever knew."

I saw him on the day when he signed the Electoral Commission Bill to decide the Hayes-Tilden dispute. He was in an unusually good humor, and said that the man in whose favor the commission decided should be inaugurated. He talked a good deal about his early life in the army, and gave a description of his first two battles—Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

A few days after he left the White House, I called on General Grant at the home of Mr. Hamilton Fish, where he was staying. I did not ask him to recommend me to the new administration, as some members of the Cabinet were not friendly to him.

#### GRANT'S VISIT TO HONG-KONG

President Hayes, however, as I have already said, appointed me United States consul at Hong-Kong; and it was there, in 1879, during Grant's tour around the world, that I last saw him. I went in a boat to meet him, and, as I was the official representative of the United States, the other craft that surrounded the steamship as soon as it anchored gave me the right of way. As I went up the gangway I recognized him, with his wife and eldest son, standing on the deck. It did look strange that I should be there representing the government, while General Grant was a private citizen.

There was with me an old Virginian who had gone to Hong-Kong before the war. When I introduced him, I told General Grant that when I arrived I had found this fellow countryman of mine in about the same temper that I was in when the general was fighting in the Wilderness; but that he was willing to surrender to the man to whom General Lee had surrendered. Mrs. Grant spoke up and asked liberal terms for him, and Grant said that he paroled him, and hoped he would be a loyal citizen.

The governor of Hong-Kong met General Grant's party at the wharf, and they

went to the Government House. Next morning the general paid his respects to me at the American consulate. He was the guest of the governor for about ten days. On several days I breakfasted with him, and we had many free and informal talks. Once he was giving a description of his ride on donkey-back from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

"That," he said, "was the roughest road I ever traveled."

"General," I replied, "I think you have traveled one rougher road than that."

"Where?" he inquired.

"From the Rapidan to Richmond," I answered.

"I reckon there were more obstructions on that road," he admitted.

I went with the general, Mrs. Grant, Colonel Fred Grant, and the governor, on a launch, to the United States man-of-war which carried his party up the China coast, and bade him my last farewell. When we started ashore, the ship began firing a royal salute of twenty-one guns, in honor of the governor, and the launch stopped. When the firing was over, General Grant lifted his hat and we responded. I never saw the great soldier again.

Some time afterward, I sent the general a Malacca cane which I had lacquered for him. It bore the inscription:

To General U. S. Grant from John S. Mosby, Hong-Kong.

He was in very poor health when he received it, but Colonel Fred Grant wrote me that his father was pleased at my remembrance of him.

When I heard that President Cleveland had removed me as consul, in 1885, I wrote to General Grant and asked him to secure me employment from some corporation, by which I could make a living. I did not then know how near he was to his end. My letter was forwarded to him at Mount McGregor, and on the day before I sailed from Hong-Kong a despatch announced his death. I felt that I had lost my best friend.

I did not suppose that my letter would have any result; but on arriving in San Francisco, I learned that he had dictated a note to Governor Stanford, of the Southern Pacific, asking him, as a personal favor, to take care of me. I was made an attorney in the company, and held that position for sixteen years.



"THIS SILVADO IS MERELY A WIND-BAG!"

## THE BURDEN OF HONOR

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

**I**T was in an oddly disconcerting way that Derrick made the acquaintance of Paul Silvado.

The revolution in Marquesara hung fire. The president was strongly entrenched in

the coast districts, and, what was most important, he was in the unrestricted enjoyment of the customs; he had sources of supply to draw from. Time would fight for him as well as money and the vested inter-

ests of the established classes. It was claimed by the Silvadists that the revolution had been inaugurated in the interest of the people, the poorer classes, the peons, the unconsidered. Anyway, that claim strengthened the opposition of the well-to-do, if it did nothing else. But it appeared that the Silvadists had enthusiasm, if nothing more.

What manner of man was this ex-peon, ex-mountaineer, ex-muleteer, this aggrandized *arriero*, the adherents of Honorias asked each other. He had sprung up suddenly in the small town of Vaciamiento, where he was apparently of no account save among *arrieros* and the riff-raff of the drinking-houses.

Derrick also exhibited curiosity—more, indeed, than Silvado's antagonists, who were under the impression that there could only be one end to the rebellion. These low-caste people could at their best but ruffle the equanimity of Marquesaran aristocracy. That was the view of Don Ramon Lodez, who gesticulated before Donna Lola Marciñas under the orange-tree upon the governor's lawn. Don Marciñas himself—portly, good-natured, and stupid—agreed with his guest.

"Silvado is definitely repulsed," declared Don Ramon. "He has no doubt taken refuge in his mountains, from which our men will hunt the rabbit."

Don Marciñas nodded, lolling in his chair.

"Is it so certain?" asked Derrick, watching the graceful figure of the girl as she lay back.

She was not in white, as her Northern sisters would have been on that warm afternoon; but in positive colors, very pretty, very assertive to behold, advertising perhaps a touch of arrogance, as became the daughter of the governor of Vedeluva. In the distance the mountains loomed, gigantic, monstrous, something forbidding, Derrick thought. But there was a pleasant breath of wind that came down from them.

"Certain! Why, *señor*!"—Don Ramon's confidence took on almost a note of discourtesy—"their failure in the Vuanos broke their heart. This Silvado is merely a wind-bag! He puffs and he blows—that is how he keeps his ascendancy. There is nothing in him but wind. A thrust, and the bladder goes pop!"

"Then you are of opinion that he has had the thrust?" said Derrick musingly.

The governor nodded again; he was in agreement.

"I came upon one of Silvado's colonels once," said Derrick. "He was a smart man. I don't think he was a peon. He struck me as capable."

"Oh, a certain number of the malcontents—yes," assented Don Ramon. "There will always be bees about a rifled store. But there is no driving force behind the revolution, no personality. It will be over in a month. It is practically over now."

Donna Lola cast a languid glance at Derrick. Her long black lashes showed beautifully on the marble of her cheek as she closed her eyes coquettishly.

"I think Señor Derrick is right. You are too sure, Don Ramon," she said, speaking in a drawl. "I agree with Señor Derrick;" and she opened her tiny red mouth and put her hand before it to cover a little yawn.

"I have no opinion," said Derrick lightly, noticing the flush on the young man's face. "But I have heard something about this Silvado, and I judge him to be a man of some character and resource."

"The wish is perhaps father to the thought, *señor*," sneered Don Ramon, hot of blood, stung by the girl's adoption of Derrick's argument.

"No," said the other deliberately. "I don't say that there is nothing I should not like changed in Marquesara; but I wouldn't burn the house for the sake of roast pig."

He smiled at Donna Lola as he spoke. It was an obvious jest, but Don Marciñas had no sense of humor.

"If it would burn that pig I would set fire to it," he grumbled. "It has been a long nuisance."

Don Ramon's face betrayed his heightened feelings; his brows gloomed, but he made no response. Derrick had been lingering in the governor's pleasant garden some hours, and he felt that it was time he went. He made his salutations and departed, carrying with him the memory of a sweet smile and a scowl.

## II

THE governor's house lay within the white walls of its gardens, under the shadow of the cathedral, across which the westering sun was moving. Beyond were the old fortifications, erected when the liberator wrought the deliverance of the colony from Spain; without those were the orchards of the suburbs; and then the open country stretching toward the foot-hills of Grandara. Derrick

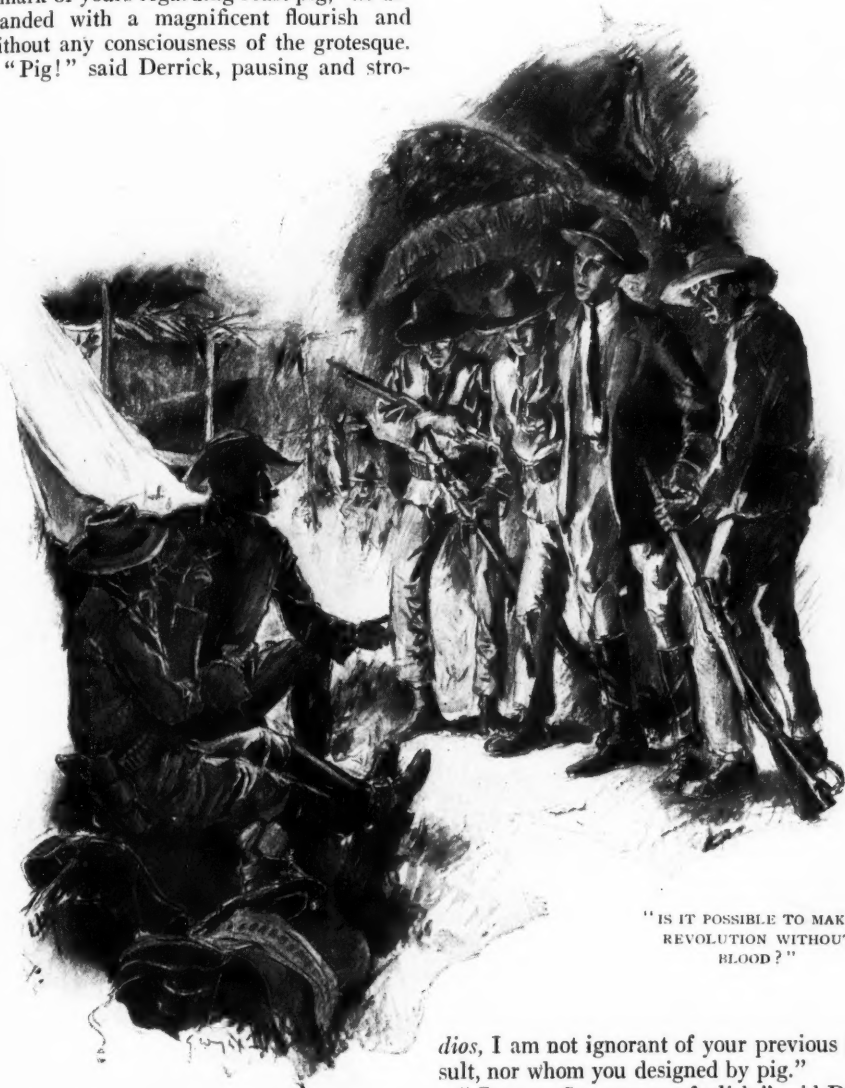
had passed out of the garden, and was within the precincts of the fortifications, when he was overtaken by Don Ramon. The younger man was in a full flame of passion, barely restrained.

"I would ask you, *señor*, to explain that remark of yours regarding roast pig," he demanded with a magnificent flourish and without any consciousness of the grotesque.

"Pig!" said Derrick, pausing and stro-

"I have no quarrel with the pig. I was thinking of an old story in which a Chinaman set light to a house and found out pork by accident."

"You compare me with a Chinaman now!" cried the maddened *don*. "*Por*



"IS IT POSSIBLE TO MAKE A  
REVOLUTION WITHOUT  
BLOOD?"

king his chin meditatively. "I don't suppose you ever heard of Charles Lamb, *señor*."

"I speak of pig," said Don Ramon furiously, "which you would see roasted if the house was on fire."

"You mistake," said Derrick, smiling.

*dios*, I am not ignorant of your previous insult, nor whom you designed by pig."

"Come, *señor*, you are foolish," said Derrick, letting his eyes leave the exasperated man to wander to the mountains. "I meant no harm to any one. I was only wondering if Silvado were so negligible as you think. These batteries now—are they in working trim?"

Don Ramon seemed to have some diffi-





"YOU ARE INFAMOUS, A SPY, A TRAITOR, A—OH, MADRE DE DIOS, IF I HAD A WEAPON  
YOU SHOULD DIE!"

culty in bringing his mind down to the batteries.

"What is that to you?" he asked. "This is no affair of yours. You are a foreigner."

Derrick shrugged his shoulders. The man seemed determined to force a quarrel on him.

"True," he said. "I spoke only out of friendliness for Marquesara and those who have been kind to me."

"I shall have to take a way to make you understand," spluttered Don Ramon, discomposed by this cool reasonableness.

Derrick lifted his eyebrows.

"In these days no good Marquesaran should throw away his life unnecessarily," he said dryly.

The Spaniard advanced with clenched hand.

"*Señor!*" he thundered.

Derrick took his watch out.

"Don Ramon, I see you aim at one thing—a misguided aim, I assure you; but if you are of the same mood to-morrow, you may claim a settlement."

He turned away with a nod, in which there was perhaps a little extra ceremony, leaving the astonished Spaniard to look after him. The American had been civil; indeed, no fault could be picked in his courtesy; but he hadn't obeyed the conventions which Don Ramon acknowledged.

The angry man went back to the governor's garden, to find that Donna Lola had disappeared. Don Marciñas lay back in his chair, having finished his cigar.

"This American—" began the young man. "It seems to me we have admitted him to intimacy too rashly. Who is he?"

The governor yawned.

"He had excellent sponsors in Eseldura; he is known in New York and London."

"Those places are a long way off," frowned Don Ramon. "We are in Marquesara. These Americans—they wish to dominate the whole continent."

"They have some good drinks for hot weather," said his excellency, sitting up. "We will have cocktails!"

### III

MEANWHILE, Derrick had crossed the boundaries of the city proper, and was in the suburban parts. The heat of the day was abating, and, with the punctual instinct of the Anglo-Saxon, his thoughts turned to horseback. At a roadside hostelry he was accustomed to hire a hack, and now he

sought it. A ride would blow cobwebs from his brain and quicken the vital forces which this enervating climate was sapping.

Once in the saddle, he rode toward the mountains. They loomed dim but constant on the confines of the earth, as it seemed, blocking out the rest of the world. If Silvado had retreated to the fastnesses and forests of that untrammelled region, it would be ill to follow him.

Derrick's horse, breaking into a canter, carried him beyond the signs of arable land, with a crescent breeze in his face that was very pleasant. The country hereabouts was broken, partly afforested, and in part ragged and bare. Southward the plantations of coffee were visible, but there were few habitations in these bad lands.

He rode in light thought. His mind dwelled on Don Ramon with a certain distaste, for he had no desire to be engaged in an absurd duello; and, moreover, he was quite aware of that gentleman's ground of quarrel with him. Don Ramon was a distant cousin of the governor's, and was a well-known suitor for the hand of Donna Lola. He had already exhibited his hostility to Derrick, and it was noticeable that it grew in proportion to the favor with which the latter was received by Donna Lola. To-day the animosity had reached its crisis. Derrick vaguely speculated as to whether the climax would be as unpleasant as was threatened.

His horse reached a trough in the river, and showed a disposition to drink, which he indulged carefully. As he stood there, statuesquely, he thought he discerned a horseman on the sky-line. The sun had set, and the twilight was fading with the rapidity with which it seems to go out in tropical climates. The man, he noted, bestrode a white horse, and he watched him trot sharply over the intervening tract of land and disappear into the forest across the river.

This part of the country was unknown to Derrick. He guessed that he had come about twelve miles from Vedeluva, and he calculated that if he bore to the left he would strike the old bridge that gave access to traffic from the foot-hills, and so curve round into the town. Evidently a track led through the forest. He pulled up his nag's head from the water and forded the stream, climbing the farther bank in the dusk. Gently he jogged onward to the jungle.

When he reached it, he found, as he had supposed, that a rough track entered it, and

on this he proceeded for about half a mile. Of a sudden two men armed with rifles stepped out into the road; looking back; he saw his path closed by others. He recognized the situation, and his helplessness.

"Well, *señores*," he said with a smile, "what do you want of me?"

"You are our prisoner," said one, and he was ordered curtly to dismount.

He did so without protest, mutely wondering that the proximity of these Silvadists had not reached the ears of the governor. It seemed an amazing instance of incompetence; but Derrick was still new to Marquesara. The men, who were rough mountaineers of the mestizo class, secured him by binding his wrists, despite his protest that he would not run away. No one paid any heed to what he said, but a dig in the ribs with the butt of a rifle indicated that he was expected to move. His horse silently disappeared under the guidance of a mestizo. Derrick resigned himself to the inevitable.

A few minutes later he found himself lying against a tree in the vicinity of a tent, bound hand and foot, and left to his own devices, such as they might be. The forest was peopled with noises. There were sounds of human presence on all sides, yet he himself was left isolated. He wondered why. He wriggled a little, and found that he had rolled nearer to the tent, the entrance to which was on the other side from him; but he could get no farther. The cords hurt his ankles; so he came to a rest, and took to considering.

Presently a voice reached his ears, clearly from some one who had entered the tent; and on that another voice. He listened.

"The attack, then, is fixed for two o'clock, general?" he heard one voice saying.

"Yes," said the second, short, quiet, abrupt, with a certain pleasant timbre.

"The feint at the east fortifications will be made first, but the artillery attack will take place on the western fort, and the guns will be trained on the Council Hall and the Plaza. We should be in by daybreak."

Derrick listened. The conversation included military particulars and dispositions. By some one's blunder he had reached the inner sanctuary of Silvano's counsels; he was privy to deadly secrets. Blunder? He made an attempt to sit up, at a sudden flash of thought, and the pain in his ankles drew from him an exclamation. Blunder? There was surely something like Providence in the fortuity. He lay back, smiling.

Providence! He had had a curious boyish fancy; but it was soon dispelled.

Next moment he was faced by three scowling fellows, who seized him roughly.

"Pardon, *señores*, my legs!" he said civilly, indicating his encircled feet as he staggered.

In front of the tent were two men seated on logs. One was of medium size, lithe, swarthy, bright-eyed, and small of face, smoking a cigarette. There were rings on his fingers. He made a remark in an undertone to the other, and stared at Derrick in the hands of his captors.

"You know the fate of spies?" he asked in a cool voice.

"*Señor*, I have not spied. I am a non-combatant who fell into the hands of your men, was for some reason left bound there, and have not been responsible for my subsequent actions."

A faint smile flickered on the Marquesaran's face.

"Nor for what you heard," he said.

He looked idly away at a group of men who were waiting orders.

"So far as I make out things, in the circumstances, I am responsible for nothing," said Derrick. "If I had not been seized by your men, I might have ridden through the forest without discovering your presence. It seems to me that you are responsible all through."

"You are an American?" inquired his interrogator after a pause, and he lit another cigarette.

"And therefore have no concern with the private quarrels of Marquesara," added Derrick.

"You overheard some talk," said the other sharply. "What do you make of it?"

"I believe I have the privilege of speaking with *Señor Silvano*," said Derrick, with an attempt at a bow, which made him conscious once more of his bound feet.

Silvano looked down pensively, and then, with a wave of his hand and a word, brought a man with a knife, who cut the ropes.

"I thank you, general," said Derrick.

Silvano's face quickened at the designation, he thought.

"It is unfortunate that you overheard so much by an accident," said the insurgent, "because it can only mean one end."

"You mean you would shoot me?" inquired Derrick coolly.

Paul Silvano nodded, replacing the cigarette in his mouth with his ringed fingers.

This ex-peon, ex-*arriero*, ex-hotel-keeper, conducted himself with strange calm.

"You would probably prefer shooting?" he said evenly.

"Yes, I suppose I should." Derrick's eyes dwelled on the man before him, whose personality was so greatly canvassed in Marquesara, who was such an enigma to the presidential party. "But I should prefer to be released on parole—to give my word of honor to be silent."

Silvado smoked as he mused. His companion whispered to him, and he listened without replying. At last he threw the remnant of the flat cigarette away.

"There are many tales about me," he said. "You have probably heard them. What do they say of me in Eseldura?"

"The president's party consider you bloodthirsty," said Derrick dispassionately.

"Is it possible to make a revolution without blood?" demanded the insurgent. "The president!" His eyes flashed and his white teeth showed. "He trampled his way to office over the bodies of the poor. *Por dios*, is there no blood in the poor? Are their veins withered? This is a surgical operation. I cut and I cut and I bind up. Enough!"

He made a gesticulation, and men ran up from where they waited. He turned, his huge rowels showing on his heels.

"I release you on your parole, *Señor Americano*, to say no word of what you have overheard. You say you have no business in our quarrels. Prove it!"

"Your excellency could do no less," said Derrick slowly.

He thought that Silvado flushed as he moved away. The insurgent general was an active, limber figure, but his swarthy complexion rendered the inference a matter of doubt. At a word from the man who remained, the mestizo cut the thongs on Derrick's wrists; and with an astonishing draft of breath, he realized that he was free. He included the group of insurgents in a courteous inclination. They were gazing at him curiously.

He projected a question as to his horse. They stared, and a grin appeared on their faces, but there was no movement. Derrick took a step or two after the retreating leader.

"Excellency!" he called. Silvado turned, considering him in the dusk. "When a guest is speeded, is his horse stalled?"

Silvado's face changed. Savagely he uttered an order which sent the men flying. He saluted and departed.

#### IV

WHEN the horse came, Derrick mounted it, and rode out of the forest. Night fell ere he had gone far, but his mind was flowing with thoughts. He was, he considered, in a situation somewhat awkward. It had its ludicrous phase, and it certainly had its tragic. He pondered, with the reins loose in his hand.

He was returning to Vedeluva, the only man with knowledge of the imminent attack on the city. So scandalous was the negligence of the authorities, as represented by Don Marciñas, that the presence of the enemy in the neighborhood was not even suspected. There were no scouts, no pickets, no sentries. He laughed in the darkness, and his mind reverted to the inscrutable face of the revolutionary leader. He did not know what to make of Silvado. Certainly the man's generosity had been surprising. It would have been easier and wiser to keep him prisoner until after the assault had been delivered.

He wondered if perchance there were some diplomacy in Silvado's act, if he were bent on securing a favorable name at Washington. This signal trust of a private American citizen might be expected to be bruited abroad, and to reach the ears of the Secretary of State, that all-important personage on the continent of America.

Giving up the puzzle, Derrick came back to the tragic phase. Two hours after midnight the revolutionaries were to deliver their attack on the city. After a feint at the fortifications on the east, they would unmask their real attack upon the western forts and the quarter where the population of the town was thickest. Lights were visible in Vedeluva as Derrick drew nearer; they picked out the principal buildings in the city, smoldering under an equatorial night. The idea was abominable!

Suddenly a thought occurred to him so terrific that he involuntarily pulled up his horse. The horror had materialized before his mind's eye in concrete form. Donna Lola! He remembered—she had asked him if he were not going to the ball. It was a ball given by the officers of the national guard in the Council Hall that night. All the aristocracy and beauty of Vedeluva would be present. And it was upon the



Plaza and the Council Hall that Silvado's guns were to be trained!

When he reached the fortifications it was nearly ten o'clock. He was challenged, but passed the guard with indifferent ease. An officer chatted with him, taking a light for a cigarette. As he looked into the youth's eyes, Derrick wondered; he wondered and winced as if he had been himself blood-guilty. The youth, who knew the American by sight, had his small grumble. He had no luck, being on duty instead of at the ball. The governor was foolishly disciplinarian. What need of all these men in the fortifications doing sentry-go? It was a hideous piece of irony.

Derrick hastily passed on. He might be in time yet for—well, he had thought of something. His burden of honor weighed him down; he groaned under it. The thought of Donna Lola in the zone of fire—

He entered the grounds of the governor's house, and inquired of the servants. The majordomo said that his young mistress was on the point of departure. It seemed that she lingered over her toilet. Derrick was aware of another figure walking in the garden, whence the fragrance of smoke ascended. It could not be Don Marciñas.

The maid had taken her word, and she met him in the music-room, bright with chandeliers and decorated with the portraits of masters.

"Señor Derrick!" she said as she entered, an amazing form of svelt elegance which took his breath.

He had never seen her before in such array, in the full trappings of war.

"Señorita!" She was delighted at the evident impression on him.

"You have come to change your mind, señor?" she said, opening her fan. "You are coming?"

He remembered that she had wished him to be present at the ball. As a matter of fact, he had received an invitation by courtesy of the colonel. He came out from the shadows to her.

"Señorita, there is one walking in the gardens."

"Let him walk," she said, stamping her foot. "It is I who speak, not he. You come, señor?"

"I would go a long way in pursuit of beauty, señorita," he said softly.

He was fencing with his honor, and he knew it. Silvado was but a captain of guerrillas. Must he keep faith?

"Señor, you shall not ask me too much," she languished. "There are others!"

"Yes, there are others!"

In his mind's eye he saw the rebel guns trained on the Council Hall, the shells exploding, the white faces, the white bodies—nay, scored and savagely red with the carnage. There rushed into his head a line—whence come he did not remember—

There was a sound of revelry by night.

"Señorita, you must not go," he burst forth suddenly, and he knew that he was gripping her wrist.

She was not afraid of the wild face that looked into hers, though her heart beat more heavily.

"Why should I not go?" she asked slowly.

Alas, she understood nothing! To her this was a mere battle of sex, not one of life and death. Derrick realized it, and constrained himself. Be it so!

"There was a man of your race, Señorita Lola," he said gently, "who jumped amid the lions to recover his lady's glove."

She flashed up at him.

"Would you?" she asked, ere he could proceed.

"Were it yours, yes, Señorita Lola," he said in a low voice.

"Ah!"

He could see her bosom heaving fast beneath the gown over which she had lingered, but which she had almost forgotten now.

There was a sound of feet on the veranda without.

"Lolita!" called a voice tenderly. "Are you not ready, little one?"

She turned to him, and with an unexpected movement swept the whole room into darkness, her hand trembling in Derrick's. The footsteps moved away; but they remained in the dark.

"Señorita Lolita!" Derrick murmured. "Stay; do not go to-night!"

He felt rather than knew the emotion that rent her.

"Why should I stay?"

"Go!" he said. "Go with him who is without, or stay with—"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Me!"

At the word, she fell against him in the darkness, the instincts of that passionate blood prevailing, and Derrick held her to him, feeling the wild tumult of her bosom. Their lips closed. It seemed that one way



or another he was bound to wreck his honor that night.

"Lolita!" came from the garden.

"You shall follow for my sake. You shall follow, and you shall come back to me again."

She spoke in a whisper, as she slipped past him. She was gone, leaving him amazed, tingling, aghast.

## V

WHEN Derrick crept out of the house, the girl was gone, and the garden was emptied of its shadow. He walked to his hotel in a hot, troubled mood. As in a dream, he gave his orders, changed his clothes, and sat down to his long-delayed dinner. It passed from the table practically untasted. He drank a glass of light wine and some coffee, and he smoked a cigarette. He left the room and went to his chamber, where he undressed and dressed again. With a light coat to conceal his shirt-front, he walked out into the street and turned into the Plaza.

The Council Hall was alive with lights, and the sounds of music streamed from it. As he entered through the doorway, he took out his watch; it was a few minutes before midnight.

There was a sound of revelry by night—

The line rang in Derrick's ears as he wandered through the great ballroom, watching the dancers. He knew a few of the people—the colonel of the guards, the governor, and some of the officials, as well as some families of importance to whose houses he had been invited in Vedeluva. He greeted, and was greeted in turn, very hospitably, very handsomely. Some faces were turned to look after him as he passed.

It was the tragedy of irony. Was he to suffer them all to perish? The hour drew near. He was under the burden of his pledge. He sought the room in which some of the older men were gathered to smoke and talk—among them Don Marciñas, who courteously waved to him. Garcia Honorias was safely entrenched in his capital at Eseldura, and these his unsuspecting creatures sat comfortably awaiting destruction.

Derrick had a sudden fit of impatience, of impotent anger. Why were these fools blindly, within blinkers, marching to the precipice? He turned and went out, unable to bear the weight of these silent thoughts.

In the ballroom he saw a girl whom he had met a week before—a pretty, plump

person, with a schoolgirl's innocent mind and a tomboy's enjoyment of life. He bowed before her, recklessly begging a dance.

"I have not seen you all the night, *señor*," she said plaintively, as she placed her hand in his.

"Ah, you would see too much of me, I am afraid, *señorita*."

She pouted.

"You were not afraid at Solina, when we rode together," she said.

"I will ride with you, I will dance with you, I will talk with you; but by the mercy of Heaven let me not always see you!" he pleaded. "I am afraid. I am deadly afraid!"

He shivered involuntarily as he spoke, and she smiled at him, pleased and petulant. They swept into the maze of the waltz.

There was a sound of revelry—

It was a scene of enchantment, with the bright uniforms, the gay dresses, and the lights. It was Derrick's heart that went dancing on. There was no other way out. Like the little mermaid, he danced on knives of fire, but he danced. He went round with giddy brain, talking breathlessly.

He parted with his partner, and found another; and at the end of the dance he met Lolita. A flush was on her face, her eyes sparkled; she was as a thing of spirit and flame.

"Lolita!"

"Hush!" she said, looking around, "Don Ramon is near. He is tiresome. *Señor*, you are late. I cannot shake him off. Why did you not come before? Is it that you admire Donna Elvira's green eyes?"

"I admire none but one," he said, holding out his hands. "Come!"

"Hush!" she said again, though she was well pleased; she had changed this cold Northerner into a volcano.

They danced together to gipsy music; and as the waltz ceased, the clock struck from the tower without. Derrick looked on the girl, and beheld that she was fair to see, and at this moment in complete surrender, with half-closed eyes.

"Lolita!" he whispered, and he led her away, past the strolling couples, past the flashing eyes of Don Ramon, into the balcony among the flowers. Down below, the garden was full of fragrant darkness. The dawn tarried. "Lolita!" he said, and drew her closer. She nestled to him like a flower to its leafage, her large eyes turned on him.

They faced the east, in which was, as yet, no change. "Lolita, I want you to come with me. Here you are one of a crowd. Come, come away. Among these faces—" He paused and shuddered.

Was it worth while, then, to try to save *one*? But Lolita's warm breath was on his face; her presence subjugated him.

"Is it that you want me?" she whispered.

He was reckless.

"Yes," he said. "Come! I am jealous of these eyes that watch you. Who are they that they dare look at Lolita?"

She laughed happily.

"But the ball will last till four o'clock, and it is not yet two," she protested.

"Two!" He started. "Come; I want you," he said imperiously. "Let us go back to the garden, to the house, where I met you. Lolita mine, look up, give me your eyes and your hand. I bid you come. Hear you? I bid you come with me!"

She thrilled under the vehemence of his tone, at the forcefulness of his words.

"But I dare not go—with you—alone," she whispered in his ear.

"Come!" he said, paying no heed.

She obeyed his imperious gesture, and went from him swiftly, a flitting shadow in the corridors, flying as one that seeks to escape notice, as one that flies in fear. What did she fear?

Derrick went back to the ballroom, and pressed through it without seeing any one. In the chamber beyond, he recognized Don Marciñas talking with a crony. He addressed him.

"Donna Lola bade me say that she has gone home," he said. "She would not disturb you, but begs you to follow."

"*Por dios!*"

The fat governor got to his feet. He had been bored, and was sleepy. Even his cigar had lost interest for him. He thanked the considerate American, and waddled off.

Out of the corner of his eye Derrick saw Don Ramon's figure disappear also. He laughed, ground his teeth, and went out; he looked at his watch. No, he must not think!

## VI

A QUARTER of an hour later, Lolita met him in the antechamber appointed, and, wrapped in her swathings, went down the stairs silently. Don Marciñas's carriage had rolled away some time before, but another waited by Derrick's arrangement.

Veiled in her mantilla, Donna Lola entered, and silently the American took his place by her side.

As they drove off down the Plaza, he cast a glance back at the hall, still alive with lights. His companion leaning against him felt him tremble.

"Ah, *señor!*" she sighed, interpreting that emotion in the light of her own feelings.

"Lolita!" he murmured, a certain strange jubilation in his heart.

He no longer cast his eyes or his thoughts backward; the dark streets swallowed them up, and his arm was about her.

"Was I right? Was I wise?" she whispered. "What have I done for you, *señor?*"

He was afraid with a sudden fear, but the triumph was in his heart still. She was responsive to his touch. The carriage rolled on over the uneven street, carrying them eastward.

"It will never be the same again," she murmured; "but what do I care? I care nothing. I have done what you asked—Ricardo!"

He trembled, and was afraid. Somewhere ahead of them the dawn was rising, and somewhere behind were Silvado's men. It must be close on the hour now. It was too dark to see. He wondered—

Of a sudden a horrid clap of thunder split the air, and then followed another and still another.

"'Tis the storm!" cried Lola, on his breast. "How I dread the thunder!"

She clung closer, but Derrick knew that it was not the storm. Silvado was at the gates. Indeed, a moment later, the girl realized the fact of the bombardment, for a shell whistled in the air and exploded in the next street.

"It is Silvado!" Lolita screamed.

She clutched him tightly; but Derrick was assailed by an astonishing doubt. The shell had passed them from the east. What did it signify?

The coachman stopped and cried out. He was in terror, and Derrick endeavored to reassure him. By this time the city was full of noises; it had awoke to its fate. Mingled with the sound of exploding shells and the crash of the cannon were cries of distress, wailings, shouts of alarm, shrieks of terror.

"It is the other way! The enemy are the other way!" roared Derrick to the stupefied coachman, who impotently gesticulated with a whip.

People rushed out of their houses, and were filling the narrow roadway. It was almost impossible to force a passage; but by degrees Derrick won a way through and came out at the back of the cathedral, which was showing faintly in a rosy dawn, the cross, as it were, a mute protest against the cruelty and barbarism of man.

At the turn of the road, a rattle of rifle-fire greeted the ears, and the coachman leaped from his box and ran. At the same time the horse staggered and went down. Derrick uttered an exclamation and jumped out.

Across the road was a party of armed men, extending as far as the entrance to the governor's gardens. Derrick assumed that they were soldiers of the guard, drawn up for the protection of the governor. He advanced; Donna Lola cried after him. He turned back, and she clutched hold of him.

"Who are these?" she asked fearfully.

"They have come to guard you," he said reassuringly. "Come, let us ask."

He reached the line, and fell back in amazement to see the ragged clothes of the soldiers. They wore no uniform. Could these dusty ragamuffins be the well-dressed, leisurely guards?

An officer equally dusty, and almost as ragged, accosted him sharply, demanding his business.

"I wish an entrance to the governor's house for this lady, his daughter," said Derrick.

The man peered at Donna Lola, laughed, and spat into the road.

"Certainly," he said in a jocular way, and issued an order.

Puzzled and uneasy, Derrick conducted his charge into the house. The hall was lighted and full of people, but ere Derrick could pass them in review, a man sprang forward and struck at him.

"Curse you, it was you who sent Don Marciñas here to be taken prisoner. Curse you!"

It was Don Ramon, whom rough hands now restrained. Derrick blinked at the light and at the blow. The truth had dawned upon him. When he regained his vision, which had been obscured by the violence of the blow, the first face he made out was that of Paul Silvado.

"Ah, general, you are here?" he said quietly.

"Yes, *señor*—not on the west side," said the rebel with a broad grin.

Derrick's quick wits had begun to take things in; but ere he could go farther, Donna Lola broke in.

"It was you, then! You brought us here. You entrapped my father! You were in league with the rebels! You are infamous, a spy, a traitor, a—oh, *madre de dios*, if I had a weapon you should die!"

Passion inflamed her so that she rose superior to fears and to shame. She beat him with words of madness, frenzied words, the words of a woman who has been struck in that most vital part, her vanity. She had been his tool!

Derrick reflected bitterly that it was true, though not as she thought. He had played with her, led her on, deceived her, fooled her, if you will, but it had been to save her life consistently with his honor. And this was the result!

Explanations were obviously impossible. She would not have credited them. His action had been such as none of these would understand. No, he felt that he did not desire to explain or account for himself. He turned away wretchedly, Silvado eying him. He saw Donna Lola crying hysterically as she was taken into another room, to join her father.

"Well, *señor*, you can congratulate me," said Silvado, watching him cynically. "Vedulva is mine!"

Richard Derrick pulled himself together; it had been a hard and bitter night, and he felt hard and bitter.

"Señor Silvado, you made two mistakes," he said slowly. "You overestimated your enemy, which perhaps is not a serious mistake; and you underestimated the honor of an American, which is much more serious."

Silvado lifted the inevitable cigarette from between his lips.

"True," he said equably. "I did not know the fortifications were so weakly held. Also, I thought you would tell—in which case," he added, replacing the cigarette, "the fortifications would have been still more weakly held."

"I congratulate you, *señor*, on having put one mortal on the rack for torture!"

"Ah!" said Silvado lightly, waving his cigarette, "I make up my mind quickly. Sometimes I make a mistake. Yes, I make up my mind quickly," he repeated, looking at the door through which Donna Lola had vanished.

"At least, you should thank me that you are well rid of *that, señor!*"

# THE UNDERPAID EMPLOYEES OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

A PLEA FOR FAIR AND BUSINESSLIKE TREATMENT FOR MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND WORKERS IN THE EXECUTIVE CIVIL SERVICE

BY JUDSON C. WELLIVER

THERE are two hundred thousand people serving the United States government for salaries ranging from twenty dollars a month upward, who, if they worked for almost any other employer in this country, or for the government in almost any other country, would be on a strike.

What is more, if their case were fairly presented to the public, they would win the strike.

They are employees of the classified civil service — the clerks, accountants, stenographers, librarians, biologists, engineers, mathematicians, chemists, lawyers, editors, and other specialists of almost every sort, including mechanics, who carry on the work of the various departments. Positions in this service are given only to successful contestants in competitive examinations. The holders are immune to removal for political or religious cause, and are commonly regarded as holding something like life tenure. There is a cheerful theory that they are paid enormous salaries, do no particular amount of work, and that only within short hours, and are the special favorites of amiable fortune and government largess.

I have been unable to learn whence arose this hoary superstition about the down-upholstered, lace-fringed, rose-tinted, and daintily perfumed "snap" of the government employee. There may have been, decades ago, some shadow of justification for the notion that he was the special beneficiary of a dispensation of sovereign generosity, dealing lavishly with money which, being contributed by everybody, was nobody's

business. I am able to say, with some knowledge, that that justification has long since passed into the limbo of frazzled fantasies; but the superstition survives — the chief obstacle to the success of a nationwide movement now in progress to secure justice and living wages for the army of Uncle Sam's civil employees.

It is my hope, in writing this article, to contribute something toward establishing a more accurate conception of the real position of the civil service worker, and toward laying a ghost which has too long haunted every consideration of the subject.

In truth, Uncle Sam is about the worst paymaster in the United States. He has more than five hundred thousand people working for him. In behalf of considerable classes, no complaint can justly be urged. They have had their wages maintained in fair proportion to the increasing demands of the times and the advanced cost of living. In making these concessions, the government has done just what all other employers have been doing. Try to find any important field of employment in the United States, outside of the government service, in which there has not been a striking increase of compensation within the last decade, and after surveying the whole field, you will return empty-handed as to evidence.

## WAGES AND THE COST OF LIVING

You do not need to be reminded how often you have read in your newspapers that this railroad or that trust or the other industrial corporation has announced a general increase of wages. Increases of wages and

salaries have been constantly made the excuse for increasing living cost. The railroads want higher rates, and explain that they must have more revenue because successive wage advances have increased the expense of materials and operation.

Look into the increasing cost of any particular commodity, and you will be told that the labor employed in producing it requires higher wages. If you are concerned about the advancing cost of food-stuffs, and ask the farmer, he shows you that he must have more money because everything he buys, from lumber to labor, is costing more.

So you box the compass. You go the round, link by link, of this endless chain of increasing prices that draw wages after them, and of increasing wages that draw prices after them, and you probably conclude at last that there is no help for it, and that perhaps, after all, conditions finally equalize themselves.

And when you have followed around the entire circle, you discover a link in the chain which represents the hundreds of thousands of government employees, and you learn that here is the one exception. Here is the one great working class which, year after year, decade after decade, has to pay higher prices for what it eats and drinks and wears, but gets no compensating increase in its wage.

Your curiosity is aroused, because you have always heard of these government employees as parasites, attached by a strangle hold to the body politic, and drawing an easy living out of it. It doesn't take you long to discover that this hypothesis is sadly erroneous.

After that, you begin to learn things that appeal to your sympathies, and to convince you that a great injustice is being inflicted upon a vast body of deserving people. In the end you will blush for shame that this great, rich government should actually be paying its working people under a schedule of wages which has known no increases since 1853, but which, on the other hand, has been steadily tending downward during all these decades when the cost of living has been just as uniformly moving upward!

As already observed, some classes of government employees are better paid than others. Before deciding whether a particular class is fairly paid, it is necessary to consider circumstances. A rural mail-carrier living in a country town may be well paid at sixty dollars a month, while a

clerk in the Treasury at Washington, whose situation compels the expensive life of the most expensive capital in the world, may at the same salary have a desperate struggle to keep soul and body together. So we must start with consideration of the conditions surrounding these government workers.

It is characteristic of the looseness with which some features of government business are managed that nobody can tell how many people draw salaries from Uncle Sam. Recently an inquiring Senator created a small panic in the departments by passing a resolution asking information on this very point. For our purposes, it is close enough to say that the number is well above five hundred thousand.

The latest official statistics indicate that there are about two hundred and twenty-five thousand in the postal service, seventy-nine thousand in the army, forty-five thousand in the navy, nine thousand in the marine corps, and a hundred and fifty thousand in the legislative, executive, and judicial establishments. Of these, about two hundred and eighty thousand are in the classified executive civil service. That is, they are classified with reference to the salaries they draw, and can have their salaries raised only by being promoted from one class to another.

#### AN UNDERPAID CIVIL SERVICE

It is with this last great class, the executive civil service employees, that we have mainly to do in the present inquiry. Time was when they were comparatively well paid. The law of 1853 established four classes of clerical workers, with annual salaries of twelve hundred, fourteen hundred, sixteen hundred, and eighteen hundred dollars—comfortable, self-respecting wages for the time, and for the conditions which that time imposed.

That was when the pleasant superstition about the government employees' easy job and good wages gained circulation and acceptance. Now let me show you what has since taken place.

There never has been, since 1853, a general reclassification of service and salaries. From time to time, however, Congress has created new classifications—clerks, accountants, scientists, experts, and so on—at lower wages than the twelve-hundred-dollar minimum fixed in 1853. Thus there is to-day a great class at a thousand dollars, and others at nine hundred, eight hundred and



forty, seven hundred and twenty, and five hundred dollars. Below these come various gradations of messengers, janitors, charwomen, and the like, with salaries running as low as twenty dollars a month.

Into these lower classifications have been drawn thousands of entrants to the service; so many that the average salary, which in 1853 was something like fourteen hundred dollars, is now several hundred dollars less. Yet the people who have been coming in at six hundred dollars and seven hundred and twenty dollars do exactly the same kind of work to-day that was expected, fifty years ago, from the classes among whom the minimum salary was twelve hundred.

More than three thousand of these people receiving from six hundred to one thousand dollars a year are "professional and scientific" experts. In order to qualify, they must exhibit a college degree or its equivalent. Their work may not have been thought of in 1853, yet their salaries are below those on which the "clerks" of that period began.

For instance, the last census compilation on this subject shows 35,331 employees drawing "less than seven hundred and twenty dollars"—more people by a good deal than the total number employed back in the good old days when the minimum was twelve hundred dollars, when living was cheap, and demands were few. Next we find 32,363 drawing between seven hundred and twenty and nine hundred dollars. At the nine-hundred-dollar and thousand-dollar levels, your army is augmented by many more thousands—all drawing far less than the minimum fixed in the period whose legends we must examine to satisfy any possible curiosity about the mythological origin of this old wives' tale about the easy lives and plutocratic compensations of government employees.

Perhaps it will help to an appreciation of the circumstances of these humbler classes of government employees if we imagine a great multitude of faithful, hard-working people in any other business having their salary restored to a basis below that which prevailed before the Civil War. Suppose the railroads should serve notice to-morrow of a restoration of the wage-scale they paid in 1853! Suppose the locomotive engineers now drawing a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars a month were set back to the wage basis of the corresponding position fifty years ago; and that conductors, brakemen, and firemen were similarly de-

moted. I venture to say that on all the two hundred and forty thousand miles of railroad in the United States there wouldn't be enough trains started out to-morrow morning to make a respectable smash-up.

And yet that is exactly the situation of tens of thousands of our dear old generous Uncle Sam's employees—and worse than that. For not only have they enjoyed no increase of wages since before the Civil War, but regiment after regiment has been recruited into the service at salaries far below those of the ante-bellum period.

Why, if the great employing concerns of this country should get together to-day, and, agreeing that so prosperous an individual as Uncle Sam must be a model as a paymaster, should order wages in their own establishments put on a basis corresponding to government rates, there would be precipitated the greatest industrial crisis ever known.

#### NOT ALLOWED TO ORGANIZE

It may be asked, why do not the civil service people organize, bring political influence to bear, and force Congress—the only authority—to raise their pay? That's what other people do when they want things from Congress—when they want tariff duties raised or lowered, when they want appropriations, when they want more battle-ships, or fewer battle-ships, when they want their wives enfranchised, or the Mississippi River canalized. Likewise, that is what the employees of a corporation do when they want more wages—they organize and send up a grievance committee.

The civil service people don't organize, and don't carry their troubles to Congress, because of a certain executive order, which reads:

All officers and employees of the United States . . . are hereby forbidden, either directly or indirectly, individually or through associations, to solicit an increase of pay or to influence in their own interests any legislation whatever, either before Congress or its committees . . . on penalty of discharge from the government service.

No, gentle reader, you are wrong. That order is not the translation of an irade by Abdul Hamid. It is no paraphrase of a ukase by the Czar of Russia. It does not represent the absolutism of medieval Persia, or the military method of modern Germany. It was issued by the President of the United States on January 31, 1902.

Just imagine what a fine hullabaloo there would be if the right to organize, to appoint committees, to petition for redress of grievances, to seek increases of wages, were to be denied to any other class of American working people! An attempt to do so would ruin any business corporation, and the political projection of such a policy would bury the offending party so deep that a relief expedition would prefer to hunt for the hole representing a well that had caved in and then had the Rock of Gibraltar rolled over the place.

The first article of the Bill of Rights of the Federal Constitution reads:

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

Repealing the Constitution by executive order may look a trifle absurd, but it is a mighty real and serious thing to two or three hundred thousand government employees who by that fiat are put upon notice that they cannot hope to be treated like ordinary, self-respecting American citizens. If they were a particularly bad lot, given to turbulence, strikes, and riots, there might be some excuse; but strikes in the civil service have been rarer than mutinies in the military service. I have been unable to discover any record or even tradition of such an instance.

#### THOUSANDS HAVE LEFT THE SERVICE

It is well enough, to say that if the government employee doesn't like his job, he should quit and get a new one. He does. That is one of the troubles, one of the chief reasons why government service is less efficient than private business. In 1907, more than fifteen thousand civil service employees resigned. General business was active, and offered inducements that drew thousands of the most competent workers away from government service, and a tremendous wail from the Civil Service Commission. Other thousands would quit every year if they had a fair chance to find openings in private business.

But there are still other thousands who have lost the initiative and the force of character which lead the more aggressive to break away and better their condition. Almost always, the government employee's

work is of a character practically unknown in other service. It does not fit him for private employments. He must work all the time in order to live, and has no time to seek other employment. Present-day industrial conditions tend more and more to attach the man to the job, almost as the medieval serf was attached to the land; and of no other employment is this so true as of the government service, because government work fits men for so few outside occupations.

In Washington, where the largest single body of government employees live—some thirty-five thousand of them—opportunities are limited, because the Federal capital is a city of narrow commercial development. Until the pressure of stern necessity, during recent years, became so severe as to force many government servants, willy-nilly, to give up their positions, it was almost an adage that "once a government clerk, always a government clerk."

Of late, increasing numbers of the most capable people have been leaving the service because outside occupation offered larger pay and opportunities. The Civil Service Commission has repeatedly reported that the problems of getting competent people, and then of keeping them, are growing constantly more serious. Thus in a recent report the commission says:

In previous reports the commissioner has called attention to the difficulty of securing and retaining competent employees. . . . The proportion of separation annually . . . in some branches rises to twenty-five per cent. . . . Valuable employees, after they have acquired experience, leave because of the lack of opportunity in the government service. There is not sufficient inducement for the most capable men who enter the examination either in the salary or in the prospects of advancement. . . . Nearly fifty per cent of those offered employment decline. . . . The departments instead of securing the best material, are able to obtain persons less successful in outside business.

There you have the word of the Civil Service Commission for it. The government can't get and can't keep the best people. It must take those left over after general business has had its pick.

It is traditional that government business is the slowest and most tedious on earth. Do you wonder?

#### THE PROBLEM OF THE SUPERANNUATED

The difficulty of getting and holding competent people must be set off against

the diametrically opposite embarrassment of getting rid of superannuated or otherwise incompetent workers. After the Civil War, thousands of old soldiers, their widows and orphans, were given preference in government appointments. The kindly sentiment of a grateful country dictated this course. Similarly, during the same period, other thousands of political favorites were pushed in by "influence," before the competitive examination system was thought of. These two classes have grown old in the service.

In a great proportion of cases, they have risen to the higher-salaried positions. They can be seen, troops of white-haired, bent, worn-out men and women, marshaling every morning to the government buildings. Some of them, half-paralyzed, rheumatic, or crippled, are taken in cabs, day by day, to their places of employment, and wheeled in invalid chairs to their desks.

Among these old employees are many competent workers; but in the aggregate they present an awful problem of superannuation. They cannot be discharged, for many would face starvation. No head of department will even consider recommending that they be turned out. So they remain, filling a large proportion of the higher positions, drawing the higher salaries, while the increasing volume of work is turned over to younger men and women, gathered into the lower grades, with the chance of promotion minimized by this very humanitarian sentiment that makes it impossible to discharge the superannuates. The result is a service superannuated at the top, and atrophied at the bottom by hopelessness of advancement.

If the government did business as great corporations do, these old servants would be pensioned and retired, as a matter of good management and sound economy. Such railroads as the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Illinois Central, and the Chicago and Northwestern, pension and retire their veteran employees. The United States Steel Company and scores of other industrials do the same. Well-nigh every enlightened government does it. The United States stands as the monumental exception, refusing to adopt the system which both public business and private business have found at once most economical and most humane.

So these meagerly paid government workers go on, the older and more hopeless ones using every resource of influence and appeal

to retain their positions, the younger and more energetic cursing their luck and constantly striving to find outside employment. The only people who ever get out of the treadmill are those whom it is most desirable to keep in; the ones who cannot possibly be got out are those who ought to be retired.

I am making no sweeping condemnation of the older employees. Among them are many efficient workers. Nor am I assuming that none of the most desirable class are nowadays entering the service. But I am pointing out tendencies which have long been at work, and which have at last brought the service to a crisis which commands attention.

Cabinet officers, chiefs of divisions, and the Civil Service Commission began years ago predicting what must happen. It has happened. The crisis is here.

The remedy has been recognized by every student of the subject. It consists in applying business methods.

#### THREE MEASURES OF REFORM

First, there should be provision to retire, on adequate pensions, the superannuated employees. This would open a large number of the better-paying positions, to be filled by promotions from lower ranks, starting a line of promotions from the bottom upward, and at the same time increasing the average efficiency.

A complete reclassification of employees, establishing some reasonable relationship between services and salaries, should next be made. The present classification is a chaos rather than a system. Hundreds of instances might be produced of nine-hundred-dollar clerks doing exactly the same work as sixteen-hundred-dollar clerks, and doing it more rapidly and accurately.

Finally—and this is the measure that would relieve the greatest number—there should be an increase of salaries, at least in all the lower grades, and in many of the highest positions. The salaries of the middle class are more reasonable and defensible than those in either the lowest or the highest ranks. The low salaries are insufficient to get or keep the best people. The highest salaries, paid for executives and expert work, are, if possible, even less adequate. Men of real executive genius are in such demand in general business that the government must either pay well or do without them.

It is not easy to judge what proportion of salary increase ought to be granted. Rep-

representative Cary, of Wisconsin, has a bill pending proposing a horizontal increase of twenty-five per cent in all salaries under two hundred dollars a month. Representative Gillett, of Massachusetts, is pressing a bill for a complete reclassification of the service. These two measures represent good business policy for the government and just treatment for its employees. In principle, both are right.

It does not seem that much argument can be needed in support of higher salaries. Wages, and the prices of those things for which wages must be spent, have been rising for many years. The United States Bureau of Labor reports that from 1897 to 1907, average wages have increased by the following percentages:

	Per cent.
Bricklayers .....	41.5
Carpenters .....	50.9
Cornice-makers .....	47.1
Gas-fitters .....	53.6
Hod-carriers .....	36.2
Laborers .....	28.7
Painters .....	41.5
Paperhangers .....	41.5
Inside Wiremen .....	50.6
Lathers .....	34.6
Plasterers .....	39.4
Steamfitters .....	45.5
Roofers .....	33.4
Plumbers .....	46.9
Stone-masons .....	39.3
Structural ironworkers .....	86.2

But the government employee's wages have not advanced in the same period. Instead, the tendency has been decidedly a downward one.

In the same year, 1907, the same authority reports that food, at retail, cost twenty-five per cent more than in 1897. Prices go up for everybody. Wages go up for everybody—except the government employees.

Congress has been able to recognize the need of better pay for Congressmen. It voted, four years ago, to increase the salaries of Representatives and Senators from five thousand dollars a year to seventy-five hundred. Within the last few years, the President has been raised from fifty thousand dollars annually to seventy-five thousand, and Cabinet officers from eight thousand to twelve thousand; the Federal judges have had an all-round increase of pay; but not a dollar of advance in the wages of the clerks!

Our army and navy officers, and the

enlisted men of both services, have been raised; but no advance for the army of civil service employees!

#### WHAT CABINET OFFICERS SAY

Read some answers to the question of whether the government employee deserves more pay:

FRANKLIN MACVEAGH, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY—"I am not prepared to say that there should be some specific per cent of increase all along the line. I do know, however, that there are many positions with salaries not commensurate with their importance, and that there are underpaid workers in the minor classes. The Civil Service Commission is correct when it says that it is difficult to maintain efficiency upon the salaries paid."

CHARLES NAGEL, SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR—"I believe that an equitable salary basis should be considered along with the retirement plan. We talk retirement of aged clerks in the hope of economy and efficiency. It will promote both to put our money into the best class of personal labor. The retirement of aged and superannuated employees under some liberal system would likely result in a positive financial saving by creating opportunity for the employment of young men able to do two or three times as much work."

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, POSTMASTER-GENERAL—"In view of the increased cost of living, the salaries paid are very insufficient to enable the employees to meet current needs, and the opportunities to make provision for old age are small. Administrative officers hesitate to recommend the dismissal of superannuated employees. The drain on the national finances by their retention at full pay, after they have become incapacitated for efficient service, is far greater than would be the cost of a reasonable system of civil pension."

Hundreds of other men of wide experience in governmental administration might be quoted to the same effect. Every student of this set of problems has reached the same conclusions. It remains only to get Congress collectively to do the things which Congressmen individually admit ought to be done.

How much longer will Congress wait? How much longer can it wait, if it is to save the service from a breakdown under the weight of the antiquated and ossified policy now pursued?

# THE BANANA CIRCUIT

A STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE IN NEW YORK

BY FORREST HALSEY

AUTHOR OF "THE SHOULDERS OF TUG McGAN," ETC.

"**M**AN is master of his fate," says the poet. Now that poet was probably pressed by his landlady, so that he had to finish up the poem, get down to the office, and get his money; consequently he wrote hastily, and without due consideration of the truth.

I have read—either in history or in the breakfast-food advertisements—that fried potatoes lost the battle of Waterloo. Now, if a dish of fried potatoes could hand it to Napoleon, and restore the House of Bourbon, so that the exiled royal family could give up their flat and move back into it, what chance have the rest of us got at that mastery business?

Man is no more master of his fate than he is master of his house after he gets married.

It was a banana that started all the trouble in these different lives, and the trouble was stopped by—but there, one of the first rules for writing a short story is not to give the plot away until you have put in as many words as you can induce the editor to pay for.

Yes, it was a banana that began it—an independent sort of a banana, which broke away from the rest of the bunch, and which lay all alone on the edge of the Italian's cart. The cop saw it, and took it. Everybody knows that a cop has a perfect right to snatch anything that is lying around loose.

But the Guinea could not see it that way. He had been in the land of the free only two months, and he thought that because the *padrone* took him down to the booth, and showed him how to make a mark under a picture, and then he voted it, he was an American citizen; so he let out a holler.

You must excuse the poor man. You see, he came from a tyranny-ridden land

where, if the lord of the manor snatched an apple out of his dooryard, he could get out a warrant.

Well, the Guinea made his holler. Most of it was in Italian, but some of it was in English. The cop knew what he meant in English, and readily guessed what he meant in Italian; so he ran the fellow in. He ran in the push-cart, too; whereupon the court officers ate most of the fruit, and what they could not eat they took home to their children. They were kind-hearted men.

*Moral*—When a policeman takes a banana, let him take it; if you don't, he may take you.

Now, whether it was that this cop was a new cop, or that the banana was an old banana, and, like most old people and things, not apt to agree with a new environment, the cop, when he returned to duty, did not feel comfortable. Like the rest of us when we don't feel comfortable, the cop looked around to see whom he could make feel the same way.

He often had to go to the judge's house with messages, and in the judge's house lived Kitty McMann. Kitty McMann could cook. Her coffee was the finest in the city. The judge said so. The judge was a judge of coffee. Indeed, some people said that he was a better judge of coffee than of anything else; but some people are so cynical!

Kitty McMann could do other things besides making coffee. She could look very pretty, even in a kitchen apron; and when you get a woman who can do that, you get a prize. The judge said she was a prize; and the cop agreed with him.

After Kitty McMann had fed the cop two or three times, the cop thought it would be nice to let her go on feeding him for the



rest of his life. Therefore, he asked Kitty to marry him; and Kitty said she would, just as soon as she had saved up enough for a white silk wedding-dress. Every woman knows that it is no use getting married if you can't do it in a white silk dress.

The cop said all right, and grinned and told Kitty to hurry up; but now, as he walked up toward the judge's house, he thought that perhaps it was not all right.

In the first place, if a cop could snatch a banana so easily, he could snatch a lot of bigger things. If he could snatch bigger things, he could become wealthy. If he became wealthy, he could marry somebody bigger than a cook—somebody in society, like a chorus-girl.

It was very well to talk about honesty, but, after all, a little easy coin was better. And as for marrying a cook, even if she was a pretty girl, well, many a man had made the big mistake of marrying beneath him, and then regretted it all the rest of his life.

The cop did not ordinarily think like this, but the banana had opened his eyes. One is tempted to believe that the corruption of the police has its root in the fruit-stands. On the other hand, if a man's food agrees with him, he is contented; and if he is contented, he does not yield to temptation. Therefore the foundation of honesty is in the home, or rather in home cooking.

The cop went in to see Kitty, and in a very short time there was a fine row on. A good cook generally has a temper of her own; and Kitty was a very good cook. In about six minutes by the clock, the cop was on the sidewalk again, and Kitty was in tears. She felt so much distressed about it she could hardly see to make the coffee. The money for that silk dress, all but ten dollars, was in the hat-box in her bedroom; but she just didn't care what happened.

The coffee that Kitty made was very bad. The judge drank it. After he had drunk it, he looked over at his wife and decided to give her a piece of his mind. He gave it to her.

The judge's wife had decided that morning that she had had about all from him that she could stand, and that if he did not show her more consideration he would hear a few things that would be good for him. He heard them.

Now, hearing things that are good for one seldom makes a man either good or gentle. It did not make the judge so; and a fine quarrel developed.

He said he would not stand this sort of thing another minute.

She said that he did not have to.

He said that he knew it, and that if she wanted to end it, he was willing.

She said she was not only willing, but anxious.

He said she could go her own way from now on.

She said that her own way would be to her lawyer's.

"Very well, madam," he replied.

She left the room, and went up-stairs to pack.

He went to court, and soaked the Italian a fine that cleaned him out entirely. Then the cop gave the Guinea his empty fruit-cart and told him to "g'wan away from here."

The Italian, duly impressed with the majesty of the law, went away. He was very dirty, and as he shuffled along with his empty cart, his bowed shoulders, and his beaten, furtive eyes, several nice, clean old gentlemen shook their heads and said what a peril those criminal Italians were to the country. What would become of our free institutions, they wondered, if we let in a horde of slouching, downtrodden immigrants like that to corrupt our free-born electorate? Really, the American people should be awakened to the peril. Some one ought to write a letter to the *Evening Post* about it!

The Italian—his wife and children over in the two-room tenement knew his name, but nobody else did—the Italian was thinking what that same wife and those two children would eat that night, and how he could feed them now that the land of the free had taken his stock in trade and his money. He had had a fine dinner for them yesterday, and they had improvidently eaten it all up, to celebrate the fact that at last he had a push-cart of his own.

There was no good in going to the charity organization, because the organization had given them some provisions a week ago, before he had induced the shoemaker to set him up with a push-cart of his own. The charity organization did not believe in encouraging mendicancy. One of the most trying things about the poor is that no matter how generously you feed them one day, in a couple of days more they are as hungry as ever.

So the Guinea slouched along, thinking about those three in the tenement, and what he should say to the shoemaker, and not noticing the automobile until it hit him.

The chauffeur was not at fault, because he had blown his horn enough times. Furthermore, his employer had just told him that he was the slowest man in the city. Nothing cuts a self-respecting chauffeur more than to be told a thing like that, especially as his employer knew perfectly well that he had been fined five times for speeding; so he was running pretty fast when he hit the Italian.

When the chauffeur's employer heard the crash of the broken push-cart, and saw the Guinea rolling and screaming in a cloud of dust, she also screamed. It took the assurances of a large number of people to convince her that the Guinea was not hurt. Then she fainted.

Every one felt very sorry for her. She was pretty, and very nicely dressed.

When she recovered, she had to be assured that the Guinea was not hurt. After convincing herself of the fact, she emptied into his hand all the money she had in her purse, and ordered the chauffeur to drive her to her mother's.

The Guinea took the money, and hastened joyfully home to his wife and children. That night they had a great feast, and burned several long candles to the kind Madonna who had caused the automobile to run into him.

Meanwhile the cop was patrolling his beat and thinking very hard. It is all right to become rich and marry a chorus-girl, but the process takes a little hardening. The cop was very young.

As he walked, he somehow got to remembering just how the Guinea's eyes had looked after he had told him to "g'wan away from here" with his empty push-cart. Then he remembered how Kitty McMann's eyes had looked as she had blazed at him through her tears.

Kitty McMann had very pretty eyes. No chorus-girl could have prettier eyes.

Somehow, everywhere he looked, he seemed to see eyes—pretty blue eyes that had tears in them.

At last his beat took him by the judge's house. The cop stopped short at the area door. He knew that Kitty could look out from her window and see him. If a girl wants to tell a fellow that she has treated him very badly, why, be generous and give her a chance.

Kitty did not take the chance; but she saw him from behind the curtains. He rang the area bell. If a girl knows she has

done wrong, help her a little. No matter how she has treated you, be generous.

Kitty McMann opened the door.

"Kin I come in?" said the cop.

"No, Mr. McDonough," said Kitty.

The cop went in.

That night the judge came home to dinner very tired and rather sour. Women were very unreasonable. Indeed, it was simply impossible to live with a certain kind of woman. Marriage was all a mistake.

A most delicious aroma of coffee filled his nostrils. He added sugar and cream, and drank the golden fluid. How empty the dining-room was!

Women were silly creatures. They never made allowances for the natural irritation of men who have the weight of great affairs on their shoulders.

He drank a second cup.

Still, a man, with his stronger nature and more logical mind, ought to make allowances for them, even when they had treated him unfairly. Women were so easily affected by little things—things that a man would pass off as too trivial to think of.

He drank a third cup.

Yes, it was the man's duty to bear with them; the poor things had not logical minds. He supposed she had gone to her mother's. Well, she had treated him shamefully, but he would call her up and tell her that he would forgive her.

He called her up, and she told him that he might come over to her mother's. She permitted him to beg forgiveness. She went home with him.

On the way, she told him that a dreadful thing had happened to her. Her automobile had run into a poor Italian, and though the man was not killed, she was sure she had hurt him horribly.

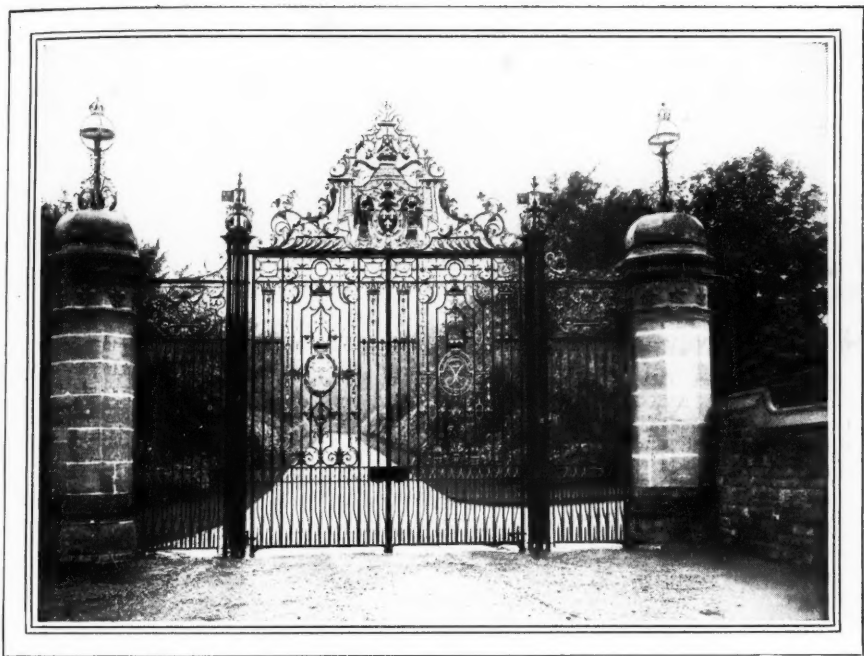
The judge put his arm around her and told her not to mind. She put her head on his shoulder, and told him—well, never mind what she told him. They went home happy.

Next day, the Italian, with a fresh load of fruit and a great grin, was pushing a new cart along the street, when he met the cop. The Guinea's smile faded, but he said nothing, as the cop's hand reached for the fruit. He had had his lesson.

The cop's hand hovered over a banana; then it fell by his side, empty.

"G'wan away from here!" he said to the Guinea.

He, too, had had his lesson.



WOOD NORTON—THE MAIN GATEWAY IS OPENED ONLY TO ADMIT ROYAL RESIDENTS OR VISITORS—  
ABOVE THE GATE MAY BE SEEN THE THREE GOLDEN LILIES, THE EMBLEM  
OF THE BOURBON KINGS OF FRANCE

## THE HOME OF EXILED ROYALTY

WOOD NORTON, WHERE THE THRONELESS KING OF FRANCE  
GAVE REFUGE TO THE BANISHED KING OF PORTUGAL

BY F. CUNLIFFE-OWEN

“GONE away—no address.” These words were stamped by the Lisbon post-office on letters and newspapers sent to Dom Manuel after his departure from Portugal.

It is perfectly true that Manuel did not feel himself called upon to give any address to the revolutionary junta when he was compelled to leave his capital. In fact, he had no very exact idea, at the time, whither he was going. If he quitted Lisbon, it was because he was given to understand that he would find loyal troops at Mafra, and that if he remained he would

undoubtedly be killed or captured; in either of which events the royalist cause would be lost.

At Mafra, he was still further persuaded, by those in whom he unfortunately confided, to embark on the one-time royal yacht *Amélia*, on the understanding that the vessel would convey him to the northern portion of his dominions, where the people were believed to be loyal to the monarchy. There, he was assured, a stand could be made against the revolutionists of Lisbon and Oporto.

When he reached the yacht—which his



WOOD NORTON—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MANSION, THE HOME OF THE DUC D'ORLÉANS

father, the late Dom Carlos, surrendered to the state some years ago, for use by the Navy Department—he found that it was commanded by officers and men belonging to the revolutionary party; that his uncle, Dom Affonso, Duke of Oporto, who had been captured by the rebels in the street fighting at Lisbon, was a wounded prisoner on board; and that he, with his mother and grandmother, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Instead of sailing northward, as Dom Manuel had expected, the *Amelia* turned its prow due south, and made, not for Cadiz, where Queen Marie Amélie would have been within easy reach of her mother's home at Villamanrique, but for Gibraltar.

Presumably this was in accordance with some arrangement between the revolutionary junta and the British government; for there was evidence at the Rock to show that the royal party was expected—by the authorities, at any rate. Less than twenty-four hours after reaching Gibraltar, the

commander of the *Amelia* required that the king, the duke, and the two queens, should leave the yacht, and take up their residence on shore, on the ground that the vessel was needed by the government—that is to say, by the revolutionary junta at Lisbon—and that he was under orders to lose no time in returning to the Tagus.

In fact, the royal party, prisoners until then, were literally dumped on the shore, with nothing but the clothes on their backs. Under the circumstances, they were glad enough to accept the hospitality of General Sir Archibald Hunter, the governor of the great British fortress commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean.

To the captain of the *Amelia* the new republic of Portugal owes a great deal. By thus inveigling Dom Manuel on board, and carrying him off to Gibraltar, he put an end to the resistance of the royalists. Believing that the young king had deserted the country, and had abandoned his own party, his adherents felt that there was

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—The engravings accompanying this article are from photographs furnished by the Record Press, London, by Paul Thompson, New York, and by the American Press Association, New York.

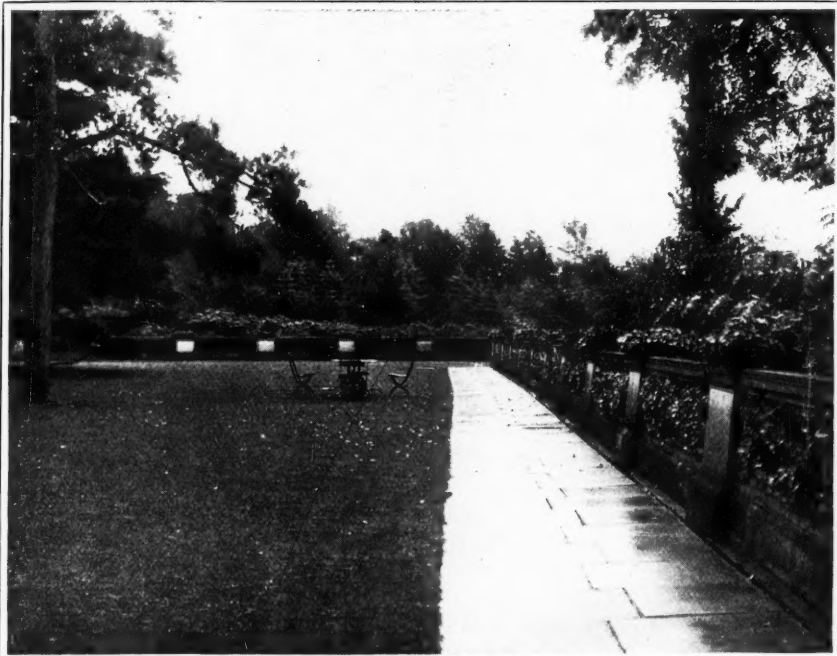
nothing left to fight for. As he had virtually hauled down his flag and surrendered to the republic, the only thing that remained for them to do was to follow his example. It was not until some time later that they learned that the king had not fled of his own accord, but had been practically kidnaped.

The revolutionists were so convinced that the success of their projects depended on getting Dom Manuel out of the country by one means or another, that had not the

would have proved successful. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, the bulk of the Portuguese people are monarchial, and would probably have rallied round their sovereign, had he not been spirited out of the country.

#### THE FUTURE OF PORTUGAL

Moreover, the republican government, despite the moral support and material assistance which it has received from members of the Asquith administration in Eng-



WOOD NORTON—A CORNER OF THE LAWN AND TERRACE IN FRONT OF THE MANSION

insurrection broken out a few days earlier than was planned, he would have been carried off by a trick into Spain. All arrangements had been made, that when he left Lisbon to visit a town near the frontier, and to review the regiments stationed there, the royal train was to pass through without stopping, and cross the neighboring boundary line into Spain. The troops, who had been won over, were relied upon to prevent the king and his suite from reentering Portugal.

Had Dom Manuel remained in his kingdom, it is doubtful whether the revolution

land, and from certain of the colleagues of Premier Briand in France, has so many difficulties to face that there may, before long, be another revolution. The result may not improbably be Dom Manuel's return to Lisbon. Portugal has a greater number of revolutions to its credit than any other country in Europe, and although it has frequently driven away its kings and queens, yet these have as often come back to the throne.

Of course, King Manuel could not continue to enjoy indefinitely the hospitality of General Sir Archibald Hunter. Natu-



rally, his thoughts turned to Villamanrique, the country place of his grandmother, the widow Comtesse de Paris, near Seville. It was quietly hinted to him, however, by the government at Madrid, that owing to the somewhat strained character of the relations between Spain and Portugal, it would not be advisable to take up his residence so near the Portuguese frontier. He therefore accepted the invitation of his uncle, the Duc d'Orléans, to stay at Wood Norton, the duke's English country place in Worcestershire. It is there that Dom Manuel and his widowed mother, Queen Marie Amélie, have spent the first months of their exile, with their eyes eagerly fixed upon the progress of events at Lisbon.

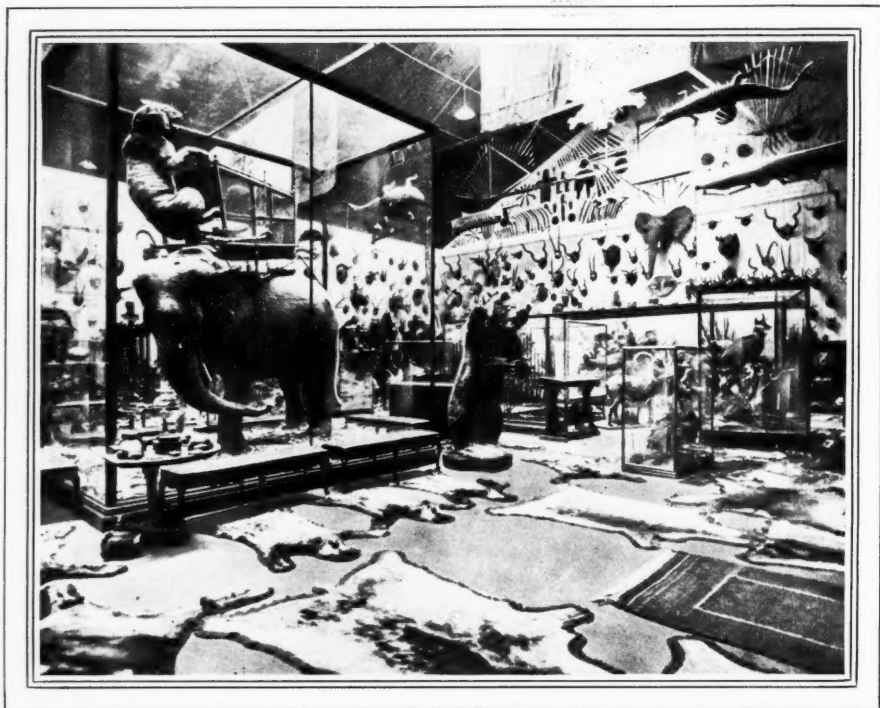
Nearly every dethroned monarch looks for a restoration. It is one of the idiosyncrasies of *les rois en exil*. The blind old King George V of Hanover, whose dominions were annexed by Prussia after the war of 1866, looked confidently for the recovery of his throne until the day when he died in Paris, twelve years later. Although the kingdom of Naples was absorbed

by that of United Italy in 1861, King Francis II of Naples lived in almost daily expectation of a recall to his dominions until his death in 1895. He declined to purchase a residence in Paris, and insisted upon living in a hotel there, with his trunks half packed, so as to be ready at a moment's notice to respond to the summons of his former lieges.

King Manuel, therefore, may well be excused if he hesitates, for some months to come, about establishing himself definitely anywhere. The house which he has just taken at Wimbledon, in the southwestern suburbs of London, is only leased, with its furniture, by the month. Only when he purchases for himself a residence in some one of those capitals that offer hospitality and refuge to fallen kings, will his sympathizers abandon further hope of the ultimate success of their cause and his.

#### THE HOME OF A THRONELESS KING

Wood Norton is not only a comfortable place of residence, but also one that is suitably equipped in every respect to serve



WOOD NORTON—THE MUSEUM, FILLED WITH TROPHIES OF THE DUC D'ORLÉANS'S HUNTING EXPEDITIONS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD—ON THE LEFT IS A TIGER THAT SPRANG UPON HIS HOWDAH IN INDIA



WOOD NORTON—A SIDE VIEW OF THE MANSION, WITH THE OLDER BUILDINGS IN THE REAR

as a home for royalty. It lacks the majesty and the colossal size of some of the royal palaces of Portugal, several of which have as many as a thousand rooms; it is much more luxurious than any of them. Built of red brick with stone facings, it stands in the shelter of a wood, on a slope running down to the river Avon. It is about three miles distant from the ancient Worcestershire town of Evesham—scene of the battle of Evesham, where Prince Edward, afterward King Edward I, signally defeated the baronial forces under Simon de Montfort in 1265, the year that saw the creation of the House of Commons.

It was originally a mere shooting-box, belonging to the late Duc d'Aumale, the fourth son of King Louis Philippe. Here the duke frequently entertained King Edward as Prince of Wales, both for the shooting, which afforded splendid sport, and for the hunting. It was at Evesham, while out with Lord Coventry's hounds, and with the famous Cotswold pack, that King Edward did his last active hunting, his subsequent appearances in the field being merely for the purpose of witnessing the meets.

In those days the Duc d'Aumale kept

open house. His nephew, the late Comte de Paris, rented a near-by place known as Craycombe Manor, where his daughter, the now widowed Queen Marie Amélie of Portugal, spent much of her girlhood.

Wood Norton was bequeathed by the Duc d'Aumale to his grandnephew, the Duc d'Orléans, who has since spent large sums in enlarging and beautifying the mansion and its dependencies. It now rivals the finest English country seats in the perfection of its appointments. It has a beautiful private chapel, in which, some three years ago, the marriage of its owner's sister, Princess Louise of France, to the Infante Carlos of Spain, was solemnized in the presence of English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French royalty.

The entire estate is surrounded by a tall, heavy iron fence, which not only insures complete privacy, but also prevents the escape of the game with which the park and woods are simply swarming. Here and there the fence, which cost a small fortune, is pierced with great gates of beautifully wrought ironwork, on which, as also on the lodges provided for the gatekeepers, the royal lilies of France figure conspicuously.



WOOD NORTON—THE MAIN FAÇADE OF THE ENTRANCE, FROM THE LAWN

The game at Wood Norton comprises not only pheasants and partridges, but also several breeds of stags and deer, as well as African and Indian antelopes, which have been successfully acclimatized there. The estate is so large that the animals remain wild in every sense of the word, and the stags have but little in common with the antlered pets of most other English deer parks. They afford excellent sport. The widowed Comtesse de Paris, who, despite her years, remains a splendid shot, brought down three magnificent heads during her recent stay with her son.

#### THE TREASURES OF WOOD NORTON

One of the features of the place is the museum, a large building close to the house, entirely devoted to trophies of the chase, and containing many triumphs of the taxidermist's art. There are huge African lions, pythons, polar bears, jaguars, wild camels from Spain, chamois from the Tyrol, brown bears from Russia, walruses, white tigers from Manchuria, leopards, the horns of many species of deer and antelope, and, in particular, a group showing a tiger attacking an elephant. The tiger is a man-eater that the duke himself killed in the very nick of time, as it sprang upon the howdah in which he was riding. The elephant is a magnificent animal that he shot in Ceylon.

Wood Norton is crowded from cellar to garret with treasures of every kind, each of which has some historic value. The walls of the dining-room are lined with magnificent oaken paneling from one of the duke's French chateaux, which he is debarred by the law of exile from occupying. Priceless Gobelins adorn some of the halls and salons. Family portraits by old masters; relics of that King Henry IV to whom the Duc d'Orléans bears so striking a resemblance, cabinets, escritaires, and harps once owned by Marie Antoinette—in short, heirlooms and relics representing centuries of the history of the royal house of France meet the eye at every turn.

All these things serve to impress upon a visitor's mind that, although in an English manor-house, he is nevertheless under the roof-tree of the chief of an illustrious dynasty, which has furnished no fewer than forty sovereigns to France, and whose present head, to a not inconsiderable number of his fellow countrymen, is not the Duc d'Orléans, but King Phillippe VIII.

#### A MIMIC BOURBON COURT

This impression is strengthened by the state and ceremony of the duke's life at Wood Norton. He has his grand chamberlain, who is the Duc de Luynes, and several gentlemen in waiting, including the Duc de Lorge, the Duc Decazes, the Comte

Alfred de Gramont, and the Baron de Foncolombe. These noblemen take it in turns to remain in attendance on their chief. At dinner they don black knee-breeches, black silk stockings, white waistcoats, and dress coats, with gold buttons bearing the royal arms of France. The lapels, collars, and cuffs of their coats are faced with *bleu du roi* silk, which matches the hue of the carpeting of all the halls, passages, and grand staircases.

The Duchesse d'Orléans, who is an Austrian archduchess by birth, and a daughter

with the chief of his party's headquarters in Paris, the Comte de Laregle. The latter has under his orders a press bureau, known as the Correspondance Nationale, from which all the French royalist papers take their cue.

#### THE ROYALIST CAUSE IN FRANCE

Yet another division of the royalist *bureau politique* in Paris is the so-called Librairie Nationale, which furthers the monarchical cause by circulating hundreds of thousands of pictures, fly-leaves, and



WOOD NORTON—THE LODGE AND THE ROYAL GATEWAY

of the late Archduke Joseph, Palatine of Hungary, always has with her a couple of ladies in waiting, members of the old French aristocracy. With the exception of the duke's secretaries, none of the gentlemen of his household receive any salary. They are all men of rank and fortune, who by reason of family tradition, and of devotion to the monarchist cause of France, consider it an honor to be permitted to serve its hereditary representative.

In addition to the officials of this mimic court, there are always staying at Wood Norton some of the duke's agents and representatives in France. Each department of France has its royalist leader, nominated by the Duc d'Orléans, who is in close touch

popular pamphlets. Finally, there is a service of special messengers, answering to the king's messengers of the English Foreign Office. To these men is entrusted the duty of conveying the commands and instructions of the pretender, from his home at Wood Norton to the royalist leaders in France. Owing to the activity of the *cabinet noir* of the French post-office—a detective service which makes no secret of examining all royalist correspondence—it is impossible to confide any letters of importance to the mail.

But it is not only the members of his household, and the royalists of France, who accord to the Duc d'Orléans the consideration that is usually reserved for the anoint-

ed of the Lord. All foreign courts treat him as a sovereign—as a sovereign without a throne, but still as a sovereign.

Thus, when King George and Queen Mary went to Wood Norton, shortly after the arrival of Dom Manuel and Queen Marie Amélie, and the duke met them at the Evesham railroad station, they greeted him with the same salutations that take place between reigning monarchs. King George embraced him, kissing him on either cheek; and then the duke, after kissing the hand of Queen Mary, kissed her on the right cheek, which she held up for the purpose. For the duke is very tall, standing six feet two in his stockinged feet, broad in proportion, and a man of fine carriage. If he should ever reach the throne of his ancestors, his subjects would be able to feel that they had a monarch who looked the part better than any of his fellow sovereigns in Europe, with the possible exception of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria.

Firmly established as the present French Republic may seem to be, there are many who believe that some day or other the work of this elaborately devised organiza-

tion, which has at its disposal virtually unlimited money, will reap its reward.

The Duc d'Orléans has resolutely set his face against any such revolutionary coup as that which, for instance, inaugurated the reign of Napoleon III, drenching the streets of Paris with blood, and sending tens of thousands to the penal colonies and to exile. He declines to become the instrument of political *condottieri* of the class of Louis Napoleon's fellow conspirators in the sanguinary days of December, 1851. In spite of his being a descendant of St. Louis, he is too modern and up-to-date to be any longer a believer in the sole doctrine of the right divine. He is determined that if he does attain supreme power in France, it shall be by the will of the people. He does not wish to reach the throne through the shedding of French blood.

But he firmly believes that one of these days either the French legislature, or some other representative French assembly, will summon him to restore the monarchy, as the only means of halting the atheistic and socialistic course upon which—according to the view of the duke and his friends—France is rushing to ultimate disaster.

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#### THE RUNAWAYS

LET'S run off to Arcady,  
 All alone—just you and me!  
 Let your dolls and tea-things rest—  
 Hark, the birds are singing!  
 Choose the road that you like best,  
 See the shadows quiver,  
 Where the trees, by winds caressed,  
 Nod across the river!

June-day sunshine overhead,  
 Candy, cakes, and gingerbread;  
 Flowers that grow just anywhere,  
 All invite our coming.  
 Here the day is always fair,  
 Not a cloud hangs darkling;  
 Let us go, dear Goldenhair—  
 How your eyes are sparkling!

Now we find our way across;  
 Though I'm old, no second's loss;  
 In the garden of the gods  
 We may wander ever.  
 In our pathway lie no clouds,  
 Threatens no drear weather.  
 Six and sixty—what's the odds,  
 So we go together?

Rem. A. Johnston



# THE KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD\*

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURER," "THREE SPEEDS FORWARD," ETC.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

**W**HEN Matthew Broughton is left an orphan, his uncle, an admiral in the United States navy, gets him a nomination to Annapolis. Here the boy does well until he is dismissed as the result of a hazing affair, and, being cast off by his uncle, he ships as an ordinary seaman on a collier bound for the South Pacific.

After a shipwreck and other adventures among the Pacific islands, Matt, at thirty-one, finds himself captain of a schooner owned by a mysterious individual known as John Mort. Mort lives in absolute seclusion and a good deal of luxury on the lonely island of Lotoalofa, sharing his retreat with a beautiful and equally mysterious girl, Mirovna. When Broughton decides to return to civilization, his employer tries to dissuade him; failing to do so, Mort gives him a valuable ring and the schooner of which he has been in command. At the same time, the recluse pledges Matt to absolute secrecy as to the whereabouts of his island retreat.

Matt's ship is wrecked on the voyage to California; but Snood & Hargreaves, the San Francisco jewelers, lend him a thousand dollars on the security of his ring, and promise to pay him forty-five hundred more for it if he should decide to sell. With his little capital he goes back to Manaswan, his native town in Connecticut, to make a fresh start in life. While looking for an opening, he takes up his quarters at Mrs. Sattane's boarding-house, where the most important of his fellow boarders is Hunter Hoyt, a bibulous newspaper man who was once a sensational journalist of some celebrity. The most attractive business opportunity that he can find is a project for raising mules, in partnership with Victor Daggancourt, a mulatto who owns a garage in Manaswan.

While preparing to embark upon this venture, Matt is not a little surprised and annoyed by the publication, in a New York newspaper, of a distorted and highly sensational story—for which Hunter Hoyt is responsible—of his adventures in the Pacific. This centers on him a great deal of attention, most of it very unwelcome; but it also leads to a romantic friendship with Christine Marshall, daughter of General Marshall, the richest and most influential resident of Manaswan. Matt calls upon her at Fair Oaks, the general's home, and the two young people declare their love for each other.

Just as Matt starts for this eventful visit to Fair Oaks, a stranger attempts to detain him, demanding an interview; but Broughton shakes the man off, though he is so pertinacious that he tries to hold back the carriage in which Matt is driving away.

## XI

**M**ATT had completely forgotten the frock-coated person—him of the silk hat and the subdued masterfulness—who had clung to his front wheel with agitated pertinacity hardly three hours before. He was reminded of the man's existence by finding him on Mrs. Sattane's front porch, wearily blocking the road to supper.

By all rights the stranger should have been excessively annoyed, but, on the contrary, he was suavity itself, rising at Matt's approach, and greeting him with a formidable politeness. Might he take the liberty of repeating his request to see Mr. Brough-

ton in private? Might he, without undue insistence, remind Mr. Broughton of the very serious issues at stake, and the need—the very great need—of expedition?

The heavy-lidded eyes were full of insistence; the pointed gray beard waggled like a goat's—a tired but pertinacious goat, with yellow teeth and a cavernous way of talking, till you could see all the way down his throat. He brushed aside the invitation to supper, saying, in an injured tone, that he must beg Mr. Broughton's consideration. After three hours of waiting, was he not entitled to an immediate interview—an immediate interview in private? No, it need not be long. In some aspects it was a very simple affair—a proposal on the part of

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certain principals; an acceptance, it was to be hoped, on Mr. Broughton's.

Apologizing for having no better place to offer, Matt led the stranger up-stairs to his bedroom, where, after lighting the single gas-jet, he offered him a chair, and himself took a seat on the bed.

"Now, what's your name?" asked Matt, lighting his pipe and throwing out his long legs.

The stranger, somewhat stammeringly, replied that he might be called Mr. Kay—though whether he meant "Kay" or merely the letter "K" was left obscure.

"Well, Mr. Kay," continued Matt, "let's get one thing understood right off. I am not a Kanaka king, and I haven't any islands, or money, or subjects, or fleets, or pearling-beds, or anything. If you have the least misconception of that kind about me, the sooner you get rid of it the better."

"You refer doubtless to those newspaper accounts?" inquired the stranger.

Matt nodded.

"Yes, all that rot," he said.

"I'm familiar with them," observed the stranger, drawing up close to the bed. "Perhaps I'm also more familiar with the actual facts than you will credit. Circumstances have forced me to acquaint myself with them—to separate the wheat from the chaff. From a vast deal of chaff," he added, unobtrusively. "Well, well, now to business." With that he produced from his pocket a small, flat object wrapped in tissue paper. Divesting it of its covering, he passed a little ivory miniature to Matt. "Do you happen to recognize that person?" he asked.

Matt took it with surprise, for it was rimmed with diamonds, and backed with gold like an unwieldy brooch—took it with a surprise that changed to consternation as he beheld the unmistakable face of John Mort.

It was a face younger by twenty years than the John Mort he had known—smoother and more rounded, and with the hair altogether black; a flattered picture, much too pink and prettified and youthfully handsome for even the original at the age it represented him. But it was John Mort, just the same; Matt could have picked it out of a roomful of miniatures—a whole gallery; John Mort, staring up at him from a circlet of diamonds, with an imperious air that somehow had been caught while all the rest was falsified by the obsequious artist.

Chills ran down Matt's back. It was as if

he were detected in a crime. He was thankful for the poor light that must have screened his expression of dismay. For all Mort's warnings were now upon him in a torrent—and his own promises, his own pledged word. Here was what John Mort had feared—"the wolves," he had called them, in a voice which he had lowered even there, apprehensive still on that distant reef, in those lost and lonely seas.

The heavy-lidded eyes took on a new and ominous significance, as Matt felt their glance on him. What evil were they meditating? What was their sinister purpose in seeking him out to betray his friend?

He returned the miniature, speaking, as he did so, with his pipe in his mouth—a subterfuge which he had found useful before, especially when under fire—real fire—bullets. It is the mouth that tells secrets, and that in other ways than words. A pipe is a help. It hides agitation, and suggests unconcern.

"Well, what about it?" said Matt through his teeth.

"I asked if you recognized him?"

"Seen this person before, do you mean? No, I don't know who he is. Why do you expect me to?"

The stranger was not at all nonplused. It was disconcerting how coolly he took the announcement. He carefully replaced the miniature in his pocket, remarking that it was "a pity."

"I've something here that may freshen your recollection," he went on, producing a wallet, and from the wallet a thick roll of notes.

Pulling up his chair so close to the bed that his knees touched it, he began to spread greenbacks on the coverlet, as if engaged in a singular game of patience. A row of six, another row of six, a third row of six; and Matt, utterly amazed, perceived that the bills were in denominations of one thousand dollars each.

"What are you?" he cried. "A mint?"

The stranger, with a gleam of yellow teeth and the first smile he had permitted himself, completed a fourth row from a packet that was yet far from exhausted. Then he stopped, and said:

"No, not a mint. Merely a person who seeks a little information, and is very willing to pay for it."

Matt eyed the serried notes. If anything, the sight stimulated all the obstinacy in him, enhancing his loyalty and determina-

tion in proportion to the bribe. But it would not do to affect unconcern; it would not be good policy to convey the impression that he could talk if he would. Excited innocence was manifestly the part that he ought to play—eager, covetous, astounded innocence.

"Twenty-four thousand dollars!" he exclaimed. "Would you really give me that for recognizing a man? Just for looking at his picture, and saying: 'That's Walter Jones, or William Riley'? Why, bless you, I'd do it for a quarter of that—for a single one!" He picked up one of the greenbacks as he spoke, and smoothed it out lovingly on his knee. "Even that would be enormous," he said. "People aren't paid for that kind of thing."

"They will be in this instance," returned Mr. Kay. "We are desirous of finding—er—Walter Jones, and are willing to go to considerable lengths for any information regarding him and his present whereabouts. That money there, Mr. Broughton, is but the half of what I'm authorized to offer you. Think it over a bit, Mr. Broughton. Fifty thousand dollars for just five minutes of—sincerity!"

He shot the last word at Matt with a snap. Matt was an irritating obstacle to a wolf in a hurry, to an elderly, tired wolf who had already wasted so much of his time—valuable wolf-time—on Mrs. Sattane's front porch.

"My dear man," observed Matt, "why not make it fifty millions while you are about it? I assure you that I haven't the faintest notion whom your picture represents—not the slightest, believe me. I wouldn't know him from Adam, if he came in this minute."

"Is that your last word?"

"It's all I know if that's what you mean."

"Oh, come, come; what's the use of denying that you could tell if you wanted to? I'm not a child to be hoodwinked. There isn't a visit of yours to Sydney or San Francisco that we haven't traced. You were no trader—you were in the employ of—well, the individual we are seeking. You have to admit it—and, once admitted, we have a basis for negotiations."

Matt puffed at his pipe, and finally remarked that it was all Greek to him.

"The ship was Tembinok's," he went on; "old Tembinok's, the king of Apemama, you know, and he sent me off in her

originally to buy rifles at something like a white price. But I was honest with him, and made her pay—carrying copra, shell, and that—and so he kept me on till I lost her this winter."

Mr. Kay gathered up his notes and returned them to his wallet.

"Think it over," he said. "Fifty thousand dollars is a lot to lose. Perhaps it may occur to you that you're acting rather precipitately; for, after all, a man's first duty is to himself, and you scarcely seem to be in—er—very affluent circumstances. If you should care to place a small flag in your window—a tie, for that matter, or any bright bit of color—we shall accept it as a sign that you have—er—changed your mind. Don't forget that, will you? It is quite conceivable that the sum might be increased if we were assured of your active cooperation, but it would be superfluous to go into that at this stage. Just a little flag at your window, and within six hours I shall be promptly at your service."

Matt burst out laughing.

"Is that your usual method of communication?" he asked. "Why not a sky-rocket while you are about it, or a blue light, and masks, of course, and a password? I'll say 'Walter,' and you answer 'Jones,' or perhaps a single, mysterious word like 'Gurgle.' 'Gurgle' is rather good—how do you like 'Gurgle'?"

The other's face darkened at this derision. When he spoke it was with a perceptible humiliation and embarrassment.

"I'm only an agent," he murmured. "Such theatrics are none of my making, though in this affair they seem unavoidable. Laugh all you like, Mr. Broughton; a man who has thrown away a fortune from a whim is entitled to, though some day, when you're older and learn how hard a world this is, it may seem considerably less humorous. Good night," he continued, holding out his hand. "Permit me to apologize for my persistence, and to thank you for your good nature under the infliction. You will let me hear from you as soon as possible, will you not? And remember that the amount might be materially increased. Good night, good night!"

Matt accompanied him down the stairs and to the front door, where, with a renewed grasp of the hand and another cordial farewell the stranger walked briskly away. It looked as if an automobile had been awaiting him, for a second later there

came a clash of gears, a flood of blinding light, and a magnificent limousine swept headlong into the night.

Matt turned indoors again, eager for his delayed supper, and in a state of extreme perplexity and exhilaration. It was not everybody who would have refused fifty thousand dollars. The fact that he had done so put him in a glow of self-esteem. Though why had it been offered? And who was John Mort, and what could they possibly want of him?

How strange it all was, how insoluble! And strangest of all that he, Matt, the obscurest of mortals, should be caught up in anything that could conceivably "shake the world." That was what Mort had said—"it would shake the world."

Well, the world shouldn't be shaken if Matt could help it. He was loyal through and through. The "wolves" were chasing the wrong sleigh if they thought they could get a bite out of him. He was wolf-proof, thousand-dollar-bill proof, and they might hang about till their legs dropped off before they would see the tiniest speck of that flag—only curtains instead, no-surrender white curtains, defiantly announcing that there was a man inside—not a Judas!

## XII

THE next morning turned out a veritable Black Monday. Not only was it raining a sleety, dismal rain—Matt could have endured that—but he was assailed, besides, by a succession of disasters.

First of all, there was no letter from Snood & Hargreaves. Somehow he had fully counted on getting it, and the firm's delay in writing began to take on an ominous aspect. With scarcely eighty dollars in his pocket, and part of that owing here and there, he felt uncomfortably pressed for money.

Then there was Daggancourt, whom he had completely forgotten in the flow of larger events—Daggancourt, effusively expectant of that immediate departure for Kentucky. To make a man weep is a painful experience—and it was in this manner Daggancourt received the news of a second postponement. His grizzled head sank, and the tears ran through the gnarled and wrinkled hands that he raised to hide them. In vain Matt explained and expostulated, promised and protested. The old mulatto was disillusioned; his shoulders heaved; he brokenly repelled all consolation.

"I'd set my foolish old heart on it," he sobbed. "I believed you were in earnest. It's—it's a terrible blow!"

"But it's only put off a little while," said Matt. "For Heaven's sake, don't think I've given it up, Victor! In fact, it's more of a life-and-death thing to me now than ever before."

Daggancourt shook his head.

"I was willing to go my last dollar," he said. "I could have worked for you with both hands, and starved and stinted—not for the money in it, Marse Broughton, but because you are you; because it is the colored man's instinct—his curse—to love and serve a master. I made a god of you, and put you on a pedestal, and all the reward I looked for was the humblest of places near you, and that little farm of ours in the mountains. And now I see it was all a dream—that you were fooling me! Yes, sir, and fooling yourself, and it was nothing but talk after all, and scrawling sheets of paper like a child with a toy. Say no more, sir. I shall not trouble you again. I can see that I am like the Psalmist, who put his trust in princes, and verily was he disappointed!"

Matt was conscience-stricken. He had leaned on Victor; he had found real comfort, and a sense of safety, in the old fellow's rugged affection. It was hard to see that affection go, and it appeared doubly valuable now that it was lost. It was with a very bereft feeling indeed that Matt saw the mulatto strike out into the rain, and raise the gampiest of gamps above his alienated head.

Then another disaster! Goldstein—confound him!—had developed mumps, and had planted himself for the day near the telephone with a copy of "Lucille." With the whole house to choose from, there was Goldy at the telephone, swollenly ready for every word that he could catch. Matt, burning to reach Chris over the wire and arrange somehow to see her, or at least hear her bubbling voice, saw his way blocked by that grinning obstacle.

To share that precious talk with Goldstein was an impossibility. Even the mention of Chris Marshall's name would throw the creature into a paroxysm of curiosity. It was a great name in Manaswan—the very apex of everything exclusive and aristocratic. One might almost as well shoot off a pistol at Goldstein's ear. So there was nothing for it but to brave the sleety rain

outside and seek the telephone-booth at the candy-store.

On the road thither, Matt stopped to telegraph to Snood & Hargreaves. Their backwardness was becoming intolerable.

SNOOD & HARGREAVES, 314 Kearney Street, San Francisco:

Please give immediate effect to my letter and remit money for ring by express. Telegraph reply, saying when I may expect to receive it.

MATTHEW BROUGHTON.

When this was accomplished, he encountered the concluding disaster of that whole disastrous morning. His request to speak to Miss Marshall was received by a maid, who said that her mistress was ill, and could not come down; nor could a message be carried to her, because she was asleep. One might be left, however. Did the gentleman wish to leave one?

Matt, wretchedly perturbed, was almost at a loss how to answer. Christine ill! The freezing rain outside was no colder than the chill that struck against his heart. Urged to haste, he could think of nothing else than that Miss Marshall was to be informed that he had rung her up.

"Broughton, not Button — B-r-o-u-g-h-t-o-n! And please tell her I shall call this afternoon in the hope of seeing her, and perhaps take her for a drive, if the weather clears and she is well enough."

The maid's tone indicated how little she anticipated either contingency. Then she cut him off with:

"I'll tell her you were asking for her, and will call at three—good-by!"

### XIII

At three he was at Fair Oaks in a worse downpour than ever, only to find himself rebuffed. Half soaked, he stood on the threshold and was told that Miss Marshall could see no one, and that the doctor had given her some sleeping stuff. The general, too, had entrenched himself against callers.

Again Matt was asked for a message. He cursed himself for not having written a note beforehand and brought it with him—for having wasted his time like a fool, playing pinochle with Goldstein. Wet as he was, he did not dare ask to be admitted and furnished with pen and ink. All that he could say, therefore, was that he was very sorry to hear that Miss Marshall was ill, and would they please tell her so.

He fumbled for his cards. By George, he could write something on a card, even if it were only "heart-broken." He repeated "heart-broken" to himself again as he dived into one pocket after another before those supercilious, patiently waiting eyes, but he had no cards. Oh, he had forgotten his cards!

He faltered, then descended the steps, climbed into his buggy, and drove off, sick with despair.

Splashing along the muddy road, he wondered at himself for refusing that fifty thousand dollars. With the money they had offered him—Chris. Was not this what it amounted to? With fifty thousand dollars in his pocket, he might go up to that big house and take her bodily away; marry her; have her for his very own!

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have taken the money—would have jumped at it. Fifty thousand dollars! It might be years before he would be worth a quarter as much; and here he was throwing it out of the window like a quixotic fool!

It was not that he was tempted, for all he longed and hungered for it. It was more that he marveled at his own inability to be tempted. It made him understand how little people ought to be praised for their good actions; it was a sort of ethical revelation. It was not in him to betray John Mort. It was simply that he was completely incapable of doing it. He almost wished that he was not. It was not principle, nor religion, nor anything—but a fact. He himself was quite helpless; volition lay altogether beyond him. It was something he could not do, that was all.

At home there was a telegram awaiting him. It lay on the sitting-room table in state, so to speak, like a corpse—surrounded by a death-watch consisting of Goldstein, Mrs. Sattane, and Hunter Hoyt. A telegram was almost unheard of in that house. The death-watch had been holding it up to the window, and trying to read through the envelope. It was all out of concern for Matt, of course—to be helpful in his trouble, and perhaps break the bad news gently. The bad news, however, refused to divulge itself even against the gas-jet, so the death-watch could do nothing but palpitate, and hope for the worst, as it sat around the telegram.

Matt tore it open, and indeed rewarded them by the change in his countenance. He was terribly upset. He could hardly believe



his eyes; the words, in their blue typing, swam before him.

MATTHEW BROUGHTON, care of Mrs. Sattane, Manaswan, Connecticut:

Experts pronounce ruby flawed and worth five hundred dollars only. Firm faces substantial loss on advance already made. If accrued interest be not promptly paid, shall dispose of ring at end of statutory period. Telegraph instructions.

SNOOD & HARGREAVES.

He crammed it in his pocket and stumbled up-stairs. He could not encounter those prying looks, which at such a moment were intolerable. It was a blow to make any man stagger; defenseless, his first instinct was to hide. An extreme emotion exposes one naked to the world, which gawks and chatters and points its excited fingers.

Matt locked the door, and with utter desperation read the telegram again. Good Heavens, all he had, then, was the money in his pocket! Here he was, with only eighty dollars in his pocketbook—he who had counted so confidently—with every right to that confidence—on well over four thousand—four thousand three hundred, at the very least.

Were it not for Chris, he would have been less unmanned. The sea is a hard master, but it will always feed and clothe a man who has made it his trade. He couldn't starve—it wasn't that. But it meant losing Chris, abandoning all thought and dreams of her as his wife. He saw himself in a dingy forecastle, and heard the hoarse cry of "All hands on deck!" That's what it meant now—everything gone—and perhaps a couple of years before he could even contrive to reach Lotoalofa again.

How did he know that he wasn't being cheated? Those jewelers, for all their fine shop, might be taking advantage of his powerlessness to rob him. It was so easy to rob him! They had seen that, and were now taking advantage of him. There was no flaw in the ruby. Everything Mort had was of the best, of the finest.

"Experts pronounce ruby flawed!" The chap would have paid him fifty-five hundred dollars then and there for the ring. He was an expert himself—that bald man. He hadn't dillydallied or anything, but had been eagerness itself to clinch the bargain. It was inconceivable that he had been mistaken. He was a thief, that was what he was—a low, contemptible thief, who had discovered how to get the ring for a thousand—the thousand originally advanced!

He raged up and down the room in impotent wrath! People knocked, and spoke through the keyhole, but he disregarded them—Hoyt, Mrs. Sattane, and finally Daggancourt, and even Smith, the night train-despatcher. The wonder was that the list did not include Miss Gibbs, and Bridget, and Buggins, too, for the entire household seemed to be gathered outside his door, prying and speculating.

One, alone, could have been of the least solace to him, and she was lying in that great, grim house, beyond those miles of dripping woods. But she would know soon enough—too soon. A few days, and they would say good-by for the last time, forever, unless a miracle happened.

The general was the only person capable of figuring in a miracle. But Matt built no hopes there. It was impossible to associate "Bless you, my children," with that keen, proud face—rather a withering resentment, and a glance that would strike like a knife. The miracle would be how to get out alive—how to escape with the least shred of self-respect.

With four thousand dollars, with Daggancourt, and the aid of Chris's intrepid spirit, it had been within the bounds of reason. The rose could have been plucked—general or no general—and carried in triumph to the Kentucky farm. But eighty dollars was eighty—nothing. Better confront the fact once and for all, with whatever courage and resolution one possessed—brace up to it, admit it without equivocation, and beat no more against the bars of the impossible.

By supper-time he had somewhat recovered his composure, and, though very pale, contrived in other respects to conceal the crushing nature of his misfortune. He announced gravely that he had received bad news, and begged that he might be excused from giving the particulars. This saved him from direct questioning, but indirectly the meal resolved itself into a sort of game of hide-and-seek.

Mrs. Sattane ingeniously turned the conversation on departed mothers, and moaned over the empty chair and the awful sense of loss. Hunter Hoyt continued with fathers—shakily, and with pathetic reminiscences of his own. A favorite sister, a beloved brother, passed successively in review, only to die in the flower of their age. Mr. Goldstein introduced a coffin containing a young bride in her wedding-dress—but none of

these artless efforts served to tap the source of Matt's depression as he sat there in a brown study, oblivious of everything.

After supper he got his overcoat and settled himself in a dry corner of the veranda. The rain had stopped, or at least was in abeyance, and the bleak night accorded with his thoughts, and protected him, too, from the distasteful chatter of the others.

Here he mused, cold but secure, with no companion save his wretchedness. Life was revealing itself to him in aspects he had never suspected. "Man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward," said the Preacher—another of those disheartening old gentlemen who had known more, three thousand years ago, than Matt had yet acquired in the twentieth century.

But he seemed to be acquiring wisdom fast. Looking back, he saw he had moved among the stricken and had not perceived it. He had a new perception of why so many men drank; of the passionate refuge so many women took in their children. He understood, too, the origin of those unexpected kindnesses that had once surprised him. There was a brotherhood of suffering in the world; in time all joined it except the favored few. This idea of happiness was all a make-believe, a fiction; you either ran like a donkey for the never-reached carrot in front, or, if you detected the cheat, you were speeded from behind by a brisk succession of kicks.

Such was life, as analyzed on Mrs. Sattane's porch by one who had previously given the subject scant consideration.

#### XIV

MATT'S reflections were suddenly arrested by the stoppage of an automobile at the gate, and the descent of a vaguely familiar figure. It was an immense limousine, not unlike the one he had associated with Mr. Kay's departure the night before. In fact, the vaguely familiar figure was Mr. Kay himself, advancing hurriedly up the boardwalk.

"So it's you," said Matt, rising to greet him at the steps.

Any interruption was welcome in the general tragedy of things. Mr. Kay blinked recognition, and then shook hands in the friendliest manner.

"Brought the mint with you?" asked Matt.

"Why, certainly I have," exclaimed Mr. Kay with undisguised eagerness. "I am

ready to raise our offer to a hundred thousand, and shall be most pleased to settle the matter at once on that basis."

"How can I tell they are not counterfeit notes?" objected Matt banteringly. "No offense, Mr. Kay, but it might be rather hard on me if they were."

Mr. Kay pondered with an appearance of suppressed irritation.

"Yes, you're entitled to say that," he conceded. "In the same situation, I should be as cautious myself. But you are acquainted with the local people," he went on. "I have reason to believe you have many acquaintances here. Jump into the car, Broughton, and I will take you to anybody you wish—any banker or merchant you may name. Nothing could be fairer than that! Is it a bargain? A hundred thousand dollars, and the notes confirmed by some one you trust? Come along!"

With that he laid his hand urgently on Matt's arm, but Matt remained immovable.

"I gave you my decision last night," he said. "Or rather I told you I hadn't the information you wanted. You surely cannot have any better proof of it than this. What man in his senses would refuse a hundred thousand dollars? I know I wouldn't. I was only joking when I raised you. It was only to see how far you would go. Mr. Kay, I tell you that you are trying to buy something I haven't got, and there it is in a nutshell."

"Then who was the violinist you referred to in that newspaper account—the man who played on the ship, and quelled the savages when they were ready to attack you? Answer me that, please! It is very important—it is the key to everything."

Matt started. He had completely forgotten that chance reference to John Mort. The indiscretion of it now took his breath away. What an ass he had been ever to let Hunter Hoyt extort it from his lips!

"Answer me that!" continued the stranger, with a gleam of his yellow teeth, and clutching at Matt's arm again.

"Oh, the violinist?" returned Matt, pretending to laugh. "He was nothing to get excited about. In reality, he wasn't a violinist at all, but played the concertina, and he didn't quell anybody. That was all the newspaper men's work, like most of the interview. It was simply that we had a scare once down in New Britain, and kept him playing till we could get at our pistols."

"Then there was nothing in it?"

"Well, there had been a massacre in the next bay, and—"

"But no violinist? No one at all resembling the miniature I showed you?"

"No, no! He was a Dutchman named Van Tassel. He had been a waiter in a Sydney restaurant. He was a hot-tempered little fellow, and had hit somebody over the head with a bottle. That's how we came to take him—paid us twenty pounds to smuggle him out of his scrape."

"I see that you can't help us," said Mr. Kay, after a pause. "It's disappointing to have to admit it—that we thought you knew more than you do. Well, you've been very obliging; let me thank you for that, Mr. Broughton, and for your patience and good nature."

"Oh, don't mention it!"

"I wish I could persuade you to go before my principals, and tell them what you've told me. They blame me for my failure—are not convinced, you know—think they could have got this information out of you—this information that isn't there. Perhaps I might make it worth your while to come—out of my own pocket, you know—out of my own pocket. Would you consider it?"

"Where do you want me to go?"

"Only to the railway-station, to a private car we have sidetracked there. You could show them that we are on a wrong scent—support me in what I have already reported. I should be glad to pay you fifty dollars. Surely that would be worth half an hour of your time! What do you say?"

Matt hung back. He was confused, undecided, and not unconscious of a vague apprehension; yet the fifty dollars was terribly tempting. It would allow him to extend his stay in Manaswan; to put off his departure for a couple of weeks; to be near Chris—to see her, to talk to her, to linger in paradise before he would be cast out of it forever. Nor would it be any disloyalty to John Mort, but merely a repetition of evasion and falsehood—possibly even helpful, now that he was better forewarned.

As to their doing him any harm, that was preposterous. Threaten, perhaps? Well, let them threaten! One could stand a lot of threatening for fifty dollars. He would leave the precious fifty dollars at home, so that they couldn't get it away from him.

That was about the worst they could do—take away his fifty dollars. People who threw about thousand-dollar bills, and trav-

eled in limousines and private cars, were not the kind to risk violence. Oh, he would be safe enough; he was sure of that; these shivers and qualms were childish!

"Yes, I'll go for fifty dollars," he said. "Only, if you don't mind, I'd rather have it in advance."

Mr. Kay hastened to count out two twenties and a ten, and then seemed to find it an infliction that Matt should suggest any further delay. It was only to run up-stairs and leave the money and his purse under the pillow; but Mr. Kay chafed and demurred, and Matt, on his return, found him awaiting with ill-suppressed impatience.

"Come along!" he cried.

Gripping Matt's arm, as if not to allow him to escape again, he hurried down the board-walk to the automobile. A moment later they were both inside, and the car was swiftly moving.

## XV

WHATEVER misgivings Matt may have had as to their real destination were set at rest by the clang of a locomotive bell and the noise of heavy freight-cars being moved and shunted. There could be no question they were in the railway yards, bumping over unmistakable tracks. The flash of a trainman's lantern still further increased the sense of security. What was there to fear with such men all about them, busily watchful, and likely at any time to dart up from the unlikeliest places? Nor was there anything alarming in the sight of the sidetracked car.

Mr. Kay begged Matt to wait at the steps while he went inside to announce their arrival. It was a good ten minutes before he returned; and then he was in a state of such discomposure that Matt knew not what to make of it. His movements were nervous and abrupt; his face, even in the dim light, seemed distorted; he was breathing heavily, with short, quick gasps that showed his yellow teeth.

Rasping out something that meant to follow him, he turned again, apparently confident that Matt would obey. For a fraction of a second Broughton's compliance was in doubt, but the recollection of the fifty dollars quickened his resolution; he needed that fifty dollars sorely, and would earn it, come what might.

He found himself in a narrow passage, bordered on one hand by a row of state-rooms that ran half the length of the car.

The door of every one was closed, and the passage itself ended in darkness. Not a sound broke the stillness, and had it not been for the singular circumstances of his coming, and his assurance that there must be others somewhere present, he would have judged the car deserted, and wholly abandoned to Mr. Kay and himself. Convinced of the contrary, however, these staterooms affected him with a suggestion of secrecy and evil plotting. In imagination he saw crouching figures behind their doors; hushed and stealthy figures, mutely signaling from room to room, and ready to leap forth as soon as he was well within their power.

Mr. Kay paused at the last door, opened it, and beckoned Matt within. It was an ordinary Pullman stateroom, and bore no sign of any recent occupancy. There was no break in the serried white towels overhead; the racks were empty, and the pegs supported nothing; but the fact that the blinds were drawn struck oddly on Matt's attention.

He seated himself, and watched Mr. Kay drawing the baize curtain across the open doorway. The fact that the latter did not shut the door, but was taking particular pains with the curtain, increased Matt's uneasiness. The action was significant, and again suggestive of stealth and mystery.

Even after he had settled himself opposite Matt, Mr. Kay had to jump up once more, and again adjust the curtain, as if his previous efforts had left him dissatisfied. Then he reseated himself, cleared his throat, and, leaning forward confidentially, laid his hand on Matt's knee.

"Now tell us what you want," he said, in a voice that shook a little. "Ask for the moon—anything—and we'll get it for you."

"In return for something I haven't got?" inquired Matt. "Can't you get it into your head once and for all that I don't know the man you're after?"

"Broughton, that isn't true."

"Oh, yes, it is!"

"You positively refuse one hundred thousand dollars for this information?"

"I tell you once more I haven't got it."

"But I offered you a hundred thousand dollars and you refused it?"

"Yes."

A rustle of the green baize made Matt feel that the question was less for Mr. Kay's benefit than for that of some hidden person. The sensation was a disagreeable one. He would have given a great deal at

that moment to have a loaded revolver in his pocket. Mr. Kay's ill-concealed agitation, and his almost terrified glances at the curtain, were disconcerting, to say the least of it.

"Would it help at all," continued the latter, "or give us a possible basis for agreement, if I could prove to you that you *do* know the gentleman we are seeking?"

"But you couldn't!" cried Matt.

"Oh, yes, I could," said Mr. Kay, producing something from his pocket. "Look at this, for instance."

Matt, in utter astonishment, gazed at the ring lying in Mr. Kay's palm. With a cry, he picked it up and examined it. It was John Mort's ring—the ring those rascally jewelers had filched from him!

"What do you say to that?" asked Mr. Kay, gently but firmly regaining possession of the ring and slipping it over his little finger.

"Nothing!" exclaimed Matt furiously.

"Who gave it to you?"

"I shall not tell you."

"Will you still persist in denying all knowledge of this man?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"That's my affair."

Matt had risen. He was in a white heat at the way he had been victimized; at his own helplessness; at the deliberate villainy of the whole proceeding. Had these people robbed him of his ring for no other reason than to make him penniless, and to place him, as they thought, at their mercy?

God only knew how they had got the ring from Snood & Hargreaves, but there it was, glittering on that smooth scoundrel's finger, and as likely as not an intentional provocation to a violence which they would craftily turn to account. But they would learn their mistake; learn that all the rings or blood-money in the world could not swerve him an inch!

"I've finished with you," he said hoarsely. "Good-by!"

He turned toward the doorway, no longer afraid, but in the humor to fling back the curtain and stride right through the eavesdroppers. If they blocked him, so much the worse for them. He was a powerful man; he could hit like a sledge-hammer when his blood was up; he welcomed the chance to land some smashers on those unseen faces, and drive them before him like sheep.

But he had scarcely moved before Mr.



Kay, with incredible agility, had leaped in front of him, slamming the door shut and locking it, and confronting him with a stare of abject terror. There the man stood, with his back to the door, shaking in every limb, and holding out his hands before him as if to ward off Matt's blows.

"Don't, don't!" he screamed out incoherently. "They're crazy! They haven't any sense! I won't be a party to it—it's criminal, and I won't be a party to it! I won't be a party to anything criminal!"

"Let me out!" cried Matt, with a suffocating sense of being trapped, and struggling for the door-knob. "Get out of my way, or I'll choke you."

"No, no!" expostulated Mr. Kay, resisting him like a maniac, and sobbing while he spoke. "You don't understand! They're determined to get the secret out of you. They're putting themselves within the criminal law, and I'll be no party to it—good God, Broughton, I'm trying to save you—to save myself! Once open this door, and they'll tear you to pieces!"

He was interrupted by a loud murmur outside, and the door shook under a heavy impact; shook and shook, threatening at every instant to burst in. Mr. Kay collapsed on a seat.

"It was none of my doing!" he moaned. "You'll bear witness to that, Broughton—you'll bear witness to that, when they've got us all in the dock. The fools!" he raged, in a sudden outburst. "The crazy fools!"

There was no escape except through the window, and that was double—two panes of almost the thickness of plate-glass. Matt threw up one without difficulty, but the other stuck. He fumbled frantically at the catches, as he endeavored to lift it, while the door shivered under the deadlier blows of an ax. But, thank God, the cramped passageway gave the assailants no room for a swing. They were striking at an angle, as the lip of the blade once showed as it drove through and remained embedded for an instant.

Oh, that window! Matt dug his fingers into the catches, and strove like Samson, his desperation heightened by the splintering of the woodwork, and the thud, thud, thud of the ax. But the window was immovable; he could get no real purchase on it. He skinned his fingers, and strained his back to breaking—and still it defied him.

He must burst it, then; that was the only way—burst it. But with what? Not his elbow. It was too thick for his elbow,

though he tried it with all his might, ramming it against steel. He looked about wildly, and could see nothing to help him—nothing but a trifling little brush with no handle to speak of.

But there was Mr. Kay, crying out inarticulately, and handing him something! It was Mr. Kay's shoe—a patent-leather shoe with buttons, still warm from the foot. Matt seized it with avidity, this help from a quarter so unexpected—seized it with exultation.

Taking it by the toe, he crashed the heel through the window. Hammer, hammer, hammer, with the glass shattering, and the jagged, vicious edges disappearing beneath a rain of blows—disappearing till he could trust his hands on the frame, and wriggle out. He went legs first, crawlingly, scraping his wrists and hands on the undischarged glass, waistcoat and shirt half pulled to his neck—but out, no matter how, till, hanging his full length, he let himself drop to the track alongside the car.

He heard shouts above, as if the broken window had filled with emerging heads. He saw the chauffeur jump from the automobile and slink to the ground. There was a vision of a porter with outstretched arms, rushing to intercept him, and a guttural voice from somewhere cried out, with a sort of wail:

"Don't shoot!"

If anything more were needed to hasten Matt's feet, it was this thrilling command. He flew. The lights of the distant station wavered before him. He dodged under freight-cars and past the shadow of their murderous wheels; stumbled and fell over rails and frogs; ran till the stitch in his side was insupportable, ran till his heart was ready to burst—ran, trotted, limped, till, thank God, there were people all about him, and lights, and animation, and security.

It was the hour of the New York express, with passengers waiting, and three hotel omnibuses drawn up for their evening quota. Matt threw himself on a bench between two of his unconscious preservers, panting and grateful, while they looked at him askance, wondering at his disordered appearance.

There he sat, slowly recovering himself, and meditating what he ought to do. His first idea was to invoke the police; to enter a formal complaint, and return to the car with a posse of constables. But as he thought it over, the wisdom of this course grew less apparent. His story was not likely to be believed. Indeed, his cunning foes



might turn the tables on him, and invent a complaint of their own, with him as the culprit. It might resolve itself into his word against theirs—the word of people in a private car against that of a lunatic, prating of an offer of a hundred thousand dollars, and of a stolen ruby ring worth a small fortune.

Thus analyzed, his case was ridiculous—a fantasy! On the contrary, how easy it would be to accuse him of having forced his way into the car and made a disturbance—a crack-brained creature, probably drunk, who broke a window, and had to be forcibly ejected.

So reasonable did this become that Matt hesitated to remain longer on his bench. His clothes were torn; his hands were scratched and bleeding; he was reminded that he had no hat. He had better get home as fast as he could, and out of harm's way. It was notoriously an unjust world, and it was well not to tempt the lightning. So he hastened home in some trepidation, and only felt really safe when he had snuggled into bed.

#### XVI

THE next day there was a note from Chris, brought by a messenger:

You dear, you, it was so foolish of me to be ill, and spoil everything, though I got so cross at your being turned away that I improved instantly, and ate a whole plate of calf's-foot jelly. This is to ask you to come and share some more with me on a sofa, and call it an invitation to lunch. Papa is going to New York on business, and we can be all by ourselves, and I'm awfully glad and excited, though I suppose I oughtn't to tell you so—or ask you at all, for that matter. But come anyway, even if the heavens should fall, and you should get your beautiful, wavy hair all covered with plaster. Twelve thirty, please, and don't think I've changed, because I haven't, and all last night I was thinking, and—!

I am awfully, deliriously happy, and somehow it is your fault, and I just lie back and shut my eyes—and if you are a minute late I shall hate you!

CHRIS.

It would be impossible to describe the heart-rending effect of this letter on Matt. When his debts were paid, he would have exactly one hundred and twelve dollars left. True, many a man had succeeded with as little—with less; but that took time—years—and Matt had no years to spare.

The only thing he could look to, the only thing that offered him a living, was the sea.

He was as ignorant of civilization and its myriad chances as a child. He exaggerated the special ability needed, the special training; was unaware of what could be accomplished by sheer ability, character, and courage. To him there was nothing but the sea, and the hardest wages earned under the sun. He was sick with despair. He cried over that letter in the seclusion of his room. It was terrible to resign himself to the inevitable and give up Christine.

He went out to search for the private car, impelled by a forlorn hope of regaining his ring. Somehow, perhaps, this might happen. Seen in the retrospect, Mr. Kay appeared to be his friend; at any rate, Kay had defended him, and held the door against his enemies. Kay might be terrified or persuaded into returning the ring.

Matt was in that desperate state of mind when a man is fearless. He stopped at a pawnbroker's and bought a cheap revolver for three dollars; stopped at a hardware-store and bought ten thirty-eight cartridges for twenty-five cents; loitered under a tree and surreptitiously shoved six of them into the chamber, and then went on with his right-hand pocket bulging.

He was cool and determined, and ready for anything. But there was no private car to be found. He searched the entire yard, and questioned every one, but the private car had vanished. It might never have existed at all, for the answers he got. Railway discipline is very strict; chattering to strangers is discouraged; the pertinacious inquirer may be some spying agent of the Inter-State Commerce Commission—with subsequent dismissal in the division superintendent's office. Nobody knew anything about a private car.

Matt idled about till it was time to start for Fair Oaks; idled, and smoked pipe after pipe, and wished he had never bought that confounded revolver, which weighed down his pocket like a brick. Looking back on those agitating times, it seemed as if he were always waiting; always hanging on an everlasting clock, and waiting. It was worse than boredom, because it gave him an unlimited opportunity to think; and all he had to think about was his hundred and twelve dollars, and his lost ring, and the desolating hopelessness of everything.

He walked all the way to save the hire of a carriage, and waited again at the entrance to the grounds to time his arrival exactly for half past twelve. She had said

she would *hate* him if he arrived a minute late; so, watch in hand, he dillydallied until he could make his appearance with the precision of a Monte Cristo.

"Miss Marshall?"

"Oh, yes, sir! This way, please."

## XVII

CHRIS was half reclining on a sofa, propped about with pillows, and in a Chinese wrap of magnificent old brocade, all gold and twisted embroidered dragons. Her delicate beauty was unimpaired by any trace of illness, though enhanced by the unusual brilliancy of her eyes, and a flush, too hectic for health, which mantled the fine oval of her face.

Matt ran to her, taking her hands and kissing them, and then sank on his knees beside her. His cares, his wretchedness, the misery of his renunciation—all were gone as the soft bare arms closed round his neck and drew down his head.

Somehow, mysteriously, he knew not how, the load was lifted from his heart. It seemed that he had been mistaken; it seemed that he had been torturing himself for nothing; in that ineffable tenderness he suddenly felt himself secure, protected, and consoled, like a frightened child caught close to its mother's breast.

She raised his face, and scrutinized him with a pretty air of ownership, and a gravity that dimpled at the corners of her mouth.

"A tired boy!" she said, speculatively. "A wondering, worried, scared boy! A boy who has been thinking too much, and eating too little—and, oh, dear, what a scratched boy!"

"I got that climbing out of a Pullman window last night," explained Matt, showing his wrists. "I had to break it with a shoe that an old gentleman kindly lent me, and got out in a hurry."

Chris's eyes opened very wide.

"What a funny, strange, impetuous boy!" she exclaimed. "Wasn't there any door?"

"There were people banging that in, yowling for my destruction," continued Matt, tantalizingly. "I don't know what they wanted, I'm sure, but they were going at it with an ax, and I chose the window rather than wait and find out."

"That was a prudent boy, but—but—where on earth did all this happen?"

"In a private car, side-tracked near the station."

"But how did you come to go there?"

"That old gentleman took me there—the one who lent me his shoe. Paid me fifty dollars for going, and rode me there in an automobile."

"But why?"

"I'm telling it all the wrong end foremost," Matt went on. "It's an extraordinary story—Chris, it's astounding. I can't make head or tail of it. I was actually offered a hundred thousand dollars—think of it, Chris!—positively a hundred thousand dollars right there in greenbacks to betray a man I knew. Had it forced on me—almost stuffed in my pocket!"

Her surprise—disbelief, even—caused him to draw forth the revolver in witness.

"It's not a joke, Chris," he said. "I bought that this morning, and may be mighty glad I did so."

The momentary flash of steel was thrilling in that quiet room, and amid such peaceful surroundings. Chris uttered a little cry, breathing fast, and gazing at him in amazement.

"You frighten me!" she gasped out. "Matt, I'm frightened. What does it all mean? Tell me!"

"The trouble is that I don't know myself," he returned, as a tide of depressing recollections swept over him. "I am somehow a blind cog in other people's business, and the thing that hits me hardest is that they have ruined me. I've lost everything, Chris—everything I counted on to make a start somewhere. I had four thousand dollars, as safe as if it was in the bank, and it's gone, stolen—God knows how, but they have got it—robbed me, Chris, robbed me!"

His voice was shaking; the realization of his loss was unnerving him; his shoulders heaved.

"I don't know which way to turn, Chris," he continued huskily. "Four thousand dollars isn't much, of course, but it meant you; I—I hoped it meant you, after what you had said; believed it did, anyway—counted on it. Yes, you and me together, no matter how poor, but with some sort of home of our own. And now it's gone, and I haven't anything, and it means good-by, Chris—it means good-by!"

He bowed his head in shame, refusing to be comforted, while she whispered and whispered that she loved him; that it would never be good-by, never, Matt, never; that as long as they had each other, nothing could hurt them; that he was a poor, precious, foolish, silly, devoted boy-person without

any sense at all, who thought he could walk away from love, and leave it behind—like an umbrella, just because he hadn't four thousand dollars! As if it made the least difference what he had, her lover boy, her darling, for he was strong and splendid and brave and big, and if that wasn't being rich, what was? And he had her, hadn't he? And he wasn't to think she was always a helpless, draggy thing lying on a sofa in a dragon coat, eating calf's-foot jelly. No, indeed, she wasn't—but able to go out and fight, too, and jump out of a Pullman window, if need be, as well as he could, and probably better, judging by his poor, cut wrists—and work, yes, work her hands off for the man she loved—and he was that, wasn't he? He knew he was that!

After a while, Matt was persuaded to get up, and have his rumpled hair smoothed, and his tie straightened, and was made to sit on a chair quite far away, lest Watkins should pop in and be shocked. All of which Matt did bewilderingly, but with his eyes shining, and a strange, welling feeling at his heart, and something so lumpy in his throat that he had to hold himself very still, and dared hardly utter a word.

Then Watkins did come—not poppingly and shocked, but rung for, and composed, with a large tray, and all the materials for spreading a small table with luncheon. As this proceeded noiselessly and deftly, Chris carried on a desultory conversation with her visitor that must indeed have shocked Watkins—at the latter's dulness. Matt contributed hardly more than yes or no to that bubbling monologue which screened his agitation; and was more than thankful when the deft and noiseless Watkins finally withdrew.

It seemed that it wasn't to be a real lunch at all, but what Chris called a dolly lunch. A dolly lunch meant that Matt was to squeeze down on a stool beside the sofa, with a tiny table in front of him, not much higher than the stool itself, and with most of the dishes on the floor. It was a gay, unusual little lunch, such as Chris used to have with her favorite doll, only now she was grown up and preferred a beautiful, big, handsome lover boy; and the beautiful, big, handsome lover boy sat there in a sort of maze, and wondered how he could ever have been miserable or sad or anything, till he scarcely knew the difference between lamb chops and lobster salad, or whether it was Rhine wine or fairy sunshine that sparkled

in his glass. He sat there in an ecstasy that brimmed again and again to his eyes, humbling him and ennobling him both at once, and giving a new meaning to a word he had so often said and never understood before.

The great secret trembled on his tongue, and it seemed impossible to withhold it any longer, for it had become essential for her to know it. That it was safe in her keeping was sacrilege to question; she was as true as himself, and had a right to his confidence. It could be no reproach to him, no real breach of his word, that she should now learn the truth.

Accordingly, he began to tell of Lotoalofa; of John Mort and Mirovna, and of his long, lonely voyages at the behest of this strange pair, who in that waste of sea and reefs had founded a mimic kingdom and hidden themselves beyond the ken of men. He told with pride of their reliance on him, of their steadfast trust and friendship; of the silence to which he had been pledged, and which he had hitherto kept so loyally.

How vividly it all returned to him as he went on—those far-off scenes, those faces endeared to him by a thousand recollections—that mystery which he had touched and shared, and yet had never penetrated. He recalled the money of which there was no end nor stint; the anxious secrecy enjoined upon him; the stealth with which the time-expired natives were returned to their homes, often in boats that were prodigally given them, and lowered over the ship's side far out at sea.

Never did they take more from the same place, or see the same island twice. The new men came from new islands, and often from groups as remote as the Tubuais or the Louisades. Once he had had a weary beat of a thousand miles to get rid of a "boy" whose only fault was a knowledge of English, which John Mort deemed he spoke too well.

"Savages, captain," he would say. "Bring me savages, with filed teeth and heathen souls; we haven't any room on Lotoalofa for Bible Christians!"

Then Matt came to the capsizing of the North Star, and the horrible, drowning scramble to extricate himself and perch with the crew on her slimy copper. He spoke of it calmly, for all its nightmarish details, and with a mingled earnestness and laughter, and a kind of frightened zest that made

it so piercingly real to the young lady on the sofa that she trembled with suspense, and could have swooned as the Hall broke out the Stars and Stripes and hove to.

It took a cup of black coffee to restore her, which she sipped with one hand while she held tightly to the poor castaway with the other, lest somehow he should slip down and be engulfed in that awful—carpet! The poor castaway, too, was revived with black coffee, and none of the passengers of the *Mariposa* could have been kinder to him than this young lady, or more sympathetically solicitous.

Laying aside her cup, she clasped him in her arms, and in this comforting manner accompanied him to San Francisco and into the store of the rascally Snood & Hargreaves, an unseen witness of their duplicity. From thence there was a three-kiss jump to Manaswan, where she was made acquainted with Hunter Hoyt, and Moaning Mary, and Daggancourt, and Buggins—quite a disproportionate amount of Buggins—and finally with Mr. Kay and his astonishing thousand-dollar notes, and still more astonishing insistence to get rid of them.

"That's the whole story," said Matt in conclusion. "If you can make head or tail of it—go ahead!"

"Of course, he has run away," Chris replied with intense interest. "And they want him back a whole hundred thousand dollars' worth."

"Agreed."

"A defaulting banker, perhaps?"

"Knows too little of money—I could have robbed him of thousands."

"A South American president, ousted by a revolution?"

"He cannot speak Spanish. Go on!"

"Perhaps this lovely Mirovna isn't his wife?"

"I've never thought she was, but—"

"The husband is enormously rich, and is trying to follow them?"

"That isn't likely. Besides, he said it would shake the world. Those were his own words."

"How could anybody being found—any man—shake the world?"

"That's the puzzle of it."

"You are not sure of his nationality?"

"Well, I think he's a German. He speaks German fluently—but French, too, for that matter, and Italian."

"But a German's a German—they are unmistakable."

"I'm pretty sure he's a German."

"And Mirovna?"

"Oh, less sure. I couldn't guess what she is, but possibly a Pole, or some eastern European. She has a profile like a Byzantine medal."

"I've known awfully German kind of Russians—stiff, autocratic, and yet delightful."

"Yes, he might be a Russian."

"Oh, there it is! Political refugee—state secrets—the myrmidons of the Czar! It's as plain as daylight, Matt; he's a nihilist!"

"An awfully rich nihilist, Chris? It hardly fits into one's idea of him or Mirovna. What? A nihilist with an inexhaustible supply of Bank of England notes?"

"You may have put your finger on it right there!"

"There? What do you mean?"

"Those notes."

"Well, what of them?"

"How do you know he doesn't make them himself?"

"Not counterfeit them?"

"Yes, make them while you are away—were away, I mean—in the schooner."

"Why, I should have been landed in jail so quick you couldn't have seen my coat-tails!"

"Passing them?"

"Yes, passing them."

"They may be undistinguishable from the good ones."

"No counterfeit is ever that; and besides, the Bank of England paper is a secret in itself."

"A secret your Mr. Mort has learned! Think it over, Matt—weren't the notes all small ones?"

"Yes, by George, they were! The smallest denomination of all—five-pound notes, and a fearful nuisance it was, too, counting them out for anything like a big payment."

Chris clasped her hands excitedly.

"There's the explanation!" she cried. "Your island was a little money-mill, and the moment your back was turned your clever Mr. Mort put on his overalls and got to work!"

## XVIII

MATT was unconvinced; he would have staked his life on John Mort's honesty and honor; yet to meet this reflection on his friend, he said:

"It's incredible, Chris! The false notes,

however skilfully imitated, were bound to return to the Bank of England, and be found out. No bank can be successfully victimized for six years. It would know its own notes, depend on it, and the first batch of forgeries would unloose a still larger batch of detectives."

"No, Matt, listen," Chris protested with immense vehemence. "Papa told me that the Bank of France once had such clever counterfeits foisted on it that it was afraid to denounce them publicly, or to refuse to receive them. They were so perfect, you know, so undetectable, that it was risking a panic to say that they were bad; for nobody in France would have felt safe, and there would have been a run on the banks everywhere for gold. Don't you see? The Bank of France was forced to honor them in its own protection, rather than scare the whole of France, and bring business to a standstill."

Matt shook his head.

"I can knock all that to spillikins," he said. "You forget the miniature they showed me, and its setting of superb diamonds. How can you make that accord with your theory? Whoever it represented, it was certainly not a criminal, but a very aristocratic young man with a military collar. Besides—I cannot tell you how, exactly—Kay didn't handle it like a rogues'-gallery picture, but with a curious respect—a curious, indefinable *deference*."

"I give it up, then," Chris exclaimed, with a baffled little air. "If you couldn't find it out in six years, I suppose I needn't expect to in six minutes. But it just makes you burst not to know, doesn't it?"

"There's a worse problem still—what is to become of me?"

"Of us, Matt," she corrected him jealously; "of poor little hundred-and-twelve-dollar us!"

"I might as well shoot myself as stay on here. There's nothing here, Chris, in this little backwater of a place. What shall it be—East or West? Try for a deep-water

ship, or strike out boldly for Colorado, or Wyoming, or somewhere?"

"Go away?" she cried. "No, I can't let you go away! I can't, I can't; unless you don't care—unless it's all—"

She broke off, looking at him poignantly, only to be crushed in his strong arms, overborne, blinded, panting, and deliciously helpless and ill-used. Of course he loved her! Loved her better than anything in the world; would crush her again for ever doubting it. No, she had to admit how cruel she had been, how wicked and unkind; had to, or he would hurt her more, obstinate little wretch that she was!

But it seemed that she wasn't an obstinate little wretch at all, only terribly smothered and gaspingly eager to be forgiven; and anyhow, how was she to know that he really and truly *did* love her, when he sat there so cold and distant, and talked about going away? As if anybody who loved anybody would go away, and leave somebody to break her heart!

Nor was she a clinging, useless, impractical young-lady-person without any sense or ideas. No, indeed she wasn't! They were in a very serious predicament, and she meant to be mouse to the poor, tattered, scared, whiny lion, and rescue him somehow, and earn his everlasting gratitude. At any rate, she would keep him from bounding off into the tall grass, for the Teddy hunters to shoot at him, and the snakes to bite him, and the hoodlum hyenas to laugh their heads off at his leaving the faithfulest little mouse a lion ever was blessed with! So, wouldn't he stop being silly, and snuggle close, and listen to some mouse-sense, and realize that this was her affair just as much as his, and that they were both in the same boat, or rather holding on tight to the bottom of it?

To all of which Mr. Lion acceded meekly, with a dawning sense that there was a stronger nature than he had dreamed behind those dark eyes, with a courage and self-reliance that shamed him in the contrast.

(To be continued)

#### THE FOUR PILLARS

FOUR pillars bear up Allah's dome,  
Each one as white as blown sea-foam.

Faith, hope, and love three pillars be,  
And the fourth one is charity!

Sennett Stephens



# AS THE TWIG IS BENT

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "IN NEW NEW ENGLAND," "AN ACADEMIC QUESTION," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY THE KINNEYS

ANTONIA FORESTER, being a highly intelligent girl, made no visible objection to the liberal-handed largesse of information about herself with which her great-aunt gratified the curiosity of Manchester people. It is possible that she thought it one of the necessary disadvantages traditionally connected with being taken up by rich and eccentric old relatives. It is probable that she put extreme publicity about her past among the penalties she was to pay for the undeniably golden opportunities of her present. Another possibility—always to be taken into account with Antonia—is that, being as startlingly frank as she was handsome and intelligent, she might have told it all herself if old Mrs. Maythew had not forestalled her.

However that may be, she opposed, at any rate, nothing but her singularly fresh and brilliant smile to her great-aunt's description of the life she had left.

"I can't say," Mrs. Maythew remarked, "as impresarios are always saying about *their* famous 'finds,' that I picked her up out of the gutter, for nothing could be more unlike a gutter than her stepfather's revoltingly respectable village home. Indeed, if I had to choose, I should take the gutter, as affording more chance of entertaining company. Think of it! Antonia is twenty-one, with her looks, and she had been brought up on Emerson! More than that, for five years she had taught scales to stupid little country brats! More than that, she had never worn silk stockings, nor been kissed, nor seen a divorced person, nor eaten lobster, nor met a man whose income was over two thousand, nor tasted wine, nor been to the theater!"

From the table where she was pouring

iced drinks for the men just up from the golf-course, Antonia laughed, and called across the room:

"But, Aunt Burke, I've read a lot more than Emerson! There's a big library in the college town where I went to give music-lessons, so I've met in books everything improper and sophisticated, even if I've been deprived of seeing it in the flesh. Oh, I'm a very learned person!" Still laughing, she turned back to her attendants, and told them: "As for my not having eaten lobsters or rich young men, think how that has sharpened my teeth!"

They laughed, delighted with her dramatic suggestion of their danger, and one of them said:

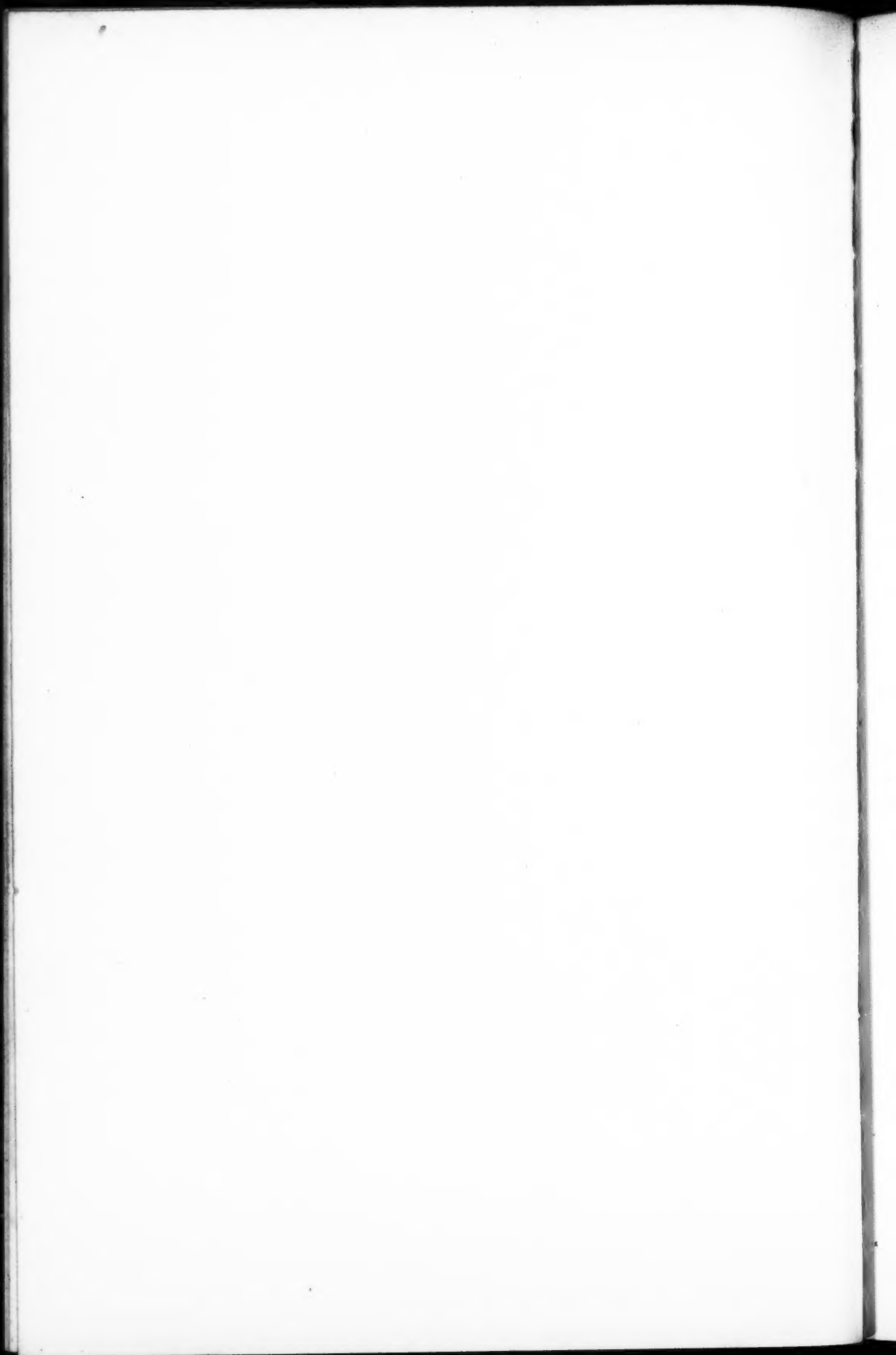
"What is Emerson all about, anyhow? One's always hearing the name, in college and 'round."

"Emerson is a liar, that's what he is!" Miss Forester answered promptly. "He is a man who takes a great many volumes to tell you that what you *are* is of more importance than what you *have*. What you have!" She swept a gesture like a richly explanatory foot-note over her own elaborate costume, over the luxurious room, the costly toilets of the other women, and the crowd of well-fed, well-dressed young men before her. "As long as you haven't got anything, you can read Emerson; but, once you have tasted blood—" She brought her strong white teeth together with a click.

Her listeners pressed a little nearer as they laughed at this sally. They seemed almost visibly drawn by some emanation from the beautiful newcomer. Her great-aunt, glancing over at the compact rampart of masculine backs about the punch-table, and hearing another great laugh at some speech of her niece's, recognized it as the



ANTONIA KEPT HER NEW CAPTIVE TIED CLOSELY TO HER CHARIOT-WHEELS



emanation of success. She nodded her elaborately dressed head, and remarked to her nearest neighbor, who happened to be the bishop of a Western diocese:

"She'll do. She'll go far. She'll be loaning me money yet!"

The bishop demurred.

"She looks too unconscious and unspoiled a nature to be mercenary."

Mrs. Maythew laughed.

"There's not an unconscious hair in that fine black coiffure," she assured him. "Antonia's a girl after my own heart. She means to get on. And she will." She turned on the elderly ecclesiastic sharply. "And she should. It is not mercenary for a girl with her looks and temperament to marry for money. She has a real *grande passion* for the things money buys. She takes to them as a sponge expands in water. I shall never forget her face as she tried on my sable cloak. It was like seeing a soul in paradise!"

The bishop frowned and stood up.

"I've shocked you," said the old lady, well pleased. "You should come to see me oftener. But before you perform your departing dust-shaking you may be interested to know that the soul in paradise cried out, with a fervor which shook her voice—and that's usually as cool and firm as the rest of her: 'Oh, it seems to me that I would be willing to marry a chimpanzee to wear such things all the time!'"

"I really must go," said the bishop, and went.

But, as he continued to stay on in Manchester, he could not escape the sight of Antonia's brilliant career. Nor could he escape hearing of it. Before they began on the *post-mortems* of the day's bridge, the women made sure that they had missed none of the details of her campaign. The men repeated and laughed at her audacious sayings and doings before wrangling over the day's golf. At all places and at all times in the life of the summer colony she was a conspicuous object, even when her high-colored and exquisitely adorned beauty was not visible. If she was present, every one looked at her. If she was not, they talked about her.

"She is a perfect specimen of the successful American girl," Mrs. Maythew told the bishop at a musicale. "If she'd been a man, she'd have used her brains to make millions. As it is, she uses them to aid her good looks and marry millions."

"It is painful to think what she represents in materialism," protested the bishop.

"It is delicious to think what she represents in clear, honest use of gray matter," cried the old woman. "She knows what she wants, and goes after it; and when she gets it, she'll like it. There'd be fewer divorces in our set if the rest of the women would leave their muddle-headed, sentimental compromises and do likewise."

"What a singular home education she must have had!" mused the bishop.

"You speak the truth. Her stepfather is a Unitarian minister, who brought her up on Emerson, oatmeal, and scratchy underwear. It's been a fine spring-board of reaction for Antonia to jump from."

"Emerson is rather ascetic diet for the young," said the bishop. "If she had been brought up in the church, now—"

At this Mrs. Maythew laughed.

"You couldn't convert her, my dear bishop, any more than you could convert a starving young lioness from a spring lamb by sprinkling her with holy water. And you'd commit a sin against nature if you did. Any creature who loves and enjoys the good things of this life with Antonia's lyric passion—"

"But how about the spring lamb?" asked the bishop, looking across at Antonia, who was stripping the gloves from her long, white arms, showing her teeth in a smile, and moving toward the piano.

Mrs. Maythew looked at him sharply.

"Why, to be sure!" she cried, much amused. "I'd forgotten all about Percy!"

The bishop frowned.

"My nephew can have nothing to do with my opinion of Miss Forester. He is not, thank Heaven, a rich young man, but a young man fortuitously rich. It is only a year ago, you know, that he inherited that fortune."

"Ah, I don't doubt Percy is as much a professor of botany as ever he was," admitted Mrs. Maythew. "He's not a volatile creature, to do him justice. But his fortune exists, none the less. I must warn Antonia not to take any definite action till he appears on the scene."

"I doubt if Miss Forester would appeal very much to him," said the bishop, with an apparent calm which was contradicted by the evident relief in his voice as he went on. "And as he is not coming here this summer, but is to motor through Norway, botanizing—"

"Ah, well," said the old lady, "that settles it, of course. Antonia will have to choose from what she has here, then. It's too bad! Percy is not exciting company; but a young man with his interest in natural science, his self-effacing personality, and his money was certainly intended by Providence to have his millions spent by an Antonia!"

The first of that young lady's firm and massive chords drowned out the bishop's answer. Apparently it was a protest against having Providence dragged into the affairs of such a person.

## II

THAT some power was acting in the matter, either Providence or one of Providence's enemies, seemed evident to every one when Antonia returned from a casual motor-trip with the Bryces, bringing along—to all appearances a most willing victim—a rather heavily built, square-shouldered young man with a serious, honest face and ruminative eyes, who turned to the astonished and chaffing welcome of his friends in Manchester a tranquil front of silent composure.

"We saw him in the dining-room of the Woodstock Inn," Antonia explained, her own composure never being of the silent variety. "Mrs. Bryce said: 'Why, there's the bishop's nephew! I thought he was in Norway.' And I said: 'Oh, Mr. Bryce, do make him come over here to our table. I love the bishop so!'" She broke off to bestow on that dignitary her loveliest smile, and to assure him: "It was really you who brought us together, you see, for I knew your nephew must be worth while; and so he did—Mr. Bryce, I mean—and Percy"—the bishop smiled unhilariously. She was calling him Percy already!—"Percy turned out to be collecting some shells, or bugs, or leaves, or something, that you can't find anywhere but in Woodstock, only that sounds like a pretty tall story to *me*. He was going to sail from New York the next morning, but we had a vacant place in the car and we brought him right along. We told him he really ought to see his uncle before he went so far away."

The bishop felt that the young lioness, before beginning on her foreordained meal, was honoring him with a stroke or two from her powerful talons. Later that evening he told Mrs. Maythew, with an outraged protest:

"But, see here, Percy is the best fellow in the world. Call Miss Forester off. There are plenty of others who would do as well for her. It's only accidentally that he is a rich man. I don't know a straighter, cleaner, finer soul than Percy. He is like a son to me."

His interlocutor grinned.

"Discipline is good for souls," she said. "Antonia is like a daughter to me."

"I shall warn Percy," he told her with heated brevity.

"Pray do!" said the old lady, who seemed to find the idea amusing.

Antonia kept her new captive tied so closely to her chariot-wheels that ten days passed before the bishop found a suitable occasion to sound his warning. However, he was consoled for this delay by the dramatic effectiveness of the occasion when it presented itself. They were at a garden-party; and Antonia, in the midst of her usual crowd of admirers, had just been celebrating—with her usual frankness—the beauties of her toilet. She was, indeed, a triumphal vision.

"I would sell my soul to own this dress instead of renting it, so to speak, from Aunt Burke! The skirt has fifty-three of those tiny hand-made tucks on each breadth—I know. I counted them!" she cried, her eyes shining like stars. "And the lace on the scarf is real—all of it—those million yards! And the mull it's made of is so fine that angels couldn't dream of anything finer, even after a fête-day in heaven!"

At this bold comparison she had caught the bishop's eye on her, and had swept him a curtsy—a flexible, supple movement that set off her beauty like the sudden breaking out of a musical accompaniment to a fine poem.

"Remember the pit from which I was dugged, bishop!" she had called to him. "A pit filled with calicoes, and unbleached cotton, and coarse torchon lace, and other devices of the enemy of mankind!" With which she had turned away, trailing her ruffles over the grass in an ecstasy of carelessness.

The bishop looked solemnly at his nephew.

"She does not hide her character," he said.

The young man proved to have several ideas on the subject, all of them ready for presentation.



"Ah, she is only twenty-one, and this is her first taste of luxury. It is also possible that her vocabulary is more vigorous than her real ideas. Remember, she was brought up on Emerson. There's sure to be a reaction from that, but there's also pretty sure to be some lasting effect."

The bishop was so stirred by this evidence of the thought bestowed by his nephew on Miss Forester that he cried out warmly:

"In all the world there is not a more utterly materialistic creature!"

"Not knowing all the others, I can't say about that," murmured his nephew.

"She makes me shudder," said the bishop.

The young man looked after her, and said nothing; but his expression was such that the bishop cast caution from him with a passionate gesture, and declared, in a voice which suited the gesture:

"She would marry any one—any one—for money. She says so herself."

His nephew was silent for a moment, apparently pondering his response to this thrust. Finally he said mildly, beginning to move away:

"I should be very glad to have her willing to marry me for any reason at all."

After such openness of speech, the bishop did not see his way clear, a fortnight later, to congratulate his nephew on the announcement of his engagement to the reigning beauty. He kept his own counsel—which, judging from the expression of his face, was a somewhat bitter possession.

Mrs. Maythew did not wait for his felicitation, but at the first opportunity congratulated herself to his face with her usual aplomb.

"Didn't I tell you that Antonia is under a lucky star? Her success is perfect. She has the richest *parti* in four States, and a man she respects and likes into the bargain! Really, if it were not Antonia, I should go farther and say—what is the truth—that she's head over ears in love with him."

The bishop raised his eyebrows.

To this silent comment the old lady returned frankly:

"Oh, well, of course, if he hadn't had money, she'd never have looked at him. But now she *has* looked at him—"

"Her conversation on the subject proves your point," said the bishop with a melancholy irony.

Indeed, as he intimated, Antonia's enthusiasm over her future was remarkably like her enthusiasm over her present. Her delight in her prospective wealth was outspoken to the last degree.

"Why, Aunt Burke is a beggar-woman compared to me!" she declared in that lady's presence. "I've been a simpleton to be so impressed by this ratty little summer cottage of hers, and that out-of-date old house on Fifty-Third Street. Percy says I may build a copy of one of the Venetian palaces overlooking Central Park. But before I bother with that I must see the Venetian palaces, and Cairo, and Paris, and Hong-Kong, and St. Petersburg, and London, and the Himalayas, and Rome! If I was hungry before, I'm famished now—mad, ravening to begin on all that I have missed and am going to have, to have, to have! We're going to motor as long as there's land, and when we get to jumping-off places there'll be our yacht. Percy's sent to New York to buy the Larues' yacht, the one they went to Japan on; and oh, oh, my wedding-dress!"

She screwed up her eyes and shook both shapely hands in the air, to express her despair at the poverty-stricken condition of the English language.

The bishop glanced across at his nephew, sitting as usual in a contemplative silence, to see how he would take this summing-up of the advantages of a marriage with him. He surprised in the eyes of the prospective bridegroom a brooding, indulgent passion of tenderness which gave him a qualm of something very much like nausea.

"I am glad his mother is not alive to see his wedding-day," thought the older man savagely.

This was an event which hourly assumed more importance. It was to take place at St. Bartholomew's, the decorations were to be of pink orchids, there was to be an attendant band of twelve bridesmaids, the wedding-dress was to be solid *point d'Angleterre*, the reception afterward—

"Oh, damn that California cousin who left him the money!" cried the bishop to himself.

And yet, a fortnight before they were all to move down to the city and begin preparations for the great day, when the bishop opened a letter from San Francisco, he turned very white at the contents, and could not put the heavy white sheet back into the envelope because his old hands

trembled so. He sat very still for a long time, and his color did not come back as he pondered.

### III

THAT afternoon he sought out his nephew's *fiancée*, and requested a few moments' uninterrupted conversation with her. He tried to make his tone casual, and to present his usual front of episcopal dignity; but that he failed was proved by Miss Forester's precipitately dropping her plans for the afternoon, and betaking herself, with her visitor, to the summer-house, where they could be quite alone.

There she faced him with a countenance of pale intensity.

"What dreadful thing has happened?" she asked. "Quick! Quick! I haven't seen Percy since yesterday. He was going out on a horse—"

The bishop shook his head.

"My nephew is in his usual excellent health," he assured her; "but there is bad news which will prove an obstacle to your marriage with him."

The girl turned whiter, though she still stood in a pose so self-assured as to be defiant.

"What possible obstacle to our marriage can there be?" she demanded. As the bishop hesitated, she went on steadily: "I am not the woman to believe evil of my future husband from any one but himself. If it is some old gossiping tale that you have to—"

The bishop almost smiled.

"No, no; Percy has a past as spotless as a girl's. It is quite simply that in the future he will have no money—none at all but what he can earn by going back to his old profession of botany."

The girl looked bewildered and utterly uncomprehending.

"No money?" she asked. "Percy with no money? Why, how does—"

"Simplicity itself," said the bishop. "Another heir has been found for the California estate—a sailor, who turned up unexpectedly, and who proves to be the missing son."

Miss Forester stared at her informant a long time with a face very white and perfectly devoid of any expression.

"Did Percy ask you to come and break off our engagement?" he presently made out that she was asking him, although her voice was almost inaudible.

"No—oh, no! Percy knows nothing about it as yet. I heard through a confidential source—a lawyer who is a friend of the family, and who wished me to break it gently to Percy."

He could see nothing in this speech, more than in any of his others, to account for the storm of sobbing which now suddenly bowed the girl's head in her hands. He accounted for her outburst of grief, therefore, on the theory that she had but just been able to take in the full meaning of her disappointment.

"It is naturally a very great blow to your expectations," he went on, anxious to conciliate her; "although we must all, of course, be very thankful that it came before it was too late. I hope you will remember that it will also be a very great loss to Percy. I wished to tell you at once, so that you could recover from the shock before the news arrives publicly—which can't be more than a couple of days from now—and to beg you to be as gentle as possible with the poor boy. Perhaps you will wait a little while before—or no, probably that would make it no easier in the end; but be gentle—"

Miss Forester raised her head, showing a face swollen and red. The bishop reflected that she was as ungovernably frank with her tears as in other matters. They looked at each other for a long time in a perfect silence. The girl was not crying now, though her face was very grave.

As the silence continued, the bishop wondered more and more what she was thinking about. After a time he began to be uneasily suspicious that she was thinking about him. This seemed so strange a subject, however, for a young woman in her situation that he refused to take at its face value the level, scrutinizing stare with which she surveyed him. And, indeed, when she spoke it was to express a sentiment more in accord with the considerations which he must suppose to be filling her mind.

"The woman who marries Percy now," she said musingly, "marries, therefore, a poor professor of botany."

"Exactly," said his uncle.

"He will earn about two thousand a year?" asked the girl.

"Perhaps even less than that, to begin with," said the bishop.

"I know what that means in a college town," said Miss Forester. "His wife will do her own work, wash dishes"—she looked

reflectively at her very white hands — "make her own dresses, and stay in town during vacations, because there will be no money for traveling."

"The cost of living is high," admitted the bishop, without an effort.

There was another long silence between them. Then Miss Forester, for the first time, sat down.

"Would you mind going away now," she asked, "and leaving me alone? There are a great many things I must think over." As the elderly ecclesiastic opened his mouth to speak, she made a gesture which was meant, the bishop perceived, to be reassuring. "Yes, yes, I will be gentle to Percy—as gentle, that is, as circumstances permit."

She smiled a little as she finished this somewhat ambiguous phrase, and the bishop went away shivering.

He was not reassured by Antonia's bearing when he next saw her—that evening, at a dance in the clubhouse. She was brilliant almost to the blinding-point in white lace and scarlet chiffon, and she was leading about, like a tame bear, a heavy-eyed Wall Street magnate who had met her for the first time a week before, and whose admiration of her had since been proclaimed at every hour of the day, to any one who would listen. Percy was detained, and would not arrive until late. Mrs. Maythew strongly disapproved of his tardiness.

"If he thinks that Antonia is a girl who can be ticketed, 'spoken for,' and then left safely to dangle before the eyes of other men—" she cried elliptically. "This railroad individual is mad about her—he makes no secret of it. Percy may come strolling in at midnight to find her engaged to some one else!"

The bishop thought it not at all improbable. He felt very melancholy and embittered, and betook himself out to a cigar on the long, vine-covered porch.

After a time his gloomy solitude was broken in upon by voices. Swathed in a glittering oriental scarf, and leading her new captive "by the nose," as the sardonic old gentleman who observed her remarked to himself, Antonia and the portly broker passed by to a remote and dimly lighted corner. They were out of ear-shot, though he could hear the constant murmur of their voices. He gathered from the sound, and from what he could see of their attitudes, that the man was addressing a long and im-

passioned speech to her, which Antonia interrupted only occasionally by a word or gesture.

Even at that distance he could see that her eyes were extraordinarily large and brilliant. She looked as tense and excited as the bishop felt himself to be.

A motor-car slid silently under the lights of the porte-cochère at the other end of the porch, and stopped. The bishop saw a gentleman in evening dress emerge from the tonneau and stand for a moment under the brilliant electric lights. They showed him to have a serious, honest face, the sight of which gave the bishop the sensation of being awakened from a nightmare to the most comforting of daylight scenes.

He turned instinctively to see if the couple beyond him had also noticed the arrival. He caught only a flutter of scarlet and white as Antonia flashed by him—Antonia, bounding, long-limbed, like a panther down the porch, her skirts caught high, her glittering scarf dragging behind her.

"What devilry is she up to now?" thought the old gentleman, startled and apprehensive.

Leaning forward, he could see that she had had time for but the briefest monosyllabic colloquy with her *fiancé* before the door to the ballroom opened, and a crowd of dancers poured out upon the porch at the end of a dance. For a time they hid the two from the bishop's anxious eye, and he was reduced to conjecturing from the laughter and loud, ejaculatory talk that they were finding Antonia even more entertaining than usual.

"She is capable," he thought despairingly, "of taking this occasion for announcing Percy's loss and her engagement to the broker!"

Suddenly, from out the laughing uproar around the two, Antonia's voice arose. She was shouting:

"Uncle Bishop! Uncle Bishop! You're needed!"

One of the young men came running back toward him, grinning widely.

"She's a corker!" he cried. "By Jove! You never know what she means, or what she'll be up to next!"

"What is she doing now?" asked the bishop, rising and moving toward the crowd. "And what can she want of me?"

"Lord knows!" his young attendant answered to both these questions. "She told me to go and get you. She's giving away all

her things to the girls, and laughing like mad about how furious her aunt'll be!"

When the bishop arrived, Antonia, stripped of her rings and bracelets and fan, the gold bandeau gone from her black hair, the pearls from her dazzling neck, had just discovered her scarf clinging about her feet.

"Here, Lolly, here's a keepsake for you, if you *did* get here late! I'd give you my dress if it weren't for the looks of the thing!"

"What are you up to?" asked the girl who had just joined the group.

Antonia snatched the long, black overcoat from her *fiancé's* arm, and extinguished in its severe masculine lines the red and white of her costume.

"I'm taking the veil!" she said. "Percy, give me a handkerchief to tie over my hair!" Seeing the bishop's haggard old face over the heads of those about her, she went on: "We are going to take the bishop in the car, Percy and I, and dash over the State-line, where you don't have to have a license. We're going to get married! The dear bishop, who loves me so warmly, is going to marry us!" She laughed at the spectacle of stupefaction presented to her

by her uncle-to-be. "We have a secret between us, my Uncle Bishop and I. He knows that I won't need in my future life any of the vain gauds I've been showering on you!"

She seized her *fiancé's* hand, and his uncle's, and ran down the porch, dragging both men after her, and shouting over her shoulder to the burst of talk which followed them:

"No, you *don't* all come after us in motor-cars to celebrate! I'll stand on the back seat and pick you off one by one with Percy's revolver if you try to! I've changed my mind, and I'm going to have a marriage instead of a wedding!"

Somehow she bundled them into the tonneau of the waiting car, and banged the door in the flushed and laughing faces of their pursuers. Then she stood up, very tall in her somber, shapeless garment.

"Listen, listen all of you"—she motioned gaily for silence—"to my last word and testament! I want to save you from my horrible fate. If you have any Emerson in your houses, go home and burn him! If you are once inoculated with him, there is no cure! Your case is hopeless!"

#### JUDGE ME, O LORD!

If I had lived in Palestine,  
A poor disciple I had been;  
I had not risked my purse or limb  
All to forsake, and follow Him;  
But in the vast and wondering throng  
I too had stood and listened long;  
I too had felt my spirit stirred  
When the Beatitudes I heard.

With that great crowd that sang the psalm,  
I should, I fear, have strewed the palm,  
Then slunk away in dastard shame  
When the high priests denounced His name.  
But when my late companions cried,  
"The Nazarene be crucified!"  
I would have begged, with tremulous  
Pale lips, "Release Him unto us!"

Beside the Cross when Mary prayed,  
A great way off I too had stayed;  
Not even in that hour had dared,  
And for my fainting Lord declared,  
But beat upon my craven breast,  
And loathed my coward heart, at least,  
To think my life I dared not stake  
And beard the Romans for His sake!

Sarah N. Cleghorn

# CAN A GOOD VOICE BE ACQUIRED BY TRAINING?

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

AUTHOR OF "INSOMNIA AND INSOMNIACS," "THE UNWISDOM OF WORRY," ETC.

IF we were unable to believe anything save what was true, it would be much to our advantage; but we should miss much harmless enjoyment.

One of the most consoling and innocent private delusions that most of us cherish is the belief that we can sing. That it is a delusion, as far as eight-tenths of our friends are concerned, each of us will cheerfully testify; but as regards ourselves—well, we exercise what George Eliot delightfully terms "our divine and inalienable right of private haziness."

In a sense, we can all sing, and sing so as to give pleasure to the largest and most important share of our audience—indeed, the only audience that most of us ever get—ourselves. That's what singing is really for—to set up a gentle, soothing, rumbling vibration in our interior, which booms, or thrills, clear through us from our diaphragms to the top of our heads, and lulls us into a dreamy, reminiscent state of mind, half cheerful, half melancholy, and altogether enjoyable.

Few voices move us so powerfully as our own, or give us greater pleasure. This is the real purpose of singing. The poet who exclaimed, "I suffer when I sing," was as wide of the truth as most poets. If his suffering had got to the stage where he could sing about it, it was becoming enjoyable; and if any one really suffered when he sang, it was his hearers.

Most men have the good sense to keep this form of enjoyment to themselves, and go no further than humming; but some occasionally try to pass the pleasure on to others, and then the trouble begins. Almost any one can manage to strike a key that will harmonize with his own diaphragm, but when it comes to hitting the key of somebody else's, then "the spirit indeed is will-

ing, but the flesh is weak." Scarcely one individual in ten has the genius to make the connection between his soul and another's through the medium of song; and not two in a hundred make a positive success at it. Yet most of us privately believe ourselves capable of this difficult feat.

Here is where the voice-trainer comes in. He does not need to fool his pupils—all he has to do is to avoid disturbing their own delusions.

The speaking voice is one of the necessities of life—it would be recognized as such even in an alimony suit—and accordingly every one has it. The singing voice is a pure ornament, a secondary sexual character, a luxury, and barely one person in three possesses it, even in a comparatively rudimentary form.

Of course, almost any one can join in congregational singing. It is a simple matter to start the rumbling and vibrating in our own interior; then we hear the music that the organ and the choir are making, and imagine that it is our own product. This is the rationale of these expensive but highly necessary accessories to congregational singing. We know perfectly well that we couldn't stand up by ourselves and "carry a tune" alone, to save our lives.

## THE RARITY OF A GOOD VOICE

It is obviously a matter of some difficulty to determine what is the precise percentage of good voices, or of *real* singers, in any given race or community. A good voice, though it may produce much suffering, is seldom a cause of death, and therefore does not find its way into the vital statistics. It is comparatively seldom a means of livelihood, and therefore it is not listed in the census reports, except under the dubious heading of "Professional Musicians,



Teachers, and Singers." The census-takers make no distinction between those who teach vocal and those who teach instrumental music, nor between those who sing and those who teach others to sing.

According to the official returns, about one person in two hundred and fifty has the degree of musical talent which enables him or her to enroll himself or herself as a professional singer or a teacher of music. To be precise, of males employed in gainful occupations, one in three hundred and fifty is so employed; of females, one in one hundred.

To take another method of making a rough estimate, any one who has ever had experience in that most soothing and delightful of occupations, running a church choir, will testify that it is a matter of the utmost difficulty to secure proper material for, say, five quartets in a town of less than five thousand population, and that such a community has to be raked with a fine-toothed comb in order to yield even that number of unobjectionable voices. This would give about one individual in two hundred and fifty, of all ages, musical enough to sing in a choir; and even so, Heaven has need of all its mercy to accept some of the vocal offerings that are sent up to it.

To approach the problem from the other end of the scale, we hardly realize, until we endeavor to express it in figures, no matter how crude, how extraordinarily rare a really great voice is—or even a voice great enough to serve as an adequate source of income. It is estimated among musical experts that there are living and singing at this moment not more than ten truly great artists of American birth. This, in ninety millions of people—or, more accurately, perhaps sixty millions at the time when these singers were born—would give the chance of your child possessing a really first-rate voice as about one in six millions. Indeed, if you have a son, he is more likely to live to be elected President of the United States than to become a great operatic tenor.

To continue our progress downward from the church-choir grade, the next rank might be described as that of the college glee club. It is a remarkably musical college or academy class of one hundred members that contains enough material for a fair class quartet. It is an unusually good college of a thousand students that can fur-

nish a double quartet capable of attracting any attention on the road, save from alumni or doting relatives.

In other words, the proportion of young males of the more cultured classes who are capable of going through that cheerful form of bellows practise which we term college songs, is perhaps one in a hundred. The main reason why a good-natured public attends glee club concerts is because they bring back fond memories of younger days, and because the performers are so young, and so thoroughly enjoy what they are doing, that we forgive the resulting discords.

Incidentally it may be remarked that we are not one whit more musical when we are sweet sixteen, or eighteen, or twenty-two, than we are at forty-five or fifty. Only we *feel* like singing, and we have the nerve to let everybody within ear-shot know the fact. As soon as we reach the age of discretion, we usually stop. In other words, the more critically musical we become, the less we sing.

#### HOW MANY CAN "CARRY A TUNE"?

"But," say the upholders of the cheering sentiment that any one who can speak can learn to sing, "even if not more than one in a hundred can sing college songs, or one in three hundred church anthems, everybody can learn to 'carry a tune'—to join in harmoniously when others are singing, or to carry a part in a chorus."

Certainly the privates, the rank and file of the musical army, are much more numerous than the generals of opera, the colonels of the concert stage, and the non-commissioned officers of the choirs and glee clubs; but even they form a much smaller proportion of the community than is usually supposed. How many of the boys or girls in our school, of the men in our club, of the women in our social circle, of the pew-holders who sit about us in church, can "carry a tune" alone? How many can stand up and sing a simple melody, such as a folk song or a familiar hymn, in correct time, tune, and key, without assistance from instrument, leader, or choir?

Yet, in the face of all these discouraging facts, almost every girl of social station, or aspiring to social station, is expected to acquire the power of doing "stunts" upon the piano, or with her much-tortured voice. If she fails, the blame is placed either upon her laziness, or upon the incompetency of her teacher. The few half-hours of day-

light which are left, in winter, to the luckless youthful victims of our present system of imprisonment at hard labor, known as school, are eagerly clutched by the Moloch of music, the obsession which rides upon the mind of the managing mama—the determination that *her* daughter shall have these qualifications for social success, even if she has to risk her health and wear her nervous system to tatters in her attempt to achieve the impossible.

As a matter of cold biological fact, while a real singing voice is a most seductive lure to the opposite sex, and a splendid endowment for the courtship period, the average parlor imitation thereof has anything but such an effect upon the crude male ear. In fact, most men would only marry the average girl who sings in the hope that when she gets married, and has something else to occupy her mind, she will quit.

In the great matrimonial handicap the peacock will leave the nightingale, in the vernacular of the day, "chained to the post." Beauty of face is at least ten times as potent in sexual selection as beauty of voice.

One of the blessings to a suffering world that have been brought down from heaven in the last half century is the pianola. Like mercy, "it blesseth him that gives and him that takes"—her who is expected to sing, and him who is expected to listen and look as if he liked it. If we can only get the graphophone sufficiently perfected so that our parlor songsters can do their warbling by proxy, as well as their "Battles of Prague" and their "Maiden's Prayers," we shall have attained to the first of the seven heavens of music. Then the proud mama, instead of whispering delightedly how many hundreds of dollars have been spent upon her daughter's voice in lessons under Professor Punkovitch and Mme. Parcheesi, can simply call attention to the grace and delicacy with which she works the expression lever of the pianola, or the *tempo* mechanism of the new graphophone.

#### WHAT IS A GOOD VOICE?

What are the qualities and endowments which make, or condition, a good voice? What modifications in these can be produced by vocal training?

The first thing to get clearly in mind is that a "good voice" consists of two different and utterly unrelated parts—an ear and a vocal organ. Everybody has the latter,

after a fashion; only one in ten, or at the utmost one in five, has the former. The possession, or lack, of a "musical ear," a "musical sense," an "ear for harmony," is far and away the rarer gift of the two and the one that does most to make the difference between one who can sing and one who cannot. You might take your laryngeal mirror, look into a hundred successive throats, and find ninety-five physiologically perfect sets of vocal cords, laryngeal muscles, tongues, and nasal cavities—ninety-five throats which, if controlled by a musical ear, would be able to sing tolerably and agreeably—yet of that ninety-five probably not more than eight or nine would be able to sing a simple tune alone.

We have had vocal organs of a sort since the days when we swung by our tails in the tree-tops, and probably for millions of years before that; but we have possessed that high product of mental evolution known as the musical sense, the perception of harmony in the modern meaning of the term, for only a thousand or fifteen hundred years. Savage races have no idea of harmony, of music as we now understand it, though they have a keen and accurate sense of rhythm. Very few barbarous races are any further advanced in this respect, and indeed only a few civilized peoples, and those of the most recent. Even the Greeks and the Romans possessed no system of musical notation, no idea of harmony or part singing, and very little sense of melody, or tune.

How large a part the ear plays in the making of a voice is graphically shown by the fact that the dumb are speechless, nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand, simply *because they cannot hear*, and not on account of any defect in their vocal organs. In other words, deaf mutes are mute solely because they are deaf. A dumb man can make all the sounds and tones, both vocal and musical, that a normal individual can make, but because of his inability to hear the sounds which he is producing, he cannot combine them into articulate speech or musical song.

Not only so, but children born with good hearing, which is destroyed by an illness, such as meningitis, after they have learned to speak—in fact, at any time up to their twelfth year—unless carefully watched and compelled to practise their powers, stop talking and lose the power of speech, forgetting what they have formerly learned. Any child

who becomes stone deaf under the age of ten will, if left to itself, become dumb. The deaf are now taught to speak, in modern institutions, by—to put it very roughly—teaching them to recognize certain tones by the vibrations which those tones set up in their throats and heads. On this principle, after careful and ingenious training, they learn to speak fairly well, though of course in a flat, mechanical, phonograph-like tone of voice.

If a child is born, as something like four-fifths of them are, without the musical sense, the ear for tune, there is very little likelihood of its ever being able to become anything more than a mere "joiner in" in congregational or chorus singing. It does not by any means follow, however, that children should have no musical training. For though perhaps probably only one in ten is born with a sufficient degree of musical sense to carry a tune alone, yet at least six out of the remaining nine are likely to possess the gift in some more or less rudimentary degree. These six are capable, if properly trained, of greatly increasing their powers of assisting in the rendition of music themselves, and of enjoying it and criticizing it in others.

It is a matter of great value and importance to raise, even to a limited or moderate degree, the musical sense and musical standards of the mass of the community. Not only does it add to their own enjoyment and culture, but it also insures that the singers and composers who receive the highest meed of popular approval shall be the truly great ones. The nine hundred and ninety-nine who cannot sing should be educated up to the pitch of being able to recognize and willing to support the one in a thousand who can. Here alone is a noble field for the vocal trainer!

The interesting question at once arises, are there persons with the vocal organs of a Patti and the musical ear of a stalk of corn? On the other hand, are there those who have the ear of a Palestrina with the voice of a sea-gull?

That individuals may exist with a phenomenal voice-organ, but no musical ear, is probable, although the only instance that comes to mind is the famous one of *Trilby*, in Du Maurier's story, who used her lovely tones with about the precision of an Atlantic liner's fog-horn until she was hypnotized by *Svengali*. The other kind of "half-men"—those with an accurate and delicate ear, and

yet little or no power of instrumental or vocal expression—unquestionably exist. Such, in fact, have been some of our great composers and musical critics.

#### HOW MUCH CAN TRAINING DO?

Granted, then, the possession of a sufficient degree of musical sense to furnish a basis for training, how much modification or improvement can that training produce? Possibly ten per cent.

This somewhat pessimistic estimate is in no way inconsistent with the oft-asserted and undeniable fact that even phenomenal artists, like Patti and Jenny Lind and Caruso and Tetrassini, have to work tremendously hard both at polishing their voices up to concert finish, and at keeping them there afterward. A diamond cut and polished is a vastly more attractive thing than the raw stone; but you must have the rough diamond to start with. You cannot make a Kohinoor out of a brickbat, or even out of a crystal of quartz, by years of polishing. Even the greatest genius must work desperately hard to accomplish his best, but no amount of industry and determination would have achieved his triumphs if the genius hadn't been there as a basis.

An improvement of ten per cent is well worth having, providing that you do not risk the health and strength of a child in an absurd attempt to achieve the impossible.

It is a fact of household knowledge that practically all great singers and musicians either are born of musical families, or are recognized as having gifts out of the common before they are ten years of age. To take a few modern instances, Emma Eames is said to have begun to sing in public when she was six; Olive Fremstad at eight; Mary Garden at twelve. Among the composers, Mendelssohn played in public at three, and composed at six. Mozart was almost equally precocious.

Any intelligent committee of musicians and physicians could decide, after a few minutes' examination, whether a child of ten possessed the musical gift or not, and what degree of it he possessed. The amount and character of his profitable training, and the probable results to be expected from it, could also be calculated with practical certainty. Such an investigation would save a great deal of time and prevent much unnecessary suffering on the part of both teacher and pupil.

Under the age of ten, few children's voices are fit to listen to, from a musical point of view. Younger boys and girls cannot sing, and they should not be made to try, both for their own sakes and for the sake of those who have to listen to them. Our enjoyment of their voices, like our enjoyment of many other sounds, scents, and sights, is chiefly due to association. Children do not sing; they chirp; and the song-bird whose vocal performance theirs most closely resembles is the English sparrow. But we have so long and invariably associated this cheerful, if somewhat ear-piercing, sound with laughter and bright eyes and rosy cheeks and dancing feet and happy play, that the minute we hear it we prick up our ears and enjoy it.

#### SOME POPULAR DELUSIONS

Poets, with their usual keenness of insight and lack of accuracy, have seized upon this fact, and have gushed and warbled in every tongue over the sweet and touching "music of children's voices." As a matter of fact, the most distinctive feature about this music is that it sounds best at a distance, and that when you come near the choristers you are quite as apt to find them engaged in an animated wrangle, bordering on a fight, as in any form of peaceful harmony. I could suggest no better punishment for any poet who has written upon the magic sweetness and harmony of children's voices than to be shut up for a whole day in a room with five active, irrepressible children with healthy lungs, and with no one to check their vocal pourings.

There is another age of life at which we can all make sweet music, and that is the period when cradle songs are in order. If music is to be judged, as most other things are, by the effect it produces, there can be no doubt that the crooning of the mother to her babe is as pure melody and as beautiful music as anything that rises to the morning stars when they sing together. But here again, be it said with all reverence, it is chiefly a matter of association, and of the beautiful memories and sentiments that rise unbidden at the sight of a mother bending over the cradle.

I can but regard it as a most merciful dispensation of Providence that babies are totally deaf for the first two to four weeks of their existence, and tone deaf for two or three years, so that they probably do not suffer as much as adults might under the

circumstances, even though they are unable to escape. In fact, they probably rather enjoy the vibration that the crooning sets up in their little bodies. In any case, they have the enormous advantage over most audiences of being able to go to sleep at any stage of the performance without being thought rude. Indeed, this is regarded as the highest mark of appreciation that a lullaby can receive.

#### THE HUMAN VOICE-BOX

Finally, as to the vocal organ itself. Here is where training finds its greatest field. While all civilized human beings have some kind of a speaking voice, only a relatively small proportion habitually use this voice effectively, clearly, musically, and economically. Most people mutter through loose hung lips, or squeeze out a flat, metallic ribbon of sound, like the tape from a ticker; they mutter gutturally down in the region of their diaphragms or squeak through the roofs of their noses.

Most of these defects can be corrected by proper training of lips, tongue, teeth, and throat; and a like improvement can be brought about in the singing voice by similar means—always providing that you have an ear capable of recognizing your defects and of appreciating and directing your improvement. Fortunately, a much larger number of individuals have this "speaking" degree of ear than have the power of recognizing harmony and appreciating the relations of sounds.

There is a good deal of misunderstanding as to the organs concerned in voice-making, and the way in which training can modify their action. To put it very crudely, our human voice-box is a parlor organ—that is, a reed organ. The power, or current of air, is furnished by the lungs. The tone is made by a couple of strings—or, more accurately, bands—of tendon, like living catgut, or elastic guitar-strings, which stretch across the narrowest part of the windpipe. This portion of the windpipe—the larynx—is our voice organ, or music-box. The tones that it produces—which are, of course, vibrations of rushing air—are echoed and reflected by certain hollow spaces above the voice-box—the throat, the mouth, and the nasal cavities.

All voice sounds are in the beginning continuous, like a scream, or a groan, or a howl; but as they come out of the mouth they are chopped into little sections by the



movements of the lips and tongue. These little sections we call words, or, more precisely, syllables. Thus the cry becomes articulate—literally, "chopped into little pieces," or "jointed together"—speech.

Words, then, are made by the mouth, the lips, and the tongue. Musical tones are made by the vocal bands, and colored by the "sounding-boxes" above them. The power is furnished by the lung-bellows. These three form the great trinity of speech and singing.

Roughly speaking, the pitch or tone of a musical sound is determined by the size, and by the tightening or relaxing, of the vocal bands as they stretch across the throat, side by side. The volume, or loudness, of the sound varies according to the force applied by the lung-bellows—the muscles of the chest. The peculiar musical—or more often unmusical—quality of the sound, technically known as the *timbre*, is due to the shape of the cavities in which the sound echoes and resounds—the resonance cavities, or "sounding-boxes" of the voice. It is a difference in *timbre* that distinguishes the human voice, for instance, from that of the dog or any of the animals, or the sound of the violin from that of the cornet.

#### THE RESONANCE CAVITIES

The resonance cavities of the violin are in its body; those of the cornet, in its bell; and those of the pipe-organ, in its great rows of pipes. In the human voice there is a combination of all three of these. The mouth acts like the bell of the cornet; the upper throat and the nasal passages like the body of the violin; the lower throat, between the base of the tongue and the larynx, like the pipe of a pipe-organ.

This you can readily illustrate in your own throat by simply putting your finger on your larynx and sounding a low bass note, when you will find that the larynx sinks downward toward your collar-bone. Now sound a high-pitched treble note, and you will find it correspondingly rising up toward your chin. The deeper tone requires a long and large vocal resonance-tube above it to throw it forth properly; while the higher tone is best reinforced by a short, narrow tube, or organ-pipe.

Of these three parts—the lung-bellows, the voice-strings, and the resonance-chambers—only one is really susceptible of much training.

The volume and vigor of the lungs can of

course be improved by exercises directed to developing and improving the entire body; but practically all healthy children have an abundance of lung-power for the development of anything below the grand opera voice. The normal human animal has, in the language of the day, "lung-power to burn." So that while proper methods of handling and controlling the breath are of considerable importance in singing, they need not be discussed here.

The middle element of the voice-machine can be almost as briefly dismissed. Next to the ear, it is the vocal cords that make the great singer, and the second best singer, and the third best singer—everything, in fact, above the glee-club grade. Powerful, flexible, sonorous cords are born, not made. If training can do anything to increase either the length of the cords, or their curious power of vibrating in segments, as the violin-string does when "stopped" by the finger of the master, or to alter the quality of the tones they produce, it is a thing as yet undiscovered by the most expert trainer's art.

In boys, at a certain age, these cords lengthen from a quarter to half an inch, and the voice-box, or Adam's apple, becomes more prominent in the throat. This is what causes the well-known "breaking" of the voice in growing boys; but is practically the only change that takes place in the vocal cords after childhood.

The vocal cords of a Sembrich or a Caruso are as different from those of the average throat as a trotter is from a cart-horse. They are different because they were so at birth. The power and finish of the tones they produce can be increased by training, as can the speed and endurance of the thoroughbred; but both qualities must be present before they can be trained.

#### THE SINGING TEACHER'S SPHERE

This leaves, then, the upper portions of the air passages—the mouth, throat, and nose—as the seat of training.

Each particular pitch, or tone, and each quality of tone, can best be reinforced, amplified, or sweetened—"supported," in technical language—by a particular shape and position of the throat and mouth. A very simple experiment will prove this. Simply pronounce—or, better still, chant—the five vowels, *a, e, i, o, u*; and you will find that your larynx rises or falls, and your lips project or retract themselves, until with



the *u* they are thrust forward, tube-fashion, without any thought or intervention on your part. Now begin to chant the vowels again, without allowing any change to take place in the position of your lips, tongue, or throat; and you will find that if you begin, for instance, with the *a* and endeavor to go through the scale, you are simply repeating different shades of *a* and not forming other vowels at all.

A similar result will be obtained if you begin at the other end of the scale, with the *u* sound. In other words, what we call the vowels are made by the positions of the mouth, tongue, and throat.

To put it roughly, our vocal sounding-box is shaped like the body of a violin, with elastic walls which can be altered in size and shape to correspond to the tone sounded. How to adjust the shape of our resonance cavities so as to strengthen, sweeten, and purify each particular tone used, is the art of voice-training; and the degree of possible improvement, as I have said, may be estimated at about ten per cent.

One of the most important single steps in the production of a clear, beautiful

voice is to consult your dentist, and to have your teeth straightened into a smooth, even arch. The next most important thing is to go to your physician, or a throat specialist recommended by him, and to have any growths, obstructions, or catarrhal conditions that may exist in your nostrils attended to.

The so-called nasal tone of the typical American or Yankee voice is the tone delivered chiefly through the mouth, with the nostrils blocked up. You can produce this nasal twang at will, simply by closing the nostrils with your thumb and finger.

Proper training to speak, and, so far as Heaven has endowed us with the power, to sing, is as desirable and necessary as learning to read, or learning to write, or any other part of our education. The training, however, should be directed to those parts of the vocal apparatus which alone are capable of modification. It should be suited to such powers as are present in each individual pupil; and neither time nor effort should be wasted in endeavoring to develop qualities of which not even the rudimentary possibilities are present.

#### A GAME OF CONSEQUENCES

Yes, sister, we've quarreled! How was it?

Oh, some chaff which he took in bad part;

But he teased me beyond all endurance,

Till my tongue got the best of my heart.

My retort *was* a trifle annoying;

I was piqued, and I didn't much care,

For of course he was thinking of Alice,

When he said he was fond of red hair.

It was banter, half jest and half earnest,

But a man never knows where to end;

And he carped at my going with Bertie,

Who is only an every-day friend.

Well, he got just as good as he gave me!

You can drive any woman too far;

I made him feel cheap and look foolish,

And—sister, you know what men are.

He's gone, and he'll never forgive me;

Too late now to reckon the cost!

One word just leads on to another,

Till the chasm is too wide to be crossed.

Oh, I kept a brave front till the finish!

Poor boy, how his feelings were wrung!

There's a lump in my throat; yes, I know, dear,

It's the heart getting back at the tongue!

Harry F. Bowling

# LIGHT VERSE

## TO THE BUCKWHEAT CAKE

I N a verse grand and sonorous  
I should like to sing the porous  
Beauties of the buckwheat cake;  
I should like to tell the story  
Of its onward march of glory,  
Free of flaw and fake.

I should like to sing its wonders  
In a style of rime that thunders  
With a fierce Miltonic roar,  
Yet with all the grace untirin'  
Of an Edgar Poe or Byron  
To some fair *Lenore*.

I should like to sing a rural  
Pastoral taradidooral,  
Full of glowing sentiment,  
Full of feeling equinoctian,  
To that glorious concoction  
Of such marvels blent.

I would sing the cryptic vision  
Of the gladsome vales Elysian  
Into which I softly glide  
When the buckwheat, sweetly dripping  
With the maple, goes a skipping  
Into my inside!

But, alas, I cannot sing it!  
I have tried, but I can't bring it  
Swelling grandly, piping strong;  
For I've eaten such a stack of  
Buckwheat cakes that I've a lack of  
Room within for song!

Carlyle Smith

## BALLADE OF AFTER THE SHOW

SCENES to enchant or affright,  
Throngs wheresoever we went;  
Jewels that dazzled the sight;  
Costumes that brilliancy lent,  
Garments bespattered and rent;  
Faces the picture of wo,  
Hearts that to gladness gave vent—  
Going home after the show!

Shop-windows wondrously bright,  
Colors confusedly blent;  
Motor-cars rushing in flight,  
Leaving a gasoline scent.  
Percy on Phyllis intent,  
Jane with a night off, and so  
Out for the fun with her "gent"—  
Going home after the show!

Everywhere riot of light,  
All sorts of noises unpent,  
Making a babel of night—  
Clamor that no one can stent.  
Loungers whose stares we resent,  
Dandies with faces aglow,  
Beggars with whine and lament—  
Going home after the show!

### ENVOY

Nellie on supping was bent,  
Then for a taxicab, oh!  
All of my money was spent,  
Going home after the show!

Nathan M. Levy

## THE NEW JEWELS

It is becoming the habit among our multimillionaires to present their wives and daughters with stocks and bonds, instead of with jewels.—*Daily Newspaper*.

"LADY, in your opera-box,  
What is that you wear,  
'Steard of diamonds in your locks  
Nestling in your hair?"  
"'Tis a simple coronet  
Fashioned with much toil  
From a plain certifiket  
Of United Oil."

"Lady, what is this I see  
Round your snowy throat,  
Where the rare pearls used to be  
In the days remote?"  
"Pearls are not now *de rigueur*—  
Strange you haven't heard!  
Necklaces to-day are pure  
Copper Trust preferred."

"Lady, trembling on your breast  
Once a ruby lay;  
What hath won that haven blest  
From the gem away?"  
"Rubies, sir, have passed along  
To the great beyond;  
Fashion substitutes a strong  
Gilt-edged railway bond."

"Lady fair, oh, lady fair,  
Tell me, I implore,  
Where are all the laces rare  
Of the days of yore?"  
"Laces? Lace is left to flirts;  
Gone are such falals!  
Nowadays we trim our skirts  
With industrials!"

"Lady, emeralds once gleamed  
From your lily hands.  
Now I see—or have I dreamed?—  
Printed paper bands."  
"Sir, the rings that now I wear  
Dim the emerald real;  
Each of these is one full share  
Of Great Western Steel."  
"Lady, will you marry me?  
Fill my days with glee?"  
"Well, just what security  
Can you offer me?"

*Wilberforce Jenkins*

A MAN OF TITLES

ALL day Jim Smith sells boots and shoes;  
Obsequious he bends,  
With double B's and threes and twos  
To serve man's lowest ends.  
But when his supper he consumes,  
And meets the appointed hour,  
In fair regalia James forth-blooms  
Like some exotic flower.

On Monday night High Potentate,  
On Tuesday, Sir Knight Peer;  
On Wednesday, Keeper of the Gate,  
On Thursday, Overseer;  
On Friday, Most High Worshipful  
And Grandest Seneschal;  
On Saturday, Omnipotent  
Imperial Lord of All.

On Sunday morn James hies to church,  
His waistcoat all aflame  
With symbols, emblems, pins, and charms  
Of each fraternal name;  
And as his pastor tells of heaven,  
Imagination paints  
For Jim a jeweled lodge-room fair,  
Full of regalia'd saints;

Where grips are more mysterious  
And pass-words complicate  
Than earthly minds can fashion forth,  
Or lips articulate.  
Ah, were it not for earthly ties,  
How soon would Jim ascend  
Where stated sessions ne'er break up,  
Conventions have no end!

*Walter D. Makepeace*

ARPEGGIO

I PLAYED a chord arpeggio  
Upon my lute—  
Three tones that blent in one; and lo,  
The strings were mute!  
A little phrase divine, superb,  
From world of dreams—  
Two pronouns coupled with a verb—  
The prince of themes!

Those words my lips refuse to frame,  
But one was "You";  
I wonder if your heart could name  
The other two!

*Clarence Urmy*

A TOCCATA OF GIUSEPPE'S

OH, Giuseppe Tomasino, it is saddening, I must  
say,  
This plink-plunk that you come grinding from  
your box across the way!  
No, of course, not the rendition, but the line of  
tunes you play.

Coon songs ancient—neolithic—with the "lady-  
laby" rime;  
Sousa's marches stopped mid-channel to collect  
the passing dime;  
"Yankee Doodle" and "Bedelia," "In the Good  
Old Summer Time."

Ah, the old "Star-Spangled Banner"! What a  
picture that can show—  
Tears and cheers and guns that glistened and a  
band bang-whanging slow,  
And the boys that hiked for Cuba—Lord, a dozen  
years ago!

Changed again! And I go backward to that eve-  
ning when we drowned  
All our sorrow, for the morrow was to see us  
homeward bound.  
"Listen to the Band!" We listened—while the  
band spun round and round!

Shift the stops for "Hiawatha"—what a merry  
one best bet!  
Silly, was it? I suppose so, but it conjures roses  
yet;  
"Hiawatha"—summer moonlight—Rose, and  
roses, and—regret!

From the classy to the classic all the things you  
like the most  
Soon or late come with Giuseppe and his box  
upon a post,  
And with every tune there rises some poor, pallid,  
shiftless ghost.

Oh, Giuseppe Tomasino, what a gloomy chap you  
are—  
Never sticking to the present, always trying hard  
to mar  
Some one's pleasure by recalling things no longer  
popular!

Dust and ashes—that's the burden that your  
records seem to hold;  
Days and girls and dreams that vanished. What's  
become of all the gold  
That lay hid behind the rainbow? I'm a fool—  
and getting old!

*Horatio Winslow*

# FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

## XXVII—THE STORY OF RICHARD WAGNER

BY LYNDON ORR

**I**F you study carefully Lenbach's famous painting of Richard Wagner in his old age, you will be able to read there the characteristics of a very remarkable man. Though he seems old, he has the vigor of an eagle. His eyes look out from his face with an inflexible sternness. The large nose and projecting chin tell us that his nature is one of dominance, and so does the lean face. The brow and head show infinite imagination. The lips, while stern, are full, and reveal the hidden fires that lie within this curiously complex nature—a nature that is imperious and at the same time luxurious.

Such was Richard Wagner—a South German by birth, but in appearance a North German, and almost Scottish in what we see of his innate power and self-control. One cannot absolutely tell the reason why, but in all Lenbach's portraits of him there is a sure impression of egoism, so that we may say of him, in Kipling's words:

"There is too much ego in his cosmos."

When Richard Wagner died, in 1883, he was almost seventy years old. In little more than two years his centenary will be celebrated throughout the world as that of

the creator of the music-drama. Because he lived so long, he was able to divide his life into two careers—the first, a career of indigence and want and wretched poverty; the second, a career of splendid achievement, of honors that a king might envy, and of universal fame.

Making little reference to the revolution which he wrought in modern music, let us see how far the traits that we have noticed in his face forced their way out in his life and intercourse with other men, and made him what he was, not only as a musician, but as a man.

In the career of every one there are remarkable coincidences. When the man is of no importance, these coincidences are passed lightly by and speedily forgotten. But when they occur in the life-story of some great statesman or warrior or artist, then they are noted by the chroniclers, and superstitious people treasure them up as if they had deep significance. So in the case of Wagner, on the very day that he was born—at Leipzig, May 22, 1813—Jean Paul Richter wrote the following words:

Heretofore, Apollo had always bestowed the poetic gift with his right hand, and the musical gift with his left, upon two persons so widely

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**EDITOR'S NOTE**—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychological problems which they illustrate. Previous articles have dealt with "The Empress Marie Louise and Count Neipperg" (January, 1909); "George Eliot and George Henry Lewes" (February); "Antony and Cleopatra" (March); "Byron and the Countess Guiccioli" (April); "Thackeray and Mrs. Brookfield" (May); "Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Bothwell" (June); "John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Taylor" (July); "Léon Gambetta and Léonie Léon" (August); "Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Godwin" (September); "Abélard and Héloïse" (October); "The Story of the Ruskins" (November); "Charles Reade and Laura Seymour" (December); "The Story of the Hugos" (January, 1910); "The Empress Catharine and Prince Potemkin" (February); "Dean Swift and the Two Esthers" (March); "Maurice of Saxony and Adrienne Lecouvreur" (April); "Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay" (May); "The Story of Franz Liszt" (June); "The Story of George Sand" (July); "The Story of Rachel" (August); "The Story of Aaron Burr" (September); "King Charles II and Nell Gwyn" (October); "Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen" (November); "Lola Montez and King Ludwig of Bavaria" (December); "The Story of Pauline Bonaparte" (January, 1911), and "Robert Burns and Jean Armour" (February).

separated that up to this hour we are still waiting for the man who will create a genuine opera by writing both its text and its music.

Standing by itself, this seems to have been

splendor and magnificence. Yet the coincidence is not really so striking as it appears. Not for the first time had the ideal of Jean Paul been dreamed of. As Glasen-



RICHARD WAGNER, CREATOR OF THE MODERN MUSIC-DRAMA

*From a photographure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the portrait by Franz von Lenbach*

a remarkable coincidence, because Jean Paul's lines were written not merely on Wagner's birthday, but in the town of Bayreuth, where, at the end of sixty-three years, the true music-drama was evolved in all its

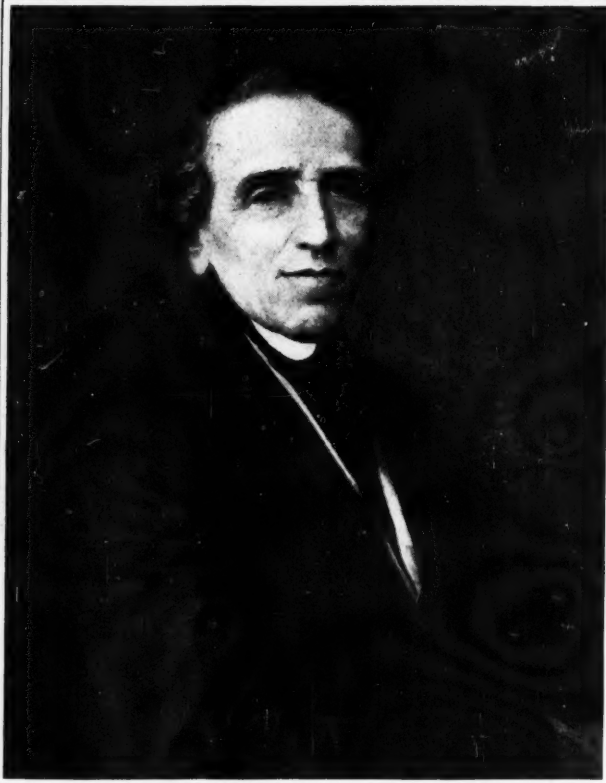
app informs us, almost all the great German poets had expressed similar longings. Lessing had done so thirty-two years before, and so had Herder and Wieland.

The last-named poet had said that if



there were an old-time Athens in Europe, and that if in this Athens there should appear a modern Pericles, he would do for the opera what the Pericles of old did for tragedy. Here also is another coincidence; for just as Sophocles and Euripides had made their genius evident through the mu-

composers. It was "tuny" to the last degree. It contained luscious melodies for the tenors, and enabled the prima donnas to indulge in the most florid style of vocal music with all the trills and runs and grace-notes, which delighted them and their uninstructed audiences. It was then popularly



GIACOMO MEYERBEER, THE FAMOUS COMPOSER, WHO BEFRIENDED WAGNER DURING HIS FIRST SOJOURN IN PARIS, AND WHOM WAGNER AFTERWARD ATTACKED AND RIDICULED

*From a photographure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the portrait by Gustav Richter*

nificence of Pericles, so Richard Wagner, after an almost hopeless struggle, won recognition from the whole world because King Ludwig II of Bavaria possessed the artistic ambition and the power to create an opportunity for this man of genius.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century, and even later, opera was, in the main, a means of showing off the crude musical devices of half-taught or careless

called "Italian" opera, because so many compositions were poured forth with easy fluency by Italian musicians.

An opera was meant for the singers only. It was distinctively a *singspiel*. The libretto counted for almost nothing; the orchestra was composed of musicians picked up at random. The scenery was as crude, and often as ill-adapted to the requirements of the story, as in the humblest theaters.

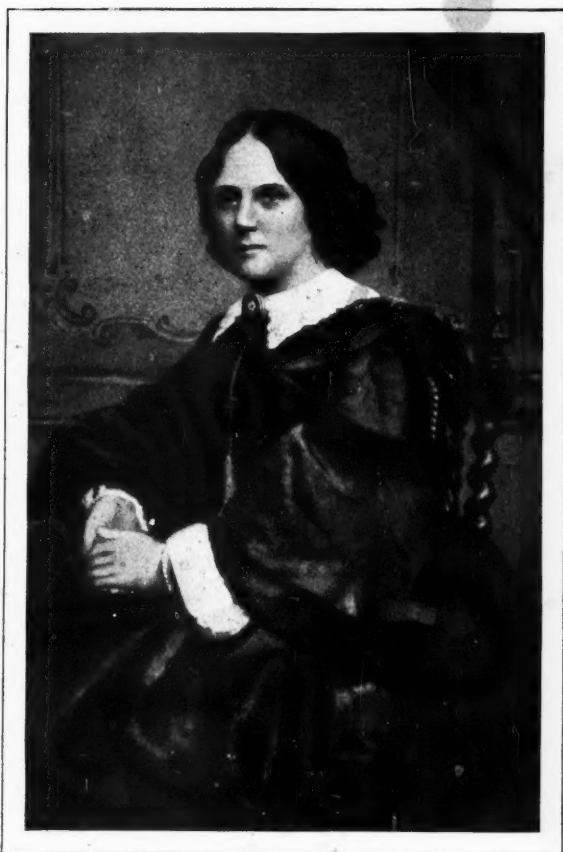
Herder prophesied that there would some day arise a composer who would "annihilate the old operatic kling-klang." This was about a dozen years before the birth of Richard Wagner.

#### AN AMBITIOUS BOYHOOD

It seemed most unlikely that the young boy who was the ninth child of a petty police official would ever be the one to fulfil the aspiration of these poets. His father died ere long, and the widow, two years later, married one Ludwig Geyer. From his own father, who had been fond of poetry and the theater, and from the environment of his stepfather's household, the young Wagner inherited and absorbed a love of music and of dramatic poetry, which led him to direct his mind toward musical composition and the stage. For Geyer combined three arts, in that he was not only an actor, but also a playwright and a portrait-painter.

At the Kreuzschule in Dresden—to which city the family had moved from Leipzig—Wagner was regarded as a rather backward youth, and yet he wrote some verses on the death of a schoolmate, which were printed and attracted attention. Though he did not make his mark as a student, he certainly was not idle. Some say that from the beginning he showed that love of the colossal which was afterward so characteristic of him; for at fourteen he endeavored to imitate Shakespeare, and began a tragedy which should blend both "Lear" and "Hamlet." He had at least one attribute which he shared with Shakespeare, and this was his fondness for killing off his characters; but, unlike Shakespeare, he was not frugal enough to postpone their deaths until the final act. On the contrary, so many were disposed of in the first four acts that they were obliged to come on again in different costumes in the act which ended the ambitious drama.

One can hardly draw any inferences from this particular attempt; for how many



MINNA PLANER, THE FIRST WIFE OF RICHARD WAGNER

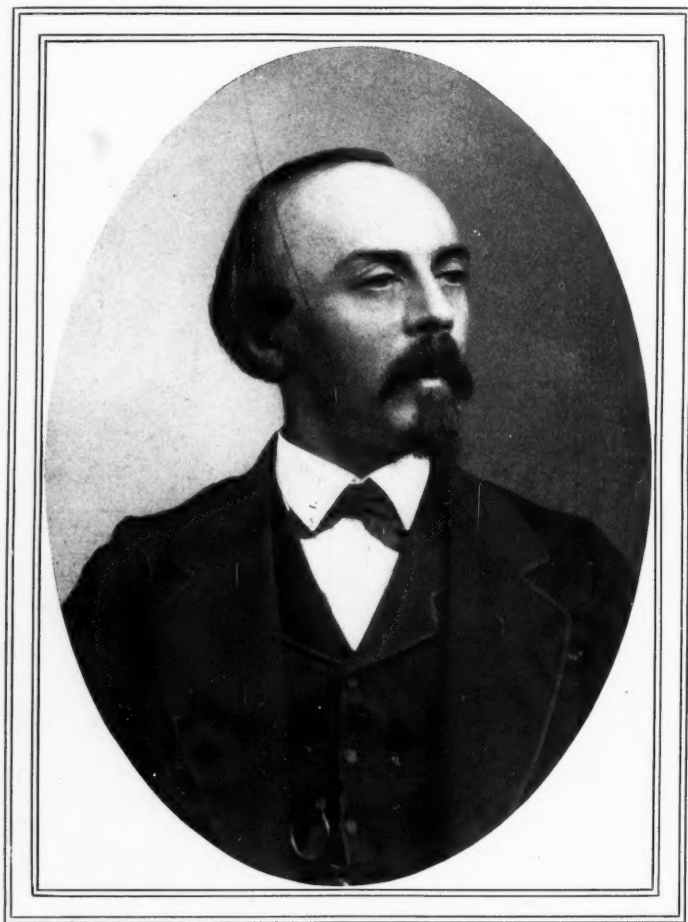
schoolboys and college youths are there who begin their attempts at writing with models running all the way from Dante and Spenser down to Byron and Tennyson and Swinburne?

What is much more significant is the deep impression made on young Wagner by Weber's compositions, so that at once he began to set his own tragedy to music. Beethoven's symphonies also moved him greatly. From the moment when he first heard them, Wagner, with all the intensity of his nature, resolved to become a musician. Yet even then music was not, to him, a thing apart from poetry, or from the beauty of scenic illusions and the mimetic effects of the histrionic art.

In trying to write music for his tragedy, he endeavored to teach himself. Giving this up in despair, he studied under Gottlieb Müller, who was too much of a pedant,

too hampered by tradition, for such a pupil as young Wagner with his stormy temper and his perpetual self-assertion. This last was plainly shown when his master allowed him to write an overture to be played be-

ness of old Müller. But the audience failed to understand it in that light. After being puzzled for a while, they took it as a comic piece, and burst into roars of laughter.



HANS GUIDO VON BÜLOW, PIANIST AND CONDUCTOR, THE FIRST HUSBAND  
OF COSIMA LISZT, WAGNER'S SECOND WIFE

*From a photograph by Warren, Boston*

tween the acts at a theater where his eldest sister had a part. Wagner wrote the score in three different inks—the score for the strings being in red, while that for the reeds was green, and that for the brasses was black. At the end of every four bars, the musician who had the drum was required to give it a loud thump. This was pure eccentricity on Wagner's part—a sort of revolt from the tameness and commonplace-

Soon after (1830), Wagner matriculated as a student in the University of Leipzig; but he did not give up the study of music, though he changed his master. At about this time, he wrote several musical compositions, which had, however, nothing of their author's later manner. In fact, they might have been written by any one. One symphony was performed in 1833, and Wagner subsequently gave it to Meyer-

beer, hoping that he would let it have another performance; but nothing more was heard of it. Even at Meyerbeer's death, this manuscript could not be found; but forty-one years after its composition, the score was discovered in an old trunk which Wagner had left in Dresden in 1849. On the Christmas Eve of 1882, only a few weeks before his death, he conducted this, his first ambitious work, before a group of friends at his house in Venice—the Palazzo Vendramin.

Not all of those who are interested in the development of Wagner's genius are aware that he wrote more than this one symphony; but in 1886, one of his intimate friends discovered the sketch of a second, written in 1834. It is not complete, and it is not what we now should call Wagnerian, but its phrasing is remarkable for a music student of eighteen years. If it is reminiscent, its reminiscences take us back to the great masters who first inspired Wagner—Weber and Beethoven.

In 1833, having definitely made up his mind to become a professional musician, he accepted the first musical position which came to him, which was that of chorus-master at Würzburg, where his brother, Albert Wagner, was an actor and singer. He composed rapidly—two operas, two overtures, besides writing a libretto sketch, which he sent to Scribe in Paris. Scribe, being then at the height of his career, and receiving manuscripts every day from every quarter of Europe, took no notice of this composition of an unknown German; and for that matter Wagner's own countrymen were no more kind to him.

He was, indeed, in a sad way, both artistically and financially. His creative genius de-

veloped slowly, and he went through even a period of retrogression, half turning his back upon the nobler ideals of Beethoven, which were not "popular," and trying his hand for a time at the blithesome, trivial operettas which, at any rate, would sell. Indeed, one of his first operas, "Die Feen" ("The Fairies"), might have had success, depending largely upon gorgeous stage settings which would have been given it by the manager. But here Wagner's stern self-opinion caused him to refrain, and the opera was never produced until 1888, five years after its author's death. Because of



WAGNER AND HIS SECOND WIFE, COSIMA (LISZT) VON BÜLOW  
*Drawn by M. Stein after a photograph taken about the time of their marriage in 1870*

its historic interest as being one of the first of Wagner's operas, "Die Feen" is even now played occasionally at Munich, when many of the Wagner pilgrims pass through the Bavarian capital on their way to or

music-director in the city of Magdeburg. There the light style of opera was still very popular, and Wagner's mind and ear were filled with the tunes and melodies which flowed so easily from the pens of composers



MATHILDE WESENDONCK, WIFE OF OTTO WESENDONCK, A WELL-TO-DO MERCHANT, WHOM SHE INDUCED TO CONTRIBUTE GENEROUSLY TO WAGNER'S SUPPORT

*From the portrait by C. Dörner*

from Bayreuth. Its music is bombastic and noted for exaggerated expression, showing little or nothing of the exquisite orchestral coloring of his later works.

Still under the spell of the Italian opera, or *singspiel*, he accepted an appointment as

almost all of whom are now forgotten. He himself has written:

The rehearsing and conducting of these light-jointed, fashionable operas, the cleverness and brilliancy of their orchestral effects, often gave me a childish sort of pleasure when I could let



such things loose, right and left, from my conductor's desk.

This was, of course, demoralizing to a man of Wagner's genius; and he might have become simply an ordinary composer of frivolous operettas had it not been for an incident which then seemed a grievous misfortune, but which was in the end to prove a parting of the ways. It was, indeed, to lead this remarkable man on through a long career of neglect, contempt, ridicule, and even destitution, up to the gleaming heights where he was almost worshiped by music-lovers and styled, as for instance by Göring, "the Messiah of Bayreuth" (*der Messias von Bayreuth*).

Wagner had for two years been director at the local opera-house, and, therefore, he

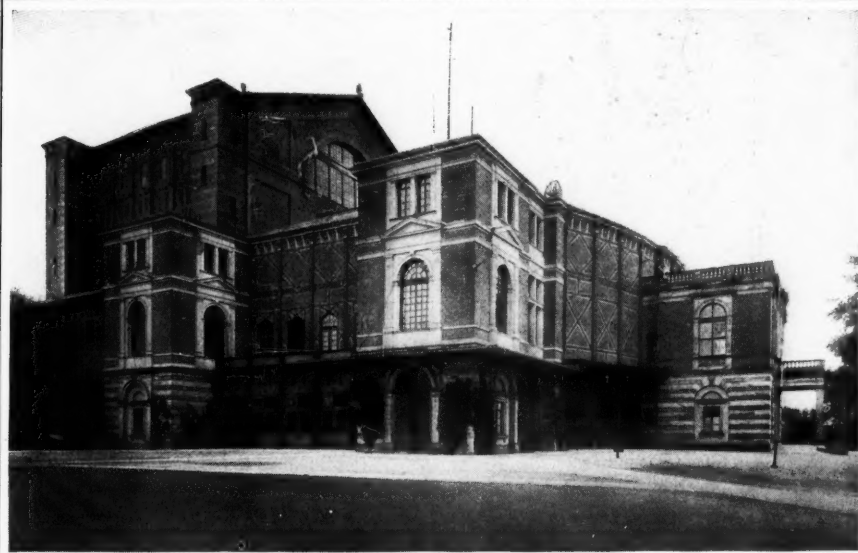


SIEGFRIED WAGNER, THE SON OF RICHARD AND COSIMA WAGNER

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London*

was entitled to have one benefit performance from which all the receipts should go to him. Thus far he had produced the operas of other men. Now came an opportunity for him to bring out a work of his own. He had written it with much care, though it was frivolous and in parts entirely comic. Its title was "The Novice of Palermo." The libretto had to do with a stern and puritanical governor placed in charge of the Sicilian city of Palermo, and there endeavoring to reform the easy-going morals of the populace—a task in which he quite naturally fails.

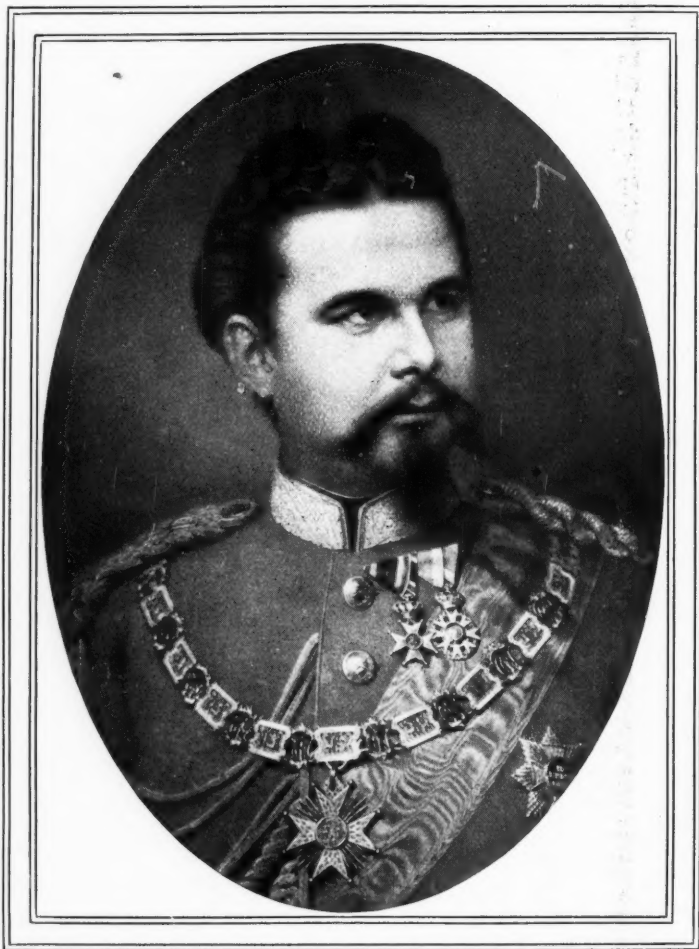
This seemed to be Wagner's first chance for making a name. It involved some outlay for new scenery and costumes, which he could ill afford. It was also near the



THE WAGNER THEATER AT BAYREUTH, BUILT BY KING LUDWIG II FOR THE PRODUCTION OF HIS FRIEND'S MUSIC-DRAMAS

end of the season, and, unluckily, many of the singers, whose pay was in arrears, sent in their resignations, and recalled them only because they were personally fond of Wagner. As it was, however, there was delay, and there was much friction in the company; and finally there remained only ten

dition commenced, however, than he found, to his utter dismay, that his singers had not mastered the piece at all, and that, do what he would, he could not make it clear to them. The performance was an utterly jumbled and chaotic thing which dazed the audience, especially since there was no



LUDWIG II OF BAVARIA, THE YOUNG KING WHO FINALLY RESCUED WAGNER FROM HIS FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES, AND WHO BECAME THE GREAT COMPOSER'S CLOSE PERSONAL FRIEND

days in which to rehearse the opera, which, like everything that Wagner wrote, contained many difficult parts.

He knew that the opera had not been fully studied by the company; but he hoped that he himself, at the conductor's desk, could aid the singers by gesture, and even by his own voice. No sooner had the ren-

printed libretto. At a second performance which was granted him, just before the rising of the curtain, Wagner saw that the entire audience consisted of his housekeeper, her husband, and a Polish Jew!

Never again did the curtain rise upon this ill-fated opera. In 1861 Wagner dedicated the score to Ludwig II of Bavaria,

who kept it as a musical curiosity. It was rightly thought, however, that any representation of it in later years would injure the great composer's fame.

#### WAGNER'S FIRST MARRIAGE

For some time Wagner had been interested in an actress at the theater in Magdeburg. She was a young girl, pretty and modest, and very attractive. She did not at first return his attentions, and she was very prudent in declining them, for he was deeply in debt, with no permanent position, and by no means physically strong. But he was persistent, and he had just received an offer to take charge of the opera at Königsberg. So, at last, with his ardent temperament, he overcame the resistance of Minna Planer, and the two were married toward the end of 1836.

To me, the story of this girl, and of the twenty-five years of married life which she had with Richard Wagner, is in its way as interesting as the story of Wagner's public career. It is the sort of story which is repeated of many a genius, or rather concerning the wife of many a genius. It leads us to ask how far we ought to condone neglect, exaction, and infidelity in one who has unusual gifts.

Let us first see what sort of girl this Minna Planer was, and then sketch briefly the life she led with Wagner. The story might well be fitted into Daudet's "*Vie d'Artiste*." According to Richard Pohl, who knew her well, Minna was a faithful, self-sacrificing wife, who shared with the utmost devotion all her husband's cares and privations—and, in Paris, even the bitterest poverty. An artist named Pecht, who met them at this time, speaks very warmly of her, saying that every one liked this dainty and charming Frau Wagner, who showed none of the affectations of an actress.

Minna was nearly four years older than her husband, although in their marriage certificate her age is given as one year less than his. She brought him no dowry—a serious defect from the German point of view; but, on the other hand, Wagner could have expected none, since she was the third daughter of a poor mechanic. Moreover, it is to be remembered that Wagner was pursued by his debts. Soon afterward, when the pair moved to the Russian town of Riga, he was glad to have her return to the stage, where she earned more money than he did as an opera-director. In fact,

Minna Planer was not a fool, for she showed a great deal of dramatic skill.

She was wholly at the disposal of the husband whom she loved. She would go upon the stage and act if he desired it; or she would perform the most menial drudgery, if that would help him. She was always at his beck, to wait on him and do his bidding, and to try to soothe him when the bitterness of failure gripped him very hard.

How have Wagner's biographers requited her who aided him so greatly to become a king in the world of music? Even those who have spoken of Minna most favorably have done so in a condescending way that is most unworthy of them. Thus Pohl, whom I have already quoted, ends with these words:

She was a prosaic, domestic woman who never understood her husband, and who might have been an impediment to his far-reaching ideas, his high-flying plans, if Richard Wagner could have been impeded in his course by anything.

So again Wagner's intimate friend, Wilhelm Tappert, remarks:

She did not understand his genius.

Pecht, who has been mentioned above, loftily adds to his meager praise:

She was most exemplary in her conduct; yet, after all, hers was a sober, unimaginative soul, entirely devoted to her husband, following him humbly wherever he went, but without any conception of his greatness. With all her love and devotion, she presented a direct contrast to him, with her mind set on the strict and formal commonplace relations of society.

To read these condescending sentences, and to remember all that Wagner owed to this woman who "never understood him," almost makes one's blood boil. They represent that gross and brazen egotism which blooms so rankly in the Bohemia of art.

#### YEARS OF DEBT AND DISCOURAGEMENT

The very first year of their marriage was full of cares and sufferings; but so far as these cares were domestic, Wagner's brave little wife relieved him of them almost wholly. It was she who pinched herself that he might be comfortable at home; it was she who managed with microscopic care to make one florin go as far as ten. Wagner himself was naturally luxurious. We shall see how, in after years, this trait became fantastic. But even now, in 1837, he

was lavish, and left Minna to see that the gaps were filled.

What troubled him most, however, was his boundless ambition. Of course he had a right to be ambitious, and he subsequently justified himself; but how was any one to know at this time that Wagner was a genius? Fretful, peevish, reckless, and persistent, he wanted to become a great composer. He ignored the fact that there had been many other great composers who were compelled to wait for death to make the world acknowledge them. He seemed to expect that it was necessary for him merely to send a libretto or a score to some well-known musical authority, in order to have his work accepted instantly and to find himself in the midst of a blaze of glory. For instance, he had read that forty performances of Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" had yielded three hundred thousand francs. He therefore sends a libretto to Meyerbeer's collaborator, Scribe, and is astounded to find that no notice is taken of it.

He seems to have already begun to blame his wife for his ill success in music. Later, he speaks of this period in the following words:

I was in love, married in a fit of absolute recklessness, tortured myself and others under the disagreeable influence of a home without the means to keep it up, and thus sank into the misery which ruins thousands upon thousands.

That he should set down his unhappiness to the fact that he "married in a fit of absolute recklessness" makes one feel that Wagner, the man, was in reality almost a cur. It was not for him to blame the gentle, winsome girl, who had given up for his sake a very fair subsistence, at least, in order that she might become the patient drudge of a husband who had as yet won no fame, who could not support himself, who was glad to supplement his income by her earnings, and who then whined out:

The year that I spent in Königsberg was wholly lost to art.

Soon after going to Riga, he there fell even more deeply into debt. In fact, his circumstances were so deplorable that he decided to leave for Paris; yet this seemed to be impossible, because his creditors forbade his crossing the boundary into Germany. By sending his wife across the frontier in disguise, and by borrowing some

money for expenses, he sneaked into Germany and made his way to the seaport of Pillau. Thence, with his wife and a dog, he made a long and stormy voyage on a little sailing vessel, encountering storm and stress until they arrived in England, and took passage to Boulogne.

Wagnerians have described this flight as a "romantic episode." One fails to find anything particularly romantic in a hasty flight from creditors and a heavy borrowing from his friends; but Wagner claimed that amid the seas and storms he gained the inspiration for his "Flying Dutchman."

#### WAGNER IN PARIS (1839—1842)

In France, he had an opportunity to show how reckless he was in regard to money. Instead of going straight to Paris, he lingered at Boulogne for four whole weeks, and almost exhausted his borrowed funds. Proceeding then to Paris, he made himself known to Meyerbeer, who received him with great courtesy, gave him valuable letters of introduction, and, what was more immediately important, put him in touch with a leading music publisher. From this man Wagner received some small commissions to edit, rewrite, or adapt the scores which were about to appear.

In many other ways Meyerbeer treated him with great consideration. One would imagine that some gratitude might have appeared in Wagner's estimate of the elder composer; but instead, in after years, Wagner called him a "miserable music-maker," and a "Jewish banker to whom it occurred to compose operas." Such was Richard Wagner as one sees him in many phases. His are all the merit and the glory. Others are to be commended in proportion to the help they gave him, and the flattery they bestowed.

One advantage that Wagner owed to Paris was the very definite and determined way in which he came to conceive the music-drama that was destined, in his view, to take the place of the old-time opera. What was the music-drama as he began gradually to think of it?

To him it represented an ideal marriage, the union, as it were, of a man with a woman according to the natural function of each. The libretto must not be a hackneyed, cheap, ill-constructed piece of prose, or even uninspired poetry. In this ideal union, it is the most important, the dominant feature of the whole music-drama, and



so it represents the man. The music is the woman, whose duty it is to set off the vigor and virility of manhood by adapting herself wholly to his ways and needs.

As to the actors, they must not be mere dummies, placed before the audience to sing without intelligence, and without the art required on the theatric stage. They must thoroughly understand the text that they are singing, and its relation to the music. Moreover, the skill of the scene-painter and the artist must be taxed to the very limit to obtain the necessary illusions. Only when these requirements are all attained, and intelligently molded into one majestic, splendid whole, can the music-drama be rightly seen and heard.

It was not so very long before Wagner himself discovered that an ordinary theater would not be capable of producing the effects of which he dreamed. Many and many a time were even "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" examined carefully by scenic artists, singers, and musical directors, in their anxiety to determine whether these great works could be put upon the stage at all; nor was it until many years afterward, at Bayreuth, in a theater constructed under Wagner's own direction, that a music-drama, in the full Wagnerian sense, was given in all its magnificence, both choral and histrionic.

#### "RIENZI" PRODUCED IN DRESDEN

In Paris, meanwhile, thirty months were spent in working as a music-publisher's hack, and also in making acquaintances that were valuable. It is not my purpose in this place to discuss the fortunes of Wagner as a musician—whole volumes are necessary for that; but it may be said quite briefly that he was called from Paris to Dresden, where the Royal Opera had accepted his first work that was successful. This was "Rienzi." Two of the best singers in Germany assumed the chief parts, the orchestra was excellent, and the audience remained until the end of the performance. It must be remembered that in Germany the curtain rises at six o'clock in the evening. It did not fall at the end of the fifth act of "Rienzi" until midnight.

A representation lasting six hours was something quite unheard of, and even Wagner himself was horrified, and consented to have his opera cut. It was not, however, written in the true Wagnerian style, but after the manner of Meyerbeer.

With Wagner, continuous melody or declamation takes the part of the detached "numbers." In the older opera, the recitatives, airs, and choruses were complete in themselves, so that they could be removed or augmented without marring the effect of the whole. In "Tannhäuser," however, in "Lohengrin," and in every genuine music-drama, the melody moves on without a close until the termination of each act. Thus, when we find a bit of "Lohengrin," for example, published apart from the text of the entire opera, we know that it has probably been altered both at the beginning and at the end, in order that it may have unity and not seem a fragment. The *leit motif*, or leading motive, is also another distinctive feature of the music-drama, but as to this the intelligent reader is no doubt already informed.

We must remember that Wagner finally composed his own librettos, taking his subjects from the ancient Norse and German legends, and thereby attaining a singular unity, in that the author of the poetry, of the music, and of the whole work was one and the same great master.

The favorable reception of "Rienzi" did not bring its composer immediate success, and a very small sum was paid for it. Oddly enough, for many reasons, he made enemies on every hand. In the first place, operatic conductors, who were themselves composers, tried to keep his productions from the stage. In the next place, his music-dramas required so much from singers, while the Italian operas required so little, as to make them prefer the old-fashioned music to the new.

Then, again, even serious students of music were very doubtful as to the merits of these new compositions, which, indeed, required time to understand, and a deep love of music to appreciate. Those who had been brought up to love Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn, not to mention Donizetti and Rossini and Gluck, found it hard to acquire a taste for a kind of music so different from that of the authors whom they knew. One German critic—Bischoff, of Cologne—expressed this feeling in a phrase which has become historic, when he referred to Wagner's works, half in scorn, as "the music of the future."

Finally, Wagner had been so unwise as to attack the Jews, both as musicians and in every phase of life. It can be readily conceived that this brought down upon his



head a shower of abuse. He was criticized in the newspapers, lampoons were pasted up in the streets, every sort of scandalous story was circulated, and his music was ridiculed almost everywhere.

There is a story told of one Jewish music-lover who was distracted between his admiration for the German master as a composer and his hatred for him as a Jew-baiter. He compromised by having an effigy of Wagner suspended in his drawing-room with a rope around its neck and a crown of laurel about its forehead.

At one time, in many other German drawing-rooms, notices were posted up requesting that no one should introduce the subject of Richard Wagner—an incident which had its parallel in France during the Dreyfus agitation. Hence it is not surprising that, while Wagner was held in great repute among scientific musicians, he was by no means popular with opera-goers, and it was not profitable for the director of an opera-house to bring his music-dramas too often upon the stage. Even when the victorious German army returned to Berlin after its conquest of France, in 1871, and Wagner offered to write a splendid song of triumph to be sung by soldiers picked from the different regiments, he was promptly snubbed.

This is why his music-dramas made their way slowly through Europe, and still more slowly through foreign countries. Consider for a moment what enormous sums are now paid to the singers who represent his works, and recall the fact that Berlin, in 1852, would not think of giving him seven hundred and fifty dollars for "Tannhäuser"; Leipzig thought one hundred and forty dollars an exorbitant price; Breslau paid eighty dollars; Würzburg could not go beyond thirty-seven dollars, while smaller cities averaged about twenty-five dollars for an opera. These terms were made only after much haggling and humiliating effort.

It is interesting to note the progress which his music-dramas made in foreign countries. According to Mr. H. T. Finck, Russia first heard "Lohengrin" in 1867; Brussels in 1870. London listened to "The Flying Dutchman" in 1870, while "Lohengrin" did not reach England until 1875. Italy, however, had a production of "Lohengrin" at Bologna as early as 1869, and Wagner was made an honorary citizen of the town.

The United States deserves much credit; because, even in the fifties, Wagner numbers were run on concert programs in this country, while "Tannhäuser" was given in full on the operatic stage as early as 1859. Much credit for this American appreciation is due to Theodore Thomas. It was he who asked Wagner to compose the "Centennial March" for the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, in 1876. Wagner did not take kindly to the idea, but accepted the offer, and produced the march. When it was played under the direction of Mr. Thomas, with an orchestra of one hundred and fifty men, it was received with great applause. When Wagner was informed of this by cablegram he smiled, and said:

"Do you know what is the best thing about that march? The money that I got for it."

It is, in fact, lacking in inspiration and imagination, though its orchestration, and the massive effects produced in it, are fully worthy of its author.

#### WAGNER'S FRIENDSHIP WITH LISZT

Wagner's first success came to him when he won the enduring friendship of Franz Liszt, who brought out "The Flying Dutchman" in 1843. It was only a moderate success, however, and seemed like a warning against any further pursuit of "the music of the future." But the cordial appreciation which he received from Liszt and Spohr served to hold him fast to his convictions. As some one has said, "Tannhäuser" was his answer to the public that had failed to appreciate "The Flying Dutchman."

Consider the condition of Wagner in 1850. He had won a great success with his "Rienzi," written in the Italian style and very much after the fashion of Spontini. He had failed miserably in "The Novice of Palermo," and had won no laurels from his "Flying Dutchman." "Tannhäuser" had merely puzzled the public, and had been produced but twice in five years. "Lohengrin" had come from his brain in 1848, but the Dresden Opera was afraid to produce it. Finally, a venture in publishing his scores had resulted in complete failure, and had plunged him into innumerable debts.

Everything was as black about him and his future as could well be, though all this time he knew that if he recanted, and

returned to the music of the past, he could write operas that would bring him fame and fortune. Here we see the sternness and self-control of this remarkable man. Though the public jeered at him, though his fellow composers ignored him, though he was plunged in a quagmire of material misfortunes, still he had the courage to go on.

It is here that we find the beginning of the famous friendship with Liszt, in which that brilliant artist played a rôle of extreme self-sacrifice. Recognizing that his genius was inferior to the genius of Wagner, the great Hungarian pianist set himself to keep the struggling composer from sinking into unutterable depths. Liszt himself could shake myriads of gold pieces from the tips of his fingers when he was disposed to conduct in concerts; but he had given up his concerts to be a composer, and his compositions brought him only a bare subsistence. He was graceful, fascinating, beloved by many; in fact, he seemed a prince from fairyland when Wagner came to know him—Wagner, that misanthrope, that Ajax defying the lightnings of his age, debt-ridden, dour, dyspeptic.

It is strange enough, the external contrast between these two. Liszt suggested a flash of sunlight. Wagner gave one a glimpse of the very pit. Nevertheless, there was an intimate fellowship between them. For a time, it was Liszt who seemed to give all and to receive nothing. The friendship of the two was made another source of criticism against Wagner. He was said to be a mere sponge. He was called unmanly and little better than a beggar in accepting, as he did, loans and gifts from Liszt and from friends of Liszt.

Mr. Finck has taken the trouble to catalogue the insulting epithets which the newspapers heaped on Wagner, then and afterward; but as a matter of fact, this friendship between the brilliant Hungarian and the dogged German was in truth a very noble one. Wagner was sure of the ultimate triumph of his music-drama. He knew well that time alone was needed to make its splendid qualities accepted everywhere. Therefore, with no mock modesty or coyness, he took from his fellow artist whatever could be spared in the way of influence or money, knowing that in the end he could pay it back a thousandfold.

The keynote to their intimacy was struck immediately after Liszt produced "The

Flying Dutchman," at Weimar, in 1848. Wagner wrote to him:

I once more have the courage to suffer.

To this Liszt replied:

So much do I owe to your bold and lofty genius, to the fiery and magnificent pages of your "Tannhäuser," that I feel quite awkward in accepting the gratitude you are good enough to express.

This means that Liszt, with all his own genius and prestige, was so deeply convinced of Wagner's greatness that he deemed it an honor to serve the younger man with purse and praise. Here, then, we have a great historic friendship in the field of art, corresponding with that of Orestes and Pylades, or that of Damon and Pythias, in the realm of myth.

Less to be commended and, in fact, absolutely to be condemned, were the relations which Wagner established with various women, who, like so many of their sex, are fond of running after people who are notorious, even though the notoriety be that of failure. In a way we may see here the influence of Liszt, who himself was overwhelmed by feminine attentions, but it was perhaps still more the eternal egoism of the artist.

#### WAGNER'S DIFFERENCES WITH MINNA

Wagner's wife, Minna, had begun, so to speak, to get upon his nerves. She may be pardoned if she was skeptical about his ultimate success, and how could she be otherwise? She was not a musician, and she very naturally felt hope die out when failure after failure kept her husband poor, and at the same time despised and even hated. She loved him as dearly as ever. She was true and loyal to her finger-tips. She would work herself to the bone to spare him a single pang or to give him one added comfort. And yet it is not surprising that she once said in Paris to a friend of his:

"Tell me, do you think that Richard really is a genius?"

Such a question, from one so near him, could only be absolutely maddening to his fiery genius. This is what he meant when he said that his wife loved him loyally, but not with *faith*; and this is why he turned to women who would have been incapable of a long and sincere attachment, and yet who could give him passionate moments when he felt himself to be

really understood. I think that it is Mr. Henry James who has said that *la femme incomprise* may for a time be interesting, but that *l'homme incompris* is ridiculous from the start.

At any rate, Wagner's continual whining about his need of some one to understand him was both undignified and unworthy of his higher nature. How different was the case of Sir Walter Scott and the woman (Miss Charpentier) whom he married! She never read a line of what he wrote, and she never understood why any other person should care to do so; but she was a thoroughly good woman and a loyal wife, and Scott's nature was sufficiently noble not to expect of her an appreciation which she could not give. But in dealing with German musicians and music-lovers we are in the land of sentiment, too often of that mock sentiment which becomes sloppy sentimentality.

#### WAGNER AND MATHILDE WESENDONCK

What makes one feel a sort of creeping of the skin, however, is not the fact that Wagner often sent his wife away, so that he might surround himself with women who understood him, but the far more dishonorable fact that he took money from some of these, especially from a certain Frau Julie Ritter, who gave him small sums regularly from the end of 1851 to the end of 1856.

Another "heart friend"—the most serious of all, and the most beautiful—was Mathilde Wesendonck, the wife of Herr Otto Wesendonck. Herr Otto admired Wagner as a musician and as a man. Mathilde, young and emotional, loved him as a woman loves.

It was a critical point in Wagner's career. His debts had overwhelmed him. He could not live—much less compose—unless some one took pity upon him and helped him out of the abyss. It was the sturdy, opulent Otto Wesendonck who did so, at his wife's desire and persuasion; and here we find Wagner saved by the hand of one whom he afterward betrayed. The letters which passed between Mathilde and Wagner may be compatible with her innocence, even when he cries out:

But we—far and near, we are united, mated, one!

Yet the accounts of Minna's accusations made face to face against Mathilde, and the agony of the dishonored husband, who

had helped Wagner with open hand—here is evidence which it is difficult to deny.

But time passed. Wagner finally reached *terra firma*, and "Tristan and Isolde" was the glorious result of all this anguish. Mathilde faded into the background. There were many others in that background, and Wagner himself remarked, with a smug complacency, that "in matters of the heart, he had met no failures."

Here, however, is only another instance of excessive egoism. He took everything that came to him, nor are we to suppose that most of these temporary affinities were very serious. The ladies in question sat about the master, singly or in groups, and listened to him talk about himself and about his art. There are records, indeed, of his receiving gifts of money from women who never saw him, as, for example, a certain Mme. Laussot, who was an English girl by birth—a Miss Taylor—but who cared for Wagner only as the author of the works which she had studied.

The fact is that Wagner, wholly sure of his own greatness, accepted the praise of his friends, the flattery and even the money of his women admirers, the toil and suffering of his wife—everything, in fact, that could be useful to him or that he happened to need. One thinks of him, in this aspect, as being somewhat like the dragon in "Siegfried," with a capacious maw, eager to gulp down all that came within the sweep of his omnivorousness.

#### A NERVOUS AND SICKLY GENIUS

Something must be said of his unfortunate physical condition, which, no doubt, made him less sensitive to the ills of others. Liszt once told him that his bodily complaints were the source of nine-tenths of his pessimism. Though he lived to his seventieth year, and accomplished prodigies of work, his health was never good. As a child, he had an attack of typhoid fever which left him permanently weak. As a schoolboy, he developed erysipelas, which in time thinned his hair and obliterated his eyebrows. Even in later years this disease recurred so that, for example, it broke out twelve times in the winter of 1855-6. Praeger says that "every change in the weather was a trouble to him," while he also suffered from dyspepsia, insomnia, and weakness of the heart.

Actual lack of food during certain periods of his career was partly to blame for

his dyspepsia. His voracious manner of eating—like a wild animal, in fact, bolting his meals—was doubtless still more responsible. His letters are full of complaints about his health. As to writing, he dreads it, and says that after the task of composition—

A sharp knife often cuts into my cerebral nerves.

He often thought of suicide—most of all, perhaps, in Switzerland, when the warm wind known as the *föhn* blew, setting his nerves on edge, as would also the *mistral* in the southeast of France. He tried what he regarded as English cooking—meat roasted on a spit, which his wife was obliged to prepare for him; but he presently gave it up. He consumed enormous quantities of snuff, and when his physician compelled him to abandon it, he was seriously vexed, saying with a groan on one occasion:

"No more snuff, no more song!"

We must make a vast allowance for one who was so tortured in nerves and by so many physical diseases. It makes it seem all the stranger that this groaning dyspeptic could fling forth into the world the golden melodies and the sternly virile music of his greatest compositions. There he was all spirit, and the bonds of the flesh seemed to fall from him as at an angel's touch.

Who, remembering his troubles, which were ever present, will not forgive a great deal of his egoism, even though it often stooped to do what other souls would shrink from? Some excuse must be made for his treatment of Minna Wagner, though he need not have written complaints about her to Julie Ritter. Their incompatibility was something like that of the Carlyles. Just as Jane Welch Carlyle, in addition to her jangled nerves, drank enormous quantities of tea and dosed herself with laudanum, so Minna Wagner became an opium-eater; but Wagner might have kept this to himself instead of writing to Frau Ritter that his wife was making a hell of the home of which he was so fond. Here is a sentence that is most Wagnerian:

The state of her education, and her intellectual capacities, make it impossible for her to find in me and my endowments the consolation which she needed so much.

There came at last the inevitable moment when they separated. They were together for the last time in Paris in 1861,

when he was forty-eight years old, but there arose the same old strife between them. "Tannhäuser" failed at the Opéra, and Wagner was once more in financial difficulties. Minna twitted him on the music of the future, which she told him was so much less profitable than the music of the present. After that they never met again, except for a few brief interviews, to one of which Wagner referred as "a most painful meeting with my lamented wife."

#### WAGNER AND KING LUDWIG OF BAVARIA

A little later there came that strange episode in Wagner's life which raised him in a moment to the pinnacle of success.

In March, 1864, King Ludwig II ascended the Bavarian throne, at the age of twenty. He was a dreamer, an idealist, a visionary, who lived in a field of pure romance. His grandfather had been banished and deposed for his devotion to Lola Montez. Young Ludwig inherited the same overwhelming fondness for his favorites. He was a strange and most incomprehensible being, and to this day the story of his life contains almost as much fiction as fact. He had a curious aversion to being seen, so that he used to ride by night from castle to castle; and his subjects, with the true south German sympathy with what was poetical, liked their king because he seemed to them a sort of supernatural being. In person he was almost beautiful—for his beauty was that of a girl rather than of a man; and with all the longing of a girl of twenty, he yearned for some one who should satisfy his ideal.

There came into his hands the printed text of the Nibelungen dramas, which Wagner had published a short time before. In publishing them, Wagner had written a preface in which he appealed to Teutonic sentiment, and asked whether some German prince would not make himself immortal by arranging for the presentation of these splendid dramas. The appeal was almost a cry of despair. Wagner had toiled so much, and he had achieved so little! Even now he was obliged to make a journey to avoid his creditors, and was in hiding at Stuttgart. There, in May, 1864, a messenger from King Ludwig II, with great difficulty, found him out, and met him on a boat. He was conducted at once to the Bavarian king.

The meeting took place at a time when



the great composer was turning his thoughts to suicide. As it was, the whole heaven seemed suddenly to be illumined with a golden light. Between the king and Wagner there sprang up an intimacy which can be paralleled only among the ancient Greeks. One of Wagner's biographers says of it:

The king's love for Wagner was one of those romantic passions which, among the Greeks, great statesmen, artists, and philosophers used to inspire in the mind of gifted youths—a friendship with all the symptoms of romantic love.

A residence was prepared for Wagner on the borders of a lake not far from Munich. It was only ten minutes' distance from the king's own castle, and he sent his carriage for the composer two or three times each day. Wagner writes of Ludwig in terms that are remarkable:

I fly to him as to a beloved one. It is an enchanting intimacy. Never before have I seen such unrestrained eagerness to learn, such comprehension, ardor, and enthusiasm. And then his loving care for me, the chaste cordiality which is expressed in every glance when he assures me of his happiness in possessing me! Thus we often sit for hours, lost in contemplation of each other.

We may pronounce this royal friendship one of pure idealism; yet, at the time, and of course among Wagner's enemies, it was painted in the darkest colors. The king was certainly abnormal, and Wagner himself, as shown in many scenes of his music-dramas, had a nature that was profoundly sensual.

This is found, also, in the curious luxury in which he steeped himself whenever he was able. There exist letters from Wagner to his tailor, or one may say his dressmaker, in which he minutely describes the garments which he wishes made—as, for instance, a dressing-gown of pink satin, stuffed with eiderdown, lined with light satin, and with a padded ruching. He accompanies his letters with sketches, and is very particular about the colors, as when he says:

Do not confound No. 2, the dark pink, with the old violet pink, which is not what I mean, but real pink, only very dark and fiery.

In like manner, after he became rich, he insisted on the most gorgeous furnishings for his house. He said of himself:

I am much better qualified to spend sixty thousand florins than to earn them.

Taking all these things together, they form in the mass a clue of much significance to the psychist—Wagner's egoism, his long-continued weakness of body, his peculiar love for beautiful garments, the letters which he wrote King Ludwig, and the passion which throbs throughout his greater dramas, especially through "Tristan and Isolde."

On the other hand, it may be recalled that many famous writers have been singular in their costumes. Thus Flaubert is said to have done his finest work when he wore a scarlet dressing-gown, and the elder Dumas donned a military uniform, with huge jack-boots, when he wrote his best romances. We are told that among musicians, Haydn sat down to compose only after dressing himself with great care, and putting a diamond ring upon his finger; while among poets, Schiller could practically not write at all without placing a rotten apple beside him on the table.

Therefore, let us not judge Wagner or King Ludwig, but merely state the facts that are generally known. Ludwig had "Tristan and Isolde" performed at Munich under the direction of Hans von Bülow, and ordered that the great dramas of the "Nibelungen Ring" should be put in preparation; but no ordinary opera-house could do justice to Wagner's gigantic conceptions, and it was decided that the king should devote certain land of his own to building a great new theater at Bayreuth.

Wagner was never dilatory in carrying out his plans. He at once took up his residence at Bayreuth (1872), and there, in August, 1876, the "Ring" was brought out with all the spaciousness, the elaboration of scenery, and the magnificence of orchestration that Wagner himself had dreamed of in the days when he was hiding from his creditors and living on pretzels and cheese.

#### WAGNER AND COSIMA VON BÜLOW

Meanwhile, there had come about in his personal affairs two changes of great importance. His wife had died in 1866. In 1869, his relations with Hans von Bülow were very much strained. Bülow had married Cosima, the daughter of Franz Liszt and the Comtesse d'Agoult. He was one of the great pianists and directors of his time, but he was all the musician, living in a world that had no actuality. His wife, brilliant, attractive, and, as Wagner



said, "more intellectual even than her father," appealed greatly to the composer of the "new music." At any rate, they decided upon marriage, and though Cosima von Bülow was a Catholic, she gave up her religion that she might be divorced from her husband.

As to Bülow, he seems to have thought that if she had ceased to care for him, it would be idle for him to go on caring any more for her. Hence, after the wedding of his former wife to Wagner, he did not break off his relations with them so far as his music was concerned, though he is said to have become much more austere in his personal intercourse. At any rate, he passed out of the current of Wagner's life, and from 1870 until Wagner's death, which took place at Venice, in 1883, one hears of him no more.

It was in 1870 that Wagner and Cosima von Bülow were married. For their bridal celebration, the composer wrote a beautiful bit of music, which was performed outside the window of his bride, while Wagner himself conducted the performance. It was all extremely German.

Little can be said concerning this extraordinary man in the last twelve years of his life—years which seemed a refuge and

a period of calm repose after so much storm and stress. It must be remembered that his first marriage was childless, and that only now was he able to enjoy the happiness of fatherhood. His son, born to him and Cosima in 1869, and romantically named Siegfried, was a great delight to him in these last years.

It is a fact that many of those who have studied Wagner most closely have been the most fervent admirers both of his genius and of his personality. For instance, Ashton Ellis, one of his most voluminous biographers, declares that "in Richard Wagner we have more than a great—a profoundly good man."

Perhaps, instead of passing judgment on him in any form, one should rather quote the words which he himself put forth as a sort of defiant plea. The words and the spirit are both such as we might expect from Richard Wagner:

I am differently organized from others—I have sensitive nerves—I must have beauty and splendor and light. I cannot be content with the wretched position of an organist, like Bach. Is it really such an outrageous demand if I claim a right to the little bit of luxury which I like—I, who am preparing pleasure for thousands and for the whole world?

#### CHILD'S PLAY

In happy childhood's days I blew  
Great iridescent globes that flew  
High in the air like swift balloons,  
Or whirled like new-created moons  
In strange, erratic orbits round  
Some distant sun I never found.

Now, older but not wiser grown,  
A fairer bubble have I blown.  
Of sun-kissed loveliness imperaled,  
It filled the limits of the world,  
And seemed as if 'twere meant to last;  
It was so exquisite, so vast,  
So visionlike, so heavenly bright,  
I saw in it a life's delight.

Illusion! It was film so rare  
That even when it seemed most fair,  
A hasty word its fabric jarred—  
Strange that a breath should strike so hard!  
It burst, and there was nothing left  
To tell of what I was bereft,  
Except a sprinkle of hot tears,  
As when a bubble disappears!

*Nathan Haskell Dole*

# THE RAILROAD BOND AS AN INVESTMENT

BY JOHN S. GREGORY

**W**HEN you come to examine the investment field, you find that more money is employed in railroad securities than in any other way. This is quite natural, for the railroads have been the greatest factor in our modern commercial development, and are absolutely necessary to the welfare and progress of every community.

No other country in the world possesses such vast systems as ours. Their two hundred and forty thousand miles of track form a mighty empire; their annual gross earnings aggregate more than two and a-half billions of dollars; their capital stock is more than eight billions, besides about six billions in bonds. In fact, the typical railroad security is such a staple article in the financial markets that it is an almost unwritten law for the small and cautious investor to make his first venture with a railroad bond.

The railroad bond has qualities not possessed by any other bond. One is the fact that the railroad's interests and the public interests are inseparable; another is the great variety of types available; the third, and one of the most important, is its ready marketability. In short, it may be called the standard security.

The reason for the railroad bond is similar to that of the municipal, public utility, or industrial bond. A system, or an independent road, needs money for improvements. They may be a new terminal, increased trackage, equipment—such as engines or cars—tunnels, bridges; or it may be that the directors wish to refund maturing obligations. Since the railroad cannot

go to a bank and borrow, like an individual, it must issue bonds to secure funds.

Most of the great systems have their own bankers who usually underwrite or syndicate the issues which bear their name. The house of J. P. Morgan & Co., for example, is the accredited banker for the Hill lines; Kuhn, Loeb & Co. have the business of the Harriman roads, while Speyer & Co. are the Rock Island bankers.

## THE MORTGAGE BEHIND THE BOND

In the purchase of a railroad bond—or, for that matter, of any other kind of bond—there are four principal requirements to be met. Summed up, these are:

First, security of principal.

Second, security of interest.

Third, marketability.

Fourth, satisfactory yield and a prospect of appreciation in value.

Of course, the highest type of railroad bond is a first mortgage bond; but right here comes a very significant fact. The word "mortgage" is used in so many different ways in connection with this type of bond that the average investor is likely to become confused. There are first and refunding mortgage bonds, consolidated mortgage bonds, and general mortgage bonds. Each one of these issues occupies a peculiar and distinct place in the bonded indebtedness of a road, and it is important that the investor should know just what it is.

Many glib bond salesmen abuse the word "mortgage." Often they will say: "This is a first mortgage bond," when in reality many other bonds rank ahead of it.

If a railroad bond is a first mortgage

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—This is one of a series of articles on various forms of investment, intended to serve as a general review of the subject, and specially to assist readers who are not experienced in financial matters. The first article, "The Municipal Bond as an Investment," appeared in the January number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*, and the second, "The Public Service Corporation Bond as an Investment," in the February number.

bond, it is absolutely the first lien on the property. There is no hint of the bond's place, or of the kind of security behind it, in the bond itself; therefore, the investor must take the precaution to find out for himself. If he buys the security from the right kind of banker, he will have no difficulty in ascertaining the facts. He can find out where the bond ranks, and just what kind of security there is, by reading the mortgage or deed of trust, which should always be accessible.

A concrete example will show how investors are sometimes misled in the matter of so-called first mortgage bonds.

A certain Southern railway represented the consolidation of a number of smaller roads. Each one of these divisional lines had its own first mortgage bonds. When they were merged, the united system brought out an issue of "first mortgage fours," secured by a lien upon the entire property. The man who bought one of these bonds, if he did not take the trouble to make an investigation, believed that he had an absolute first mortgage on the system; but, as a matter of fact, he had nothing of the sort. Every one of the first mortgages on the divisional lines outranked his. When panic came along and earnings slumped, the road defaulted on the interest on its "first fours," while the bonds of the merged lines held their own.

This leads to a fact which investors will do well to keep in mind—that sometimes, as the concrete instance which I cited shows, the bonds of the consolidated roads are better than those of the parent system. They are called "underlying" bonds, because they literally lie closest to the property. In many cases, since these smaller roads are absolutely essential to the operation of the whole system, special precautions are taken to safeguard them and to prevent any possible foreclosure.

Now the fact that a railroad bond does not happen to be a first mortgage bond does not by any means put it out of the pale of the safest investment. There are high-class and stable securities in every one of the variations on the first mortgage. A second mortgage bond may in time become a first mortgage bond; but the investor should know, when he is buying it, that other bonds have prior claims on the property.

A consolidated mortgage bond represents a lien on a group of consolidated roads. The phrase is used to distinguish the bonds

of a system from those of its various divisions. A general mortgage bond operates the same way. It used to be known as a "blanket" mortgage, because it was placed on the whole property.

A first and refunding mortgage bond is one that is issued for two distinct purposes. Some of the proceeds may be used to improve the road, and the rest to take up various old issues as they mature. With many issues of this kind, the bonds are not all brought out at once, but are put forth at stated intervals, which are specified in the mortgage. The model mortgage states all these facts with great detail. As in the case of a second mortgage, a refunding mortgage bond may in time become a first lien—or claim—upon the road.

#### OTHER KINDS OF RAILROAD BONDS

But mortgage bonds are only a part of the vast issue of railroad bonds. There are also collateral trust bonds, terminal bonds, convertible bonds, equipment trust certificates, and income bonds. Some of these types have ample security pledged, and it may prove interesting and helpful to describe each kind briefly.

Take, for instance, the equipment bonds, more commonly known as equipment trust certificates or equipment notes. They have had a remarkable record for safety. Indeed, there has never been a case where interest on them was defaulted. One reason for this is that they are issued to pay for property which is essential to the operation of a railroad. As their name indicates, they are brought out for the purpose of acquiring equipment, such as engines or cars.

They are usually issued serially—that is, a certain number are retired, or paid off, each year. This is due to the fact that owing to the wear and tear on the rolling stock, the security behind the bonds becomes less valuable each year.

These equipment notes are a direct obligation of the company, and constitute a first lien on the equipment. The title to the rolling stock remains in the hands of a trustee until the last instalment of the bonded debt has been paid off. Then the engines or cars become absolutely the property of the railroad company.

The collateral trust bond or note likewise has ample security, but instead of being based on equipment, or on real estate, it is secured by stocks or bonds. When a rail-

road wants to issue such bonds, it deposits its own securities, or the securities of some other company, with a trustee. These then form the security behind the bonds. The investment value of the bonds issued depends upon two things—upon the value of the securities pledged for payment, and their general desirability should they, through default, become the property of the bondholders; and upon the issuing company's ability to pay its obligations in case the securities mortgaged should prove unsatisfactory.

#### THE CONVERTIBLE RAILROAD BOND

The convertible railroad bond—a bond which may be exchanged for stock in the issuing company—often has speculative features. If, for instance, the bondholder has the privilege of converting the bond into stock at one hundred and fifty—that is, paying one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of bond for each share of stock—and if the stock happens to be selling considerably above this price, it is worth his while to make the exchange. But all the while he owns a bond which pays a fixed rate of interest.

It is not always necessary to convert the bond into stock, in order to take advantage of any increase in the price of the stock of the company, because the bond itself usually advances sympathetically, and may be sold at a profit. Conversely, if the price of the stock falls below the convertible figure, it does not necessarily mean that the bond will be correspondingly affected, for it will continue to stand as a fixed charge against the company.

A terminal bond, like an equipment trust note, is brought out to secure property which is absolutely necessary to the conduct of the railroad, and therefore has a peculiar value. The terminal is usually a very valuable piece of real estate, often located in the heart of a great city. If the road owns this land and is required to use it—that is, if it has no other terminals in the same community—an ample security is provided for the bondholder. Credit, earning power, and general financial condition of the road must all be taken into consideration, however.

The least attractive of railroad bonds are termed income bonds. Fortunately for the investor, they are going out of fashion. Their history conveys a very significant lesson in investment, and is well worth studying.

The original issuers of these securities

wanted an attractive name, so they called them income bonds. They were used in certain railroad reorganizations by clever financiers who did not want to increase the fixed charges of the road, and yet who desired to give the old security-holders something that could be termed a bond. Sometimes it was called a "preference bond"; but, in reality, it was not a bond at all.

In most bonds—that is, in bonds that *are* bonds—the interest is a fixed charge, a charge which must be paid at regular intervals. If this interest is defaulted, the bondholders can foreclose and take possession of the property. But in framing up the income bond, the interest was not made a fixed charge; it was dependent upon earnings, and was to be paid "if earned." It was declared, like the dividend on stock, by the board of directors.

Hence the income bondholder was up against a difficult proposition. It is not difficult to find out the gross earnings of a company. Only deliberate falsification can distort them. But it is much harder to get at actual net earnings, because various items may be added to the list of expenses before the amount available for the fixed charges and the income bond interest is obtained.

Experience has shown that in many instances the question whether interest on income bonds was to be paid depended upon the attitude of the officials toward the bonds, rather than upon the road's ability to pay. Often the bondholders, as several cases last year showed, had to go to court to get their interest. This litigation was costly, and, of course, affected the market value of the bonds.

The moral of all this is simply that if the investor is going to buy a railroad bond, let him invest in one that is in every detail a bond—a definite claim on something, with a fixed rate of interest. With a bond investment he should take no chances.

Before closing up the list of different kinds of railroad bonds, I might add that many of the so-called bonds are debentures. These are simply promises to pay, and are unsecured. Their value depends upon the credit, past record, and earning power of the railroad. Some debentures of standard systems rank high, and are in constant demand by discriminating investors.

#### HOW TO TELL A GOOD BOND

How is the average investor to determine the value of his railroad bond?

In the case of a real estate mortgage, it is easy to find out the proportion that the amount of the loan bears to the value of the property mortgaged, because there is a definite appraisal of the realty and of the improvements on it. With a railroad it is different. You must obtain your value by comparison. One way is to get the bonded debt per mile and compare it with the corresponding figure of roads similarly situated.

But right here comes a fact which may confuse the investor. This bonded debt varies, because many factors must be taken into its consideration. The kind of traffic which the road handles, the nature of the country traversed, the possibility of increase in population and industry along the line, the cost of construction and of maintenance, the prospects of competition—all must figure in the calculation.

For instance, a road through a flat, sandy country should not be bonded for as much as a road through a mountainous region, where there must be much tunneling and bridging. Or, again, a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars per mile of a single track road may be relatively higher than three hundred thousand dollars a mile for a four-track trunk line which traverses a thriving territory, and which owns valuable terminals in populous cities.

Many people, therefore, make the mistake of measuring the value of a railroad bond by the cost of building the property. A road may cost a small fortune per mile, and yet not earn as much money as one that costs considerably less. Hence the whole proposition of the railroad bond finally gets down to one single factor—the earning power of the road. This is the real test of any corporation, be it railway, public service, or industrial.

To the average layman, a report of railroad earnings is like a Chinese puzzle. Before the days of uniform accounting prescribed by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, it frequently covered a multitude of corporate sins. Even now it is a complicated document, but certain simple facts about it may be given.

A railroad report should show the physical and financial condition of the property.

The total revenue that comes to the road from freight, passenger, mail, express, or other business is called gross earnings.

Expenditures for maintenance of way, construction, equipment, wages, salaries,

fuel, insurance, and damages, are called operating expenses.

The fixed charges are interest on the bonded and floating debt, sinking-fund payments, hire of equipment, and rentals. Formerly taxes were considered a fixed charge, but under the new accounting system they are part of operating expenses.

The surplus is what remains after operating expenses and fixed charges are paid. Part of it is applicable to dividends.

Now for the results. It is a good plan to remember that the operating expenses should never be more than seventy-five per cent of the gross earnings. The difference between the gross earnings and the operating expenses gives us the net earnings. To these must be added income from securities owned, and from sources other than railway operation. We now get the total net income, which represents the amount available for the fixed charges. This is the sum that should concern the bond-buyer most, for it is the real index to the prosperity of the company.

If a railroad does not earn more than double its fixed charges, its securities cannot be regarded as first-class. The reason for this precaution is quite obvious. If there is a smaller margin, a slump in earnings might seriously jeopardize the property because a default in interest would lead to foreclosure.

The earnings for a single year, handsome as they may be, mean little. The big question that the road must answer is this—*has the earning record been steadily maintained?*

This can be answered only by an examination of the earnings for a period of years. If lean years intervene, then it is not wise to buy the bonds of the road; but if earnings have been consistent, and a surplus has been piled up without impairment of the physical condition, then the system should commend itself to the investor.

In the matter of yield, the railroad bond may be divided into three classes. For those who are dependent upon them for income, only the most gilt-edged should be bought, and they will not yield more than four and one-half per cent. For those who have a surplus above current needs, bonds a shade lower in quality may be purchased, to yield about five per cent. Those willing to take some speculative chances—as, for example, with convertible bonds and debentures—may obtain from five to six per cent.



# FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF  
THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

## THE MONETARY PROBLEM

“OUR monetary system,” said the Secretary of the Treasury, in commenting upon that great question in his annual report to Congress, a few weeks ago, “can fairly be called a panic-breeding system, whereas every other great national banking and currency system is panic-preventing.” And Mr. MacVeagh added:

As long as we continue under our present system, we are liable to panics; and the devastations of panics reach Republicans and Democrats, and all parts of the country alike. Panics are no longer necessary and no longer respectable. It is for the government to say whether we shall have panics in the future or not; it is a mere matter of choice.

Where else in all the world could the finance minister of a great nation, speaking with all the authority of his high office, utter words like these? And where else in all the world, except in the United States, could such words pass without arousing any general attention?

Is it because we are incompetent, as a nation, to deal with a monetary problem, or is it because we choose to live in a fools' paradise, that a humiliating admission like that of Secretary MacVeagh's fails to stir the community to action? Every word of it is true, as is clearly attested by the financial panics and commercial depressions of 1873, 1884, 1893, 1903, and 1907.

The United States is a big country; in natural resources it is the wealthiest country on earth. The inhabitants of other lands call us boastful, and no doubt we do boast—and not without reason—concerning many things; but I have never heard any American boast of our panics, which come with greater frequency than anywhere else, and do more damage than anywhere else in the world. When next you are abroad bragging of things American, pray do not overlook our panics, which recur with such regularity, and which are destined to keep on recurring so long as we persist in con-

tinuing our present national banking system, with its unscientific bond-secured bank-note circulation. To quote again from Secretary MacVeagh:

We have no system of reserves. Our banking system destroys them. It concentrates in New York what are pretended to be reserves, and then forces the New York banks to lend and abolish them. Our system, instead of building up a reserve, destroys it as fast as it inclines to accumulate.

Again every word is true; and as regularly as the trouble comes, and the great West and the great South draw upon the fictitious, the unstable, the overburdened reserve in New York, and New York, affrighted, seeks to protect itself, the cry goes up everywhere against “Wall Street.”

Poor Wall Street! It has sins enough of its own to answer for, we will admit, but it is not responsible for the national banking system or for the perpetuation of that system. To a man, Wall Street rallied for sound money in 1893; and shoulder to shoulder, to a man, Wall Street marched up Broadway and Fifth Avenue in October, 1896, shouting for sound money and for currency reform. And what did Wall Street—and the whole country, for that matter—get for all its effort? The Refunding Bill of 1900, which saddled the national banking system of note-issue upon the country still more tightly than before.

Two of the five panics enumerated above have happened since that measure became a law. In addition, the government finances have been seriously muddled by the creation of the two-per-cent consolidated loan, which established a rate of interest so low as to destroy the investment market for United States bonds. National banks, which enjoy the special privilege of note-issue, are now the only buyers of government bonds. Unless the national banks can continue to buy bonds indefinitely, the government cannot finance its needs through bond sales.

There is a limit to the amount of currency

a country can stand, just as there was a limit to wampum—money made from clam-shells and used by the American Indians. When the English and Dutch colonists found that the aborigines accepted such stuff for money, they set factories at work grinding out clam-shell currency until at last it lost its value. National bank-notes are not as bad as wampum, but they are not legal tender or reserve money, and our circulation is now redundant. The banks cannot issue more notes, and therefore do not care to purchase any more bonds at the present low rate of interest. The government, in consequence, cannot expect to sell more bonds unless it makes the interest rate higher.

Now, it is clear that Wall Street is in no way responsible for the condition of affairs that I have outlined. Nor is it responsible for the over-trading of merchants, nor for excessive expenditure in building, nor for riotous speculation in commodities and in real estate, nor for most of the things which tend to expand loans and cause periodical strains upon banking credits.

The fault, as Secretary MacVeagh points out, rests in our monetary system. If Wall Street, of all markets, is the first to feel the influence of any impending strain, it is due to a banking system which piles up reserves in New York which are not reserves, and which are subject to instant withdrawal, with all the attendant contraction in credit, the violent uprushes in money rates, and the enforced liquidation. A stock-market is the most volatile of all markets, therefore Wall Street feels the effects of these things first.

#### THE NATIONAL MONETARY COMMISSION

It was with a full knowledge that our present system is a panic-breeder, and that it must be supplanted by some other system, if we desire to escape these recurrent cataclysms, that the National Monetary Commission was appointed shortly after the panic of 1907. The spectacle of the richest country on earth—the country with the greatest natural resources, and the largest per capita circulation—suspending specie payment, paying a premium for regular currency, and resorting to clearing-house certificates to fill up the gap, as happened in the fall of 1907, was too much for the bankers and the politicians to stand.

In the "Suggested Plan for Monetary Legislation," submitted by Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, the country has the fruits of the commission's efforts to devise a bank-

ing and currency scheme which will do away with the old panic-breeding system, and will substitute a panic-preventing system. Such is the purpose of Senator Aldrich's proposed Reserve Association of America; and all future discussions of monetary reform are likely to work along the lines of this tentative suggestion.

It has not been an easy task toward which the commission addressed itself. Although every financial expert has agreed upon the defects of our monetary system, it has been difficult to get a dozen men of the first prominence to agree upon a remedial plan.

President Roosevelt discovered this wide divergence of views on monetary reform measures quite early in his administrative career. On one occasion, after Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, the banker, had pointed out to the New York Chamber of Commerce the panic-breeding possibilities of our financial system, I went to the White House to interview Mr. Roosevelt on the subject.

"If you will bring me a plan for currency reform," he said at the conclusion of the interview, "that ten men of the first prominence in the country, bankers and merchants, will agree upon as the proper measure, I'll take it up. I'll take off my coat, and I'll go to work, and I'll push it through Congress. But here's the situation," he continued earnestly. "Mr. A says that unless we reform the currency, we are going to have a panic, and he suggests a remedy. Then along comes Mr. B, and I speak to him on the subject, and he says:

"Yes, if we don't reform our system, we shall have trouble, but what A says is absurd. We must do so and so."

"Then comes C, who says that A and B are both at fault; and then come letters from D, favoring the Lovering measure, and from E, advocating Congressman Fowler's plan; and here is F, from Chicago, recommending the Canadian banking system."

The President was pacing up and down his office, adjoining the Cabinet-room, and emphasizing his remarks with characteristic gestures. He mentioned the names of some of the country's leading bankers, whom I have indicated above by letters, and who, as I was well aware, held divergent views on the monetary question. Finally he came to a halt, and said:

"Well, that's my answer. I cannot undertake to go ahead with a currency reform measure unless the men who understand more about these things than I do will agree

on something. I want a concrete plan. Bring me a plan, and the names of ten men who subscribe to it, and I will go ahead. I might do it if you bring me the plan and six names; but these men must agree upon something, or I am powerless."

This conversation took place almost two years before the financial disturbance of October, 1907. It has never been written down before, but I have often recalled it, especially when I have heard some of the gentlemen whom Mr. Roosevelt mentioned as being unable to agree on a panic-preventing monetary system, condemn him for having brought about the disturbance.

Perhaps the so-called panic of 1907 would have come in any case, for there were many things that contributed toward unsettlement; but we all realize now that the extent and the severity of the panic would have been greatly lessened had the country possessed a good banking and currency system. For the faulty one which accentuated the trouble, and which still exists, the influential bankers who could not agree upon a plan for Mr. Roosevelt to present to Congress are in large measure responsible.

But the necessity for monetary reform was driven home to all men by the experiences of October, 1907. As a result, in the following year, Congress passed the Aldrich-Vreeland Emergency Currency Bill. This was admittedly a temporary expedient, and far from perfect, but it contained some excellent features, which serve as the nucleus of Senator Aldrich's suggested plan for monetary legislation.

One feature of the Reserve Association of America which may be mentioned at the outset is the fact that it has already received the indorsement of very many more than ten bankers and merchants of the first prominence. In fact, within a generation no proposal for reforming the monetary system has been so well received as Senator Aldrich's measure. Of course, objections are made here and there to the plan in its present incompleteness, but they are not serious objections; and there is good reason to hope that a solution of the vexed currency problem will eventually be worked out along the lines indicated by the chairman of the Monetary Commission.

In considering a plan of monetary reform, the commission has had to take into consideration the present and the future of the government finances, and the fact that for nearly half a century they have been

wrapped up in the national banking system. Since that system was established, the national banks have been the chief purchasers of government bonds; and at present they are the sole purchasers. The disposition of the enormous quantity of bonds that they hold is involved in the problem; and so is the government's ability to sell bonds, if we dispense with a bond-secured circulation.

The commission has also had to consider the fact that in addition to the national banking system, which covers the whole country, each of the forty-eight States has a banking system of its own. It has had to consider the survival of sectional feeling, and the distrust of the financial East by the agricultural West and South. It has had to consider the strange survival of hostility toward banks among the masses of the population, which seems to have been handed down as a national inheritance from Colonial days. It has had to consider the traditional opposition to a central bank, harking back to Andrew Jackson's attack on the second Bank of the United States. It has had to consider the fear which possesses many people, that a great banking institution might become an instrument of oppression or of self-aggrandizement in the hands of designing financiers or politicians.

All these things, and others, are dealt with in the proposed plan.

#### WHAT THE RESERVE ASSOCIATION IS

In the first place, the Reserve Association of America is not a central bank. The plan is really worked out along the line of the American system of individual States and a Federal government. The suggested association, formed of national banks, and in no way interfering with the present status of State banks and trust companies, is to be incorporated with a capital of three hundred million dollars, and with a head office in Washington. The country is to be divided into fifteen districts, each containing a branch of the association; and within these districts local associations are to be formed, consisting of at least ten banks having a combined capital and surplus of not less than five million dollars.

The capital of the Reserve Association is to be subscribed by the banks, no bank being permitted to subscribe for an amount exceeding twenty per cent of its own capital. This would give the National City Bank, for instance, a stock interest of five million dollars in a three-hundred-million-dollar

association. As all national banks—in North and South, and East and West—become shareholders in a like proportion of twenty per cent, it does not seem possible that the association could be dominated by politicians or Wall Street capitalists.

As a further safeguard, however, there are rigid provisions for electing the directors of the local associations and of the branch associations. Every bank in a local association has one vote as to the election of three-fifths of the directors; only in the election of the minority of the board is each bank's vote based on the amount of its capital. Each local association within a given district elects but one director to the branch association, such directors constituting two-thirds of the board; and they, in turn, elect the remaining directors, who must be merchants or manufacturers or farmers, but cannot be bankers. In this way interests other than financial will be fairly represented.

It will be seen from the above that party politics and combinations of capital can play but little part in controlling the local and branch associations. The associations are likely to be Democratic, or Republican, or mixed as to politics, just as the districts in which the institutions are located are Democratic, or Republican, or mixed; and interests other than bankers must have representatives in the boards of directors.

We now come to the administration of the central body at Washington, which consists of forty-five directors. Six of these are *ex officio*—the governor and two deputy governors of the Reserve Association, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Commerce, and the Comptroller of the Currency. Fifteen directors are elected, one by each branch association, and twelve more by electors representing the banks in each district. The board, as thus constituted, elects the remaining twelve directors, who shall not be officers of banks, but representatives of the commercial, industrial, agricultural, and other interests of the country.

The plan of the Reserve Association contemplates the gradual retirement of national bank-notes, which are to be replaced with notes issued by the association, under a plan carefully devised to create no disturbance to present note-issuing banks. The scheme contains one feature which may be described as an inverse conversion—that is, the taking up of a lower interest-bearing bond by one carrying a higher rate of interest. A bank may retain its circulation upon entering the

Reserve Association; but whenever it retires the whole or any part of its issue, it will permanently surrender its right to reissue notes so retired.

The process of retiring the outstanding national bank-notes and protecting the bonds may be briefly explained. For a period of one year, the Reserve Association offers to purchase, at a price not less than par and interest, all the two-per-cent bonds now pledged to secure the national bank-notes, and assumes the responsibility for the redemption of such notes. The association is to hold such bonds for a period of ten years, though after two years it may, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, sell fifty million dollars' worth of them annually; or it may sell the whole amount to the Postal Savings Bank, should that institution develop to a point where it could take over the bonds.

If the government adopts a policy of issuing bonds bearing a higher interest than two per cent, the Reserve Association will have the right to take over such securities in exchange for the bonds it has acquired from the banks; but if used to secure circulation, such circulation will have to pay a tax, increasing as the interest rate of the new issue exceeds two per cent. For instance, if a three-per-cent bond is issued, the tax on circulation will be one per cent, in addition to the one-half of one per cent which is now levied, making the total tax one and one-half per cent. Such a rate would be practically prohibitive as compared with circulation taxed at one-half of one per cent; and so, by conversion upon a higher basis, and by this discriminatory tax, bonds will in large measure disappear as a basis for circulation.

#### TO REDISCOUNT COMMERCIAL PAPER

The new bank-note contemplated under the plan of the Reserve Association must be covered to the extent of at least one-third by gold, and for the remaining two-thirds by bonds of the United States or bankable commercial paper. In this latter provision rests one of the most important features of the proposed plan. It will make commercial paper available for use in the banks of the country by providing a plan for its rediscount, which does not now exist.

Under the scheme, as outlined, any member of a local association may apply to that association for a guaranty on commercial paper which it desires to rediscount at the



branch of the Reserve Association in its district. It has to pay a commission for this guaranty; and in the event of loss, the loss is distributed among the banks, as are the profits arising from such transactions. Once guaranteed, the paper becomes double-name, guaranteed, or accepted paper, available for rediscount at the Reserve Association; and the Reserve Association itself may rediscount notes and bills of exchange arising out of commercial transactions.

Those familiar with our present faulty banking system are all warm in their praise of this feature of the plan. One of the chief sources of trouble under our present methods of banking is that if banks become overloaned, they have practically no way of realizing on their commercial paper, except possibly through the form of combining their interests and issuing clearing-house certificates. The difficulty would be obviated by a system rendering these assets readily negotiable, by means of such a guaranty as that provided, and by a system of rediscounting such as exists in England and other European countries.

Senator Aldrich's proposed system has other features which need not be touched upon here. For instance, the Reserve Association will have the right to transact all the government business, to maintain branches abroad, to arrange for gold imports in order to safeguard the whole country in time of stress, and to determine a fair rate of discount for commercial acceptance. In case of emergency, too, it may issue bank-notes in excess of the present outstanding volume of national bank-note circulation, which is to be the maximum for all ordinary purposes of the Reserve Association. In order to insure their retirement when the emergency has passed, these additional issues are taxable upon a graduated scale, ranging from a minimum of three per cent on the first hundred million dollars to a maximum of six per cent on any amount above three hundred million dollars.

The dividends to each banking member are limited to five per cent. After four-per-cent dividends have been paid, a portion of the surplus goes to the Reserve Association, and thereafter there is a certain division between the institutions and the government, but the banking members can never receive more than five per cent.

Senator Aldrich's plan is well worthy of careful study by every banker and business man in the country. It may not be accepted

precisely as it is submitted, but it is a very important contribution to the discussion of a great national question, and it may be the means of solving one of the most vexatious financial problems of modern times.

#### LISTED BONDS OF SMALL DENOMINATION

THERE is an ever-increasing demand for bonds of small denomination—that is, for securities of the highest investment standard issued for smaller amounts than the usual unit of one thousand dollars. One reason for the fact that the French are a nation of investors is that the very best French securities are issued in pieces as small as one hundred francs, or twenty dollars. Some American railroads that have placed bond issues in France have brought them out in pieces of five hundred francs (one hundred dollars), and multiples thereof.

It is not generally known, even in Wall Street, that there are a few hundred-dollar bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and that the five-hundred-dollar bonds are quite numerous. In some cases, perhaps, a small investor seeking a hundred-dollar bond might have to put up with some little delay, but he can always secure a good five-hundred-dollar bond.

On the opposite page is given a table of one-hundred-dollar and five-hundred-dollar bonds, listed on the exchange, and offering a wide range of safe investment possibilities.

#### THE QUESTION OF LISTED SECURITIES

THE *Financial World* of January 7 takes issue with the advice given in this department, wherein we urge the desirability of investing only in securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has no more interest in the New York Stock Exchange than it has in the exchanges of Washington, Providence, or Louisville. These other exchanges, however, are local, not national, and it is with securities put out for national absorption that we have to do.

To controvert our position, the *Financial World* names such undoubtedly good securities as Royal Baking Powder, Standard Oil, Safety Car Heating and Lighting, and Borden's Condensed Milk. All these are seasoned securities, and stand well in finan-



## BONDS IN DENOMINATIONS OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS (JANUARY, 1911)

RAILROAD BONDS	Due	Price About	Yield Per cent
Colorado and Southern refunding and extension 4½s.....	1935	99	4.54
Keokuk and Des Moines first mortgage 5s.....	1923	100	5
Missouri, Kansas and Texas first and refunding gold 4s.....	2004	80	5.01
Morris and Essex first mortgage 7s.....	1914	110	3.46
National Railways of Mexico prior lien S. F. 4½s.....	1957	95	4.77
New York, New Haven and Hartford convertible 3½ debentures...	1956	100	3.50
New York, New Haven and Hartford convertible 6 debentures.....	1948	134¾	4.12
Norfolk and Western first consolidated 4s.....	1996	99½	4.02

## INDUSTRIAL BONDS

American Tobacco 4 per cent debentures.....	1951	83¾	4.97
American Tobacco 6 per cent debentures.....	1944	105¼	5.65
Hudson County Gas first mortgage 5s.....	1949	103½	4.77
International Steam Pump first mortgage 5s.....	1929	92½	5.70
New York Air Brake first mortgage convertible 6s.....	1928	104½	5.63

## BONDS IN DENOMINATIONS OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS (JANUARY, 1911)

RAILWAY BONDS	Due	Price About	Yield Per cent
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé general mortgage 4s.....	1995	99½	4.02
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé adjustment mortgage 4s.....	1995	92	4.34
Baltimore and Ohio prior lien 3½s.....	1925	93	4.16
Baltimore and Ohio first mortgage 4s.....	1948	98½	4.07
Baltimore and Ohio, Southwest Division 3½s.....	1925	91	4.37
Central Pacific first refunding 4s.....	1949	96½	4.17
Central Pacific general mortgage 3½s.....	1929	93	4.05
Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific refunding 4s.....	1934	89½	4.80
Denver and Rio Grande first consolidated 4s.....	1936	94½	4.34
Erie first consolidated general lien 4s.....	1996	75	5.35
Illinois Central collateral trust 4s (L., N. O. and Texas Railway)...	1953	98½	4.08
Keokuk and Des Moines first mortgage 5s.....	1923	100	5
Long Island refunding 4s.....	1949	96¾	4.17
Missouri, Kansas and Texas first mortgage 4s.....	1990	98½	4.08
Missouri, Kansas and Texas first and refunding 4s.....	2004	80	5.01
Morris and Essex first mortgage 7s.....	1914	110	3.46
National Railways of Mexico prior lien S. F. 4½s.....	1957	95	4.77
New York, New Haven and Hartford convertible 3½ debentures....	1956	100	3.50
Northern Pacific prior lien railway and land grant 4s.....	1997	100	4
Norfolk and Western first consolidated 4s.....	1996	99½	4.02
Pennsylvania convertible 3½s.....	1915	96½	4.50
Pennsylvania convertible 3½s.....	1912	99	4.53
Reading general mortgage 4s.....	1997	98¼	4.08
Southern Pacific first refunding S. F. 4s.....	1955	95¼	4.25
Union Pacific first railroad and land grants 4s.....	1947	100¾	3.96
Union Pacific first and refunding 4s.....	2008	97¼	4.13
Union Pacific convertible 4s.....	1927	104¾	3.61
Wabash, Omaha Division first mortgage 3½s.....	1941	75	5.14

## INDUSTRIAL BONDS

Adams Express collateral trust 4s.....	1948	90¼	4.56
American Tobacco 4 per cent debentures.....	1951	83¾	4.97
International Steam Pump first mortgage S. F. 5s.....	1929	92½	5.70
New York Air Brake first mortgage convertible 6s.....	1928	104½	5.63
United States Steel Corporation sinking fund 5s.....	1963	104¾	4.77
Hudson County Gas first mortgage 5s.....	1949	103½	4.77

## GOVERNMENT BONDS

Imperial Japanese first 4½ per cent sterling loan.....	1925	95	5
Imperial Japanese second 4½ per cent sterling loan.....	1925	95	5
Republic of Cuba external 5s.....	1944	103	4.82
Mexican gold 4s.....	1954	97¾	4.12

cial circles. There are always exceptions to a general rule, however. In our position as to the desirability of investing in listed securities, we have no reference to the many good local securities and the few good national securities that are unlisted on the chief exchange of the United States.

The *Financial World* further urges that not all securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange are good. This is true, and it is regrettable that it should be true. Though the New York Stock Exchange has not been as careful as it should have been, and perhaps is not as careful as it should be, in investigating the securities that it lists, nevertheless, the very fact that a committee of the exchange has passed upon a listed security gives it a standing far above the wildcat concerns of one kind or another that offer their stock to the public.

The statement of the *Financial World* in itself is all right, but used as it is, to controvert our position, or as a quibble, it is not, in our judgment, serving the public particularly well. Enlightened financiers know what they are doing; but the small investors, scattered all over the country, cannot, as a rule, judge the relative values of the investments that are offered them. As a guide for these inexperienced purchasers, it is a pretty safe rule to avoid anything new that is not listed on the New York Stock Exchange—an exchange which is a national and international market-place for the purchase and sale of securities.

It may well be that some unlisted securities will develop as Standard Oil has developed, and become quite as desirable as if they were listed on the New York Stock Exchange; but until they have made such development, and are recognized throughout the country, we must advise our readers to avoid them.

We are speaking now, as we have hitherto spoken, of securities seeking national purchasers. To repeat what we have said, local enterprises, such as banks, building projects, or manufacturing ventures, are of necessity more or less well known in their respective towns. Their value is easily ascertained by local authorities in financial matters. We are not dealing with such investments, and do not take them into consideration in any advice we give, or any criticism we may make.

A hole in the ground in the indefinite great West, purporting to be a gold-mine or an oil-well, is so far away from the New

England investor, the farmer, the mill-hand, the mechanic, the clerk, the school-teacher, that they have no way of knowing anything about the real value of the enterprise. Glowing circulars and prospectuses are not enough to warrant these small capitalists in giving up their hard-earned cash.

These very same concerns, if listed on the New York Stock Exchange, would at least have to show some merit—a considerable merit, in fact—to secure admission. Rejection by the committee would be pretty suggestive evidence that they are not good enough even for speculative purposes.

### SAFEGUARDING THE INVESTOR

IN addition to the good work done by State and Federal authorities in stamping out fraudulent promotions, there have recently been certain other important developments calculated to benefit the shareholder and the investor by throwing additional safeguards around incorporated companies, in the matter of their operations and their security issues. Among them may be mentioned the appointment of the Federal commission to study the valuation of railway property, and the proper basis for stock and bond issues of the common carriers. In line with this is the recent action of the Inter-State Commerce Commission in calling upon the railways for precise information concerning the fees paid to bankers for procuring capital through security sales.

If we go back to the days of the life insurance investigation, conducted with such conspicuous success by Charles E. Hughes, now a justice of the Federal Supreme Court, we find, in New York State, a new insurance law which prevents the great companies from participating in speculative undertakings, and confines their operations in securities strictly to investment.

The establishment of the Public Service Commission in New York has been followed by the creation of similar bodies elsewhere. These, in most instances, are entrusted with full supervision over public utility corporations, regulating their stock and bond issues. By restricting the capitalization of new undertakings, or the recapitalization of old ventures, they have done much to prevent familiar abuses arising out of stock-watering.

The Inter-State Commerce Commission has been clothed with greater power over the operations of railways, particularly in the matter of determining freight and passenger

rates. Its field has also been extended to include the telegraph and telephone companies, which heretofore, as to inter-state business, were subjected to practically no regulation at all. Though not perfected in all details, this arrangement substitutes one settled policy of government supervision, in relation to the arteries of commerce, for the unsettling and harassing policies of a multiplicity of States. It must, in the end, add to the stability of corporations, and to the safety of their securities.

There have been other developments which tend in the same general direction. Under the new Federal corporation tax law, any shareholder may now inspect the reports of a corporation. Even the suits filed by the Federal authorities against railway corporations and industrial trust companies, so bitterly condemned by speculative Wall Street, have done good by bringing such corporations to a serious respect for the law, and making them more cautious and more punctilious in their dealings. This, too, in the long run, must work for the benefit of investors and shareholders, and of the country as a whole.

As the result of an exhaustive inquiry made by a special commission, there have been improvements in stock exchange methods. The unlisted department of the New York Stock Exchange has been abolished, and it is no longer possible, on that exchange, for brokers to deal in the shares of companies which make no report of their oper-

ations. Corporations which have anything to conceal must seek a market for their shares elsewhere. More care is exercised in the admission of new securities to the stock-list. Indeed, the New York Stock Exchange realizes now, if it never did before, that it is a quasi-public institution which plays an important part in finance and in the general business of the nation, and that it must make itself worthy of its work and its position.

The element of speculation has always been and will always be associated with stock exchanges and security issues, but speculation is now under better control, on the New York exchange, than ever before. That institution can no longer be regarded as a mere gambling-place. Through force of circumstances, through its location in the financial center of the country, and by tacit agreement, it is entrusted with the delicate work of establishing the market value of the country's leading corporations.

The exchange has assumed grave responsibilities; it is probably not too much to say that its tenure of life depends upon the manner in which it meets those responsibilities. It cannot exercise too great care in admitting securities to the trading list. It cannot enforce with too great vigor its rules and regulations to insure, upon the part of its members, good conduct and fair dealing. By such methods alone can the exchange disarm hostility, rob demagogic attacks of their force and effect, and perpetuate its existence for the good of the country.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

### TRINITY COPPER AND MR. LAWSON

Several years ago Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, advised us to buy Trinity Copper stock. The stock was listed on the Boston exchange, and the company was said to have responsible officers. The advertisements said that a large body of ore was blocked out in the mine, and it was not considered to be in the wildcat class, but to be a safe investment. Mr. Lawson's articles had just been printed in one of our progressive magazines. By his confessions and exposures he had won the confidence of small investors, and I, among others, bought some Trinity Copper stock at \$26 a share. Since then I have received no dividends, and I cannot get a statement of the company. The stock has gone down to \$4 a share.

I am sure that many small investors who bought Trinity stock would like to hear something regarding the present condition of the company. What is the real reason for the low price of the stock, and what are the prospects, if any, of its going up toward its par value? What is your advice as to my holding or disposing of my Trinity stock?

H. S. G., Hastings, Minn.

There is no such thing as an absolutely safe investment in mines. A small investor is not justified in putting money into such enterprises except with a full knowledge that he is embarking in a more or less hazardous undertaking. He may

make money, but, on the other hand, he may lose every cent he puts into the venture. H. S. G.'s experience is identical with that of countless others who have purchased stock in mining enterprises promising much better results than the Trinity Copper Company.

Very few undertakings, to be sure, in recent years, have been so greatly misrepresented to the public as Trinity Copper was misrepresented by Mr. Lawson. The collapse of the company's stock has served at least one purpose in breaking the spell which Mr. Lawson at one time cast over an ignorant and credulous public. He won the confidence of many simple-minded people by a sensational attack on capital, but he lost it by carrying the confidence game too far.

I need not go deeply into the history of the Trinity Copper Company. It is a record of chicanery. Set forth in Stevens's "Copper Handbook," the recognized authority on the subject,

the property is said to have been acquired by Mr. Lawson for \$165,000. It was capitalized at \$6,000,000, in shares of a par value of \$25, which were sold throughout this country and Europe.

By methods peculiar to the promoter of the company, the stock was advanced to \$42.50 a share; it is now selling at about \$4 a share, when it is selling at all, though Mr. Lawson, when he was disposing of the stock to his misguided followers, gave his personal "guarantee" that it would not sell below \$25. It is interesting to note that the properties he assaulted survive and, in most instances, are conspicuously prosperous.

When Trinity stock was listed on the Boston exchange, the management claimed to have \$745,047 cash in the treasury, and eighty thousand shares of the stock on hand, but the first balance-sheet of the company—that of February 19, 1907—disclosed no treasury stock whatever. The latest balance-sheet—that of September 1, 1910—gave cash resources of only \$198.02.

According to the authority already quoted, there seems to be very little prospect of the company developing into a paying proposition. It is said to be unable to produce copper at less than fifteen cents per pound, while copper at the present time is selling at about twelve and one-half cents. During five months of its history—between September, 1908, and February, 1909—it did actually conduct mining operations, shipping 14,242 tons of ore, which is reported to have yielded a profit of about \$10,000. But the mines have not been worked for two years, one of the reasons given to explain the shut-down being that fruit-farmers in Shasta County, California, object to the fumes and smoke arising from the smelting of ores of other copper companies.

We cannot advise you as to holding or selling your shares of Trinity Copper stock. You might frame the certificate to serve as a reminder of your experience, and as a warning against hazardous more money in mining promotions.

#### MINING STOCKS AS INVESTMENTS

Will you kindly discuss Goldfield Consolidated, with reference particularly to the following points:

Its stability from an investment standpoint.

The probability of its continuing to pay the quarterly dividend of 30 cents and 20 cents extra, as heretofore.

The quantity of ore in sight, and its estimated value per ton.

The expenditures and receipts per ton of extracted metal.

The outstanding indebtedness, and the surplus cash on hand, if any.

The capitalization, and the number of shares issued and outstanding to date.

The names of some of those most heavily interested in the mines.

J. T. T., Washington, D. C.

This department does not recommend the purchase of mining stocks for investment. With a full appreciation of the fact that mining is a highly important industry; that great fortunes have been made from mines; and that there are very many good mines in this country and elsewhere, I believe that practically no mining security constitutes a stable investment.

Some mines have endured as paying enterprises for centuries; some highly profitable propositions, which for a time returned rich rewards, have "pinched out" in a night. The purchase of mining stock is always a hazardous undertaking, and it should be left to those who can afford to take risks.

Goldfield Consolidated ranks high among mining companies. For all that the writer knows to the contrary, it may continue its present scale of distribution to shareholders indefinitely. Strictly speaking, however, a mine does not pay dividends. It is not like a transporting or manufacturing or trading company, which has earnings. A mining company makes explorations and discoveries, and, if it uncovers valuable property, it distributes assets. Unless it discovers, or renders available for distribution, additional assets in like volume to those it has unearthed and distributed, it cannot maintain any settled scale of return to shareholders.

With each day and each hour of active operation, a mine is exhausting itself; for no matter how large its ore bodies, the more ore that is taken out the less there is to come out. Ore bodies are exhaustible, and they practically never run all alike.

As to the quantity of ore in sight, its estimated value per ton, and the expenditures and receipts per ton of extracted metal in connection with the Goldfield Consolidated mines, the writer has no knowledge. As he does not recommend mining stocks for investment, but is using the query to express certain views on mining stocks as a general proposition, he does not propose to look up or publish the figures and estimates of this mine.

Modern mining methods, and the advance of metallurgical science, probably render it easier now than in the past for mining engineers and chemists to make estimates of ore bodies and values. Nevertheless, it remains the fact, and must always remain so, that Mother Earth is chary of her secrets, and conceals within her own bosom any precise knowledge of her mineral wealth. Within the last ten years, the recognized leader among American mining engineers and experts has made two woful errors in estimating ore bodies and metal values. It is idle for a layman to venture an opinion where acknowledged experts go wrong.

The capitalization of Goldfield Consolidated, and other similar details, can be ascertained from any of the various investors' manuals, or by inquiry at any broker's office. The stock possesses one advantage over most other mining concerns, inasmuch as it is listed on the New York Stock Exchange. As to the names of persons most heavily interested in it, I do not propose to publish Wall Street gossip bearing on that point. Those who are most heavily interested in a mine one day may have no interest whatsoever on the succeeding day.

Men of wealth can afford to take chances in mining ventures; for if this or that undertaking



goes wrong, the loss will not cripple them. Most people, however, are not so fortunate, and can ill afford to lose money.

In connection with mining securities offered for sale to the public, one of the worst features of the situation is the fact that the uncertainty of the ventures is never made clear by the vendors. Thousands of people who have no business to buy any sort of mining stock are continually pouring money into wildcat schemes and worthless swindles, thinking that they are making an investment, whereas, under the most favorable circumstances, a purchase of mining shares entails a considerable degree of risk.

Any one who buys a mining stock should always keep in mind the old principle of the common law—*caveat emptor* (let the buyer beware).

#### RUBBER IN BRITISH GUIANA

I am writing to ask if you know anything about the Sterling Debenture Corporation, of New York, which is offering stock in the Bartica Company, a rubber plantation in British Guiana. Can you tell me whether I shall be safe in dealing with this concern, and whether you consider the Bartica stock a good investment?

E. C. B., London.

In our comments on the Telepost, printed in this department in the November, January, and February issues of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*, E. C. B. will find information as to our opinion of the promotion methods of the Sterling Debenture Corporation. He would also be interested to read several articles that have appeared in recent numbers of *Truth*, the well-known weekly periodical published in his own city and so long identified with the name of Henry Labouchere.

On January 11, after criticizing the Bartica flotation on other points, *Truth* asks a very pertinent question as to "the toll the corporation takes on the shares it sells":

In other words, how much of the money obtained from investors is absorbed as the remuneration or profit of the "fiscal agents"?

*Truth* also reminds its readers that there is no market in England in which they can sell such shares as those of the Bartica Company—which, as it remarks, is "a sufficient reason for cautioning the British public." We may add that there is no more of a market for such "securities" in the United States than in Great Britain, for they are not listed on the American exchanges.

As to the Bartica Company, we have read some of the literature with which the Sterling Debenture Corporation is pushing the sale of the stock, and have found it to be highly picturesque. We have very little precise information, however, as to the actual condition of the company's plantation in British Guiana. It may therefore be worth while to quote some general remarks contained in a recent official report by Arthur J. Clare, United States Consul at Georgetown:

Prospective investors in stock of rubber plantations in British Guiana should exercise great care in learning the locations of the plantations, as Para rubber will not give good results on coast lands. Care should also be taken to find out the financial standing and business reputation of the promoters and officials of the companies before any money is invested.

Efforts were made in New York a short time ago to float a rubber company whose plantation was supposed to be in this colony, the promoters of which had a doubtful claim to a tract of land on which the "plantation," consisting of only a few wild rubber-trees, was said to be located. Before investing in rubber plantations here, Americans should make inquiries of the registrar of British Guiana as to whether a company has a grant of land, and of the commissioner of lands and mines as to whether actual operations are being carried on.

This last precaution suggested by Mr. Clare is one that may be recommended to both American and English investors who are thinking of putting money into any British Guiana rubber promotion. The officials whom the consul mentions may be addressed at Georgetown, British Guiana.

#### AS TO ASSESSABLE STOCKS

What is the difference between assessable and non-assessable stock? I ask this question because I am a working man, and I have a few dollars to invest; but I know nothing about financial matters, and I find this is the case with the rest of my fellow workmen. We want to know what assessable really means. One man told me that if I was in an assessable company, they could keep on investing in me until I had not a bean left; another said, when I had paid up the par value of my shares, that I would be clear of any further responsibility in the matter; while another still says, if I return my shares and pay up the par value, that I will be free and clear.

At the present time shares in oil and gold companies are being sold down here, and I am sure that numbers are buying these shares, forgetting the liabilities they incur. The stocks are offered by drummers, mostly from California. I hope you can see your way clear to write a short article on this subject.

ALOHA, Hilo, Hawaii.

Stock is sometimes issued by a corporation in part-paid shares. This means that a company issuing stock with a par value of say one hundred dollars, may provide a capital plan whereby but twenty-five or fifty dollars is paid in, the balance being subject to call from the shareholder up to the par of the stock. This is a form familiar in organizing banking institutions in England, where the unpaid portion of the stock is regarded as an additional reserve, because under the laws of England the shareholder's liability on that portion is strictly enforced.

This plan has worked well in this country, with some corporations; but it is not often resorted to now, because it has been found difficult to collect the unpaid portion of the stock when companies have gone wrong. The prospect of a call for an unpaid instalment has been the signal for sales of stock by shareholders wishing to avoid responsibility, and this has forced many corporation receiverships.

The general practise now is to issue stock in full-paid shares; and when issued for value, it is in most instances non-assessable. A double liability, however, attaches to the shares of national banks, and some States have a similar provision for State banks and trust companies.

In most States, stock in miscellaneous corporations must be issued for value, or the issue is unlawful; and when issued for value, it is, with but few exceptions, non-assessable, except as a voluntary act on the part of the shareholder.

No stock in a general corporation is ever assessed in excess of its par value. Assessments levied on stock of companies in process of re-



organization are not obligatory, but to retain one's interest, and share in the reorganization, one must pay the assessment.

In case of mining stocks in certain States, where assessments are levied by the company after due formalities, the shareholder must pay in order to retain his full interest. If he fails to do so, the stock will be declared delinquent, and will be sold at public auction, the proceeds going to the company, to pay the delinquent assessment and the expenses of sale. Such assessments are usually matters of agreement among the shareholders.

A shareholder cannot be assessed indefinitely. Except in special instances, he can sell his stock and terminate his liability.

We infer that our Hawaiian correspondent refers specifically to the assessable feature attached to the stock of corporations organized under the laws of California. Under Section 3, Article 12, of the constitution of California, the stockholders of a corporation are made individually and personally liable for its debts, in the ratio that their holdings of stock bear to the total capital of the corporation. The question of the individual liability of a shareholder in a California corporation would probably have to be determined by the facts of each specific case, and a complete answer to this question is really one for a corporation attorney.

In brokerage circles, it is said that the liability of a shareholder under the California law does not amount to much in the case of a stockholder living outside the State—first, because there is a limitation to this liability of two years from the date when the debt was incurred; and second, because of the difficulty of making service in a suit and of fastening the liability on a foreign stockholder—that is, one living outside of California. In cases where this has been attempted, it is said that the legal expenses have been too great to make it worth while for the receivers, or the creditors of the company to sue the stockholders; but the law is by no means a dead letter when it comes to a shareholder who is either a resident of California or a non-resident owning property in the State.

We advise our Hawaiian correspondent and his working men associates to give a wide berth to the California "drummers" who are selling stocks of mining and oil companies. We regret that we cannot advise them specifically as to investments in Hawaii, but we do urge that they should consult some banker or experienced person before they put any of their money into California mining and oil company promotions.

#### INVESTMENTS FOR A BUSINESS MAN

What is your opinion of Pennsylvania Railroad, American Sugar, United States Steel preferred, and Colorado Fuel and Iron?

E. G., Parrsboro, N. S.

Pennsylvania Railroad, United States Steel preferred, and American Sugar are excellent investments for a business man. We should give

preference to the two former as compared with the third.

Colorado Fuel and Iron is a disappointing property. This is due, in large measure, to unsatisfactory management in the past. The company has now passed under a better control, and ought to improve its position when the present depression in the iron and steel industry passes away. A purchase of its stock at this time, however, must be ranked as a speculative transaction.

#### THE ELECTRIC STEEL COMPANY

Kindly inform me if you consider Electric Steel Company stock a good investment.

B. S. A., Waterbury, Conn.

B. S. A. gives us no particulars about the Electric Steel Company, and sends nothing in the way of circulars or prospectuses by which the concern may have been called to his attention. It is quite unknown to us, and in Poor's "Manual of Industrials," a recognized authority on that class of corporations, we find no mention of its existence. We are therefore unable to recommend its stock as an investment security.

#### NOT IN THE INVESTMENT CLASS

Do you think it would be advisable to take stock in the Columbian Magazine, of New York, and in the Protective Holding Company Fire Insurance Company, of Syracuse, New York?

B. J. K., Upper Lehigh, Pa.

No. If you cannot find a security of some established and listed corporation that appeals to you, keep your money in a savings-bank. Do not buy the securities of companies in the promotion stage.

#### CHANGING AN INVESTMENT

I have a few shares of New York Central stock that I can sell now to a slight advantage. Some things I have read in the papers lately have made me think that perhaps I had better sell and put my money into something else. Would you advise me to do so?

Mrs. E. S., Munhall, Pa.

Such a question—and we receive many like it—throws a heavy burden of responsibility upon a total stranger, who cannot possibly know the special circumstances surrounding each individual inquirer.

As a general principle, a high-grade railway or municipal bond, or a well-secured first mortgage on improved real estate, is the best investment for a woman. Stocks fluctuate in price, and dividend rates are not fixed quantities; but the New York Central Railroad is a fine property, and a holder of its stock ought to think twice before selling it, in order to "put the money into something else." To sell one stock to buy another, unless there is something radically wrong with the original security, which is not the case in this instance, is not good policy. See our answer to W. M. C., on page 549 of the January number.

*Written February 1, 1911*

# THE STAGE

## MACHINE-MADE STARS AND ELSIE JANIS

**I**T is a significant fact that in the mid-season of this most disastrous of theatrical years, the two plays that had most continuously drawn large audiences were both non-star productions—"The Concert" and "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." This is a blow to the theatrical magnates. Once get the public to "fall for" a player's per-

sonality, the managers need not greatly trouble themselves over plays, particularly on the road. Thus we have Robert Edeson not touching Broadway with his "Where the Trail Divides." His name alone will draw money in the provinces; and it is names for stars, rather than reputations for playwrights, that the managers prefer to make. But it looks now as if the public is waking up to the fact that most of the made-to-



MARY CORSE, WHO IS SYBIL CRAVEN IN "THE LITTLE DAMOZEL"

*From a photograph by White, New York*

order luminaries are mere twinkling rush-lights, after all.

Think of the slow and steady progress by which E. H. Sothern worked up from modern comedies to "Hamlet"; how Warfield gradually advanced from burlesque to "The Music Master"; Maude Adams from the cripple girl in "The Lost Paradise" via John Drew's leading woman to "The Little Minister." Contrast these with the quick flashing into electric prominence of Marie Doro, Billie Burke, and some others, all capable in their way, but not possessed of the staying powers evinced by those who have earned stardom by work, instead of having it thrust upon them as a managerial asset.

I am just now watching the manufacture of a new light for the dramatic heavens, and am wondering if the care with which the process is being put through will result in the desired notoriety which is to constitute the stock in trade of the completed product. The woman has been twice married and once divorced; she has made one decided hit in a part that fits her personality to a T; she has temperament in abundance—so much of it, in fact, that she cannot possibly play second fiddle to anybody else in a cast. Every move she makes is chronicled in the daily press, sometimes with the hint that the facts were obtained only with the greatest difficulty. She employs press-agents whose special talent is evidenced by this very aroma of secrecy that they throw about their work. Here is a sample of the method:

In a New York evening newspaper you read that Mrs. So-and-So is making a secret journey to consult a nerve specialist. The despatch is dated from a Western city, and goes on to say that the lady and her mother had not registered at their hotel, and that every effort was made to keep their presence a secret. They refused to receive a reporter, and—you may note that a double-column portrait of the lady accompanies the item.

Next morning, another New York newspaper contains another two-column picture—side view, this time—with the announcement that "Mrs. So-and-So Yields to the Call of the Stage." The article proceeds to state that she is now recuperating in the West under the care of a nerve specialist, in preparation for a return to the boards which she quitted for matrimony. In a very non-committal way, a London playwright is mentioned as likely to turn her out a dramatization of the latest story by a well-known English novelist. It is inferred that her debut in the piece will be made in a West End theater. Two or three days later, there appears another item, detailing the lady's fears lest her first hus-

band should kidnap their child. And so the farce runs on.

Galling indeed must it be to leaders in the dramatic world who have worked their way up by persistent, legitimate toil, to see these mushroom growths basking in the limelight of publicity. They have a consolation, however. Investigation shows that the forced plants seldom flower long. As water seeks its level, so does mediocrity find



MILlicENT EVANS, LEADING WOMAN WITH  
WILLIAM H. CRANE IN HIS NEW PLAY,  
"UNITED STATES MINISTER BEDLOE"

*From a photograph by Savory, New York*



FRANCES STARR, WHO IS STARRING FOR HER THIRD SEASON IN "THE EASIEST WAY," AND WHO WILL APPEAR IN A NEW PLAY NEXT AUTUMN

*From her latest photograph—copyright by Strauss-Peyton, Kansas City*



BLANCHE BATES, STARRING IN THE NEW COMEDY, "NOBODY'S WIDOW"

*From her latest photograph by Campbell, New York*

itself sinking to its proper place, in spite of all the props with which the publicity man may strive to raise it aloft.

Once in a blue moon a star made overnight proves to justify the process, abnormal as it seems. Elsie Janis is one of them, and she, after all, achieved her electric lights by her own undeniable cleverness, and cannot fairly be said to owe them to diplomatic press-agenting. One June she was doing her imitations on a New York roof, and by the following January she was the star in "The Vanderbilt Cup" at a Broadway

theater. But nobody had thought of promoting her until all theater-going New York was talking of her wonderful powers of mimicry. Besides, she had already been prima donna in a road company giving an opera which was sung in town by Anna Held, so, young as she was, she was fitted for her station by actual experience.

Miss Janis's newest vehicle, "The Slim Princess," is very delightful, as it ought to be, considering the people who helped to make it. Based upon a story of George Ade's, it was prepared for the stage by



Henry Blossom, author of "The Red Mill," and set to music by Leslie Stuart, to whom we are indebted for the charming melodies of "Florodora." There is nothing thin about this musical comedy but its star princess, for the three acts are packed full of laughs, with the twists and turns of a real

Cawthorne, despite the fact that he is featured, does not antagonize the audience by an attitude of "I'm the paid comedian. You've got to laugh!"

Wallace McCutcheon makes a real human being out of a comic-opera leading man, and Charles King appears to enjoy being



EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON, WHO ENACTS THE TITLE-RÔLE IN "SISTER BEATRICE,"  
THE MAETERLINCK MIRACLE PLAY, ONE OF THE GREAT  
SUCCESSSES OF THE NEW THEATER

*From her latest photograph by Bangs, New York*

plot, and entertaining specialties neatly got off by an especially clever cast. The spirit of youth pervades the piece. Miss Janis permits her own joyous humor to crop out unrestrained, and works in her imitations neatly without a jar to the story. Joseph

Tod Norcross, of Pittsburgh, as much as the audience enjoys seeing him in the rôle. His running-mate, Elizabeth Brice, in spite of the eyes she makes, also inspires liking. Of course, a Dixie song which these two sing is one of the hits of the night—did



MILLE, DAZIE, DANCING IN VAUDEVILLE

*From her latest photograph by White, New York*

you ever hear "Dixie" itself played anywhere without applause accompanying it? Altogether, I look forward to seeing "The Slim Princess" remain at Mr. Dillingham's Globe Theater until warm weather.

Lest you should imagine from the title that the scenes are all laid in one of those comic-opera countries of which the nineties made us so weary, it may be well to add that more than half the action takes place in Washington, District of Columbia.

#### "HAVOC" DIVIDES THE CRITICS

Here are two newspaper criticisms of Henry Miller's new play, "The Havoc," written by a new young man from Chicago, one H. S. Sheldon—no relation to Edward of "Nigger" fame:

It is, in short, an exceptionally fine play, and one which, if it bore the name of a Continental dramatist of known distinction, would be at once and unhesitatingly accepted as a real work of art.

A very dreary and unnecessary waste of words, made more uninteresting by some utterly impossible situations.

The former is the opinion of the critic of the *New York Times*; the latter is quoted from the *Evening Sun*. It's all in the point of view, you see. If I were called on to decide when doctors disagree, I should cast my vote with Mr. Klauber, of the *Times*.

The play impressed me as a remarkable variant on the much bedraggled dramatic triangle. Whether the public at large will agree with me, it is as yet too early to determine. Most plays of middle-class life, minus a dress-suit in any stage of them, have lately gone to the limbo of the storeroom. "The Havoc" deserves a better fate. It is not pleasant, but unhappily it is true, and truth deserves to live. Men are tiring of their wives every day. If you do not believe me, look up the divorce statistics.

In "The Havoc," the *Craigs* take in *Hesert* as a boarder, and *Mrs. Craig* promptly falls in love with him, her own husband being so immersed in business as to pay her little attention. He catches them in a compromising situation, but, instead of going

into a rage, he proposes that they should accept the facts in the spirit of the modern philosophy which *Hessert* has so freely vaunted. He merely stipulates that after he has permitted his wife to get a divorce, so that she can marry *Hessert*, he shall be taken in as a boarder, just as *Hessert* was.

A year later, we see the new ménage, and the utter selfishness of *Hessert* now that he has obtained what his eyes coveted. He is caught in a dishonest act in the railroad office where *Craig* is his superior, and is about to be arrested, when *Kate* comes to *Craig* and pleads for the culprit, for the sake of their child. She says that she will work to replace the thousand dollars that is missing, and *Craig* finally consents, making sure that *Hessert* carries out his intention of leaving the country.

The play ends with the wife in her first position as *Craig's* stenographer, taking down a letter giving *Hessert's* job to another man. One naturally wonders who is taking care of the baby, as there has been no servant in evidence at any stage of the proceedings; but this is a detail.

The husband is superbly acted by Mr. Miller, whose fine voice lends itself happily to the varying character of *Craig's* attitude toward the other two. Francis Byrne, who was another sort of villain with Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady," could not be improved upon for *Hessert*, and Laura Hope Crews valiantly effaces herself as the unhappy wife.

#### LURID MELODRAMA AND CLEVER FARCE

Speaking of play reviews, the New York newspaper criticisms of "The Deep Purple," although far from complimentary to the authors, Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner, are likely to bring large audiences to the Lyric. Unfortunately, a great many people seem to be fond of stage pictures of criminal life. The metropolitan critics may tell them that the play is a clumsily made melodrama, but the very phrase used by one of the reviewers—"it is not a nice thing to spread before a mixed



HATTIE WILLIAMS, TO STAR IN A NEW COMEDY BY A WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT

From her latest photograph by Strong, New York



FRANCES WILSON, AS VIOLET ENGAINÉ IN HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S NEW PLAY,  
"WE CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ALL THAT"

*From a photograph by Foley, New York*

audience in a first-class theater"—will stir the interest of many readers. Though far inferior to "Jimmy Valentine," "Arsène Lupin," and "Raffles," "The Deep Purple" may very possibly run for the rest of the season in New York.

The Lieblers have given it a splendid

cast, whose members have had good training in team-work during the presentation of the play in Chicago. Emmett Corrigan, as a reformed Western hold-up man, almost makes one believe that such a Sunday-school crook might once have existed. Ada Dwyer discounts every society woman of

my acquaintance for real motherliness as the ex-thief, *Frisco Kate*. W. J. Ferguson brings all his art to bear upon the comedy relief of *Pop Clark*, and Jameson Lee Finney is consistently evil as the gentleman crook of the lot. Richard Bennett, late of "The Brass Bottle," formerly of "What Every Woman Knows," throws commendable energy into his depiction of the mining engineer, as if realizing that almost the only honest man in the lot needs this extra note of emphasis.

Almost as effective a cast, and yet one whose members were practically unknown on Broadway, is that employed in the farce "Over Night"—the work of a new writer, Philip H. Bartholomae. He, too, like the two Sheldons, Hopwood, and Hurlbut, is a young man, and in "Over Night" he has succeeded in turning out a farce on original lines. What a relief to find a plot of this genre that hinges on two people not caring for each other, rather than on the nauseous love-making of some married reprobate and a chorus-girl.

Here we have two couples on their honeymoon on a Hudson River boat, separated because the husband of one and the wife of the other go back upon the pier to look up some baggage, and the boat leaves without them. The efforts of the two left on board to carry out the rôles of bride and bridegroom constitute the fun of the piece. Herbert A. Yost is inimitable as the timid *Richard Kettle*, under the thumb of his real bride—a tall and formidable "suffragette." Margaret Lawrence, the *Elsie Darling*, with whom he is thrown, puts just the right proportions of innocence and sophistication into her part.

The piece was well received, and in a normal season ought to entertain crowds. Whether it will do so when new productions are distracting theater-goers' minds at the rate of four and five a week, remains to be seen. New York now has twenty-eight producing theaters, while London, with half as many people again, has only eighteen. Aside from the fact that there are not enough playgoers to support so many houses, supposing that every one of them harbored a success, people looking for entertainment grow bewildered at the variety offered. They have no time to read the multitudinous newspaper criticisms; they do not know how to guess the merits of all the unfamiliar plays and unknown players, and their friends cannot inform them. They usually end up by try-

ing to crowd into the three or four theaters whose sensational hits have gained country-wide prominence. Naturally, they have trouble in getting seats, unless they buy of a speculator, and are thus put in an ugly frame of mind before the curtain lifts.

Managers themselves realize the evils of the existing state of things. In the frantic attempt to attract audiences, they search for all kinds of extraneous lures to attract attention and attendance. One New York house recently announced that at a Wednesday matinée an elephant would be led down the aisle, to bow to the actors on the stage.

#### FAVERSHAM FINE IN "THE FAUN"

"Refreshing" is just the adjective with which to describe "The Faun," the play with which William Faversham returned to Daly's in the middle of January. One could tell from the kind of laughter in the theater that people were letting themselves go in mirth of the sort that is rare nowadays. The whole thing is very English, albeit the author, Edward Knoblauch, is an American, and the play has not yet been presented abroad.

*Lord Stonbury* goes "stony broke" at Ascot, and is about to shoot himself, when a faun rises out of a bed of geraniums in the garden, and announces that in exchange for an introduction into polite society he will give *Stonbury* sure tips on the races, and enable him to recoup his fortunes. The faun is clad only in a leopard-skin about his loins, Mr. Faversham's devotion to art going so far as to eschew the compromise of tights, even in midwinter. In action, too, he is a most realistic half-goat. He capers about the stage like a veritable *capra hircus*, and there is nothing lumbering about his springs to sit cross-legged on the table. I only hope that his faithfulness to nature will not give him a touch of rheumatism before spring sets in. But to proceed with the story.

*Stonbury* agrees to the bargain, but very soon repents of it. Although the faun, apprised by moth and butterfly of the horse-men's most confidential stable talk, succeeds in making his friend a wonderful winner on the turf, his outspoken comments on modern society keep the poor nobleman in constant hot water. In this respect the play reminds one remotely of "The Brass Bottle," which came to grief early in the season, but it is many times more brightly written. Indeed, so clever are the lines that one would like



to read them, in order to rivet many of them in memory.

The outcome is happy, and the faun returns to his beloved nature, quite satisfied to leave a civilization founded on self-repression and sustained by a fabric of falsehood; but before he leaps over the balustrade to toss back the hampering habiliments of a gentleman, he manages to mate sundry couples hitherto blind to their own hearts' dictates.

One beauty of "The Faun" is the way in which the author answers your unspoken questions. For instance, just as you are beginning to wonder why the faun should be able to converse so readily with the nobleman, the latter inquires:

"How do you come to know English?"

"I was taught it by Shelley, in Italy," the faun replies. "He understood me rarely, and it was for his sake that I desired to visit his native land."

Mr. Faversham has excellent support, including his wife, as a Suffragette fifer. I make no doubt that Mr. Knoblauch had difficulty in placing the play. There is evidence of this in the line referring to the heroine as "the little green grape"—which could not possibly have been written to apply to Mr. Faversham's leading lady, the statuesque Miss Opp.

#### BEATRICE HERFORD AND SOME CONTRASTS

If one laughs refreshingly at "The Faun" because of its unusual elements, the skill with which the affairs of every-day life are held up to the mirror by Beatrice Herford is equally provocative of rare enjoyment. Miss Herford writes her own monologues, and possesses a wonderful insight into the foibles of humanity. I know of no one else who can so successfully entertain an audience for an hour and a half without the support of an orchestra or of any assistant. Her voice is a wonder in its power of mimicry, whether she imitates the nasal tones of the American mother of "The Only Child" or the rising inflection of the hostess at "An English Party." Her skill in making you see the whole setting of the scene described, while she voices only one actor in it, amounts to veritable genius.

If you have never heard Miss Herford, don't miss the next opportunity of doing so. As a substitute for the usual form of dramatic entertainment she is a refreshing novelty.

Miss Herford is the whole show in the

most literal sense of the term, but, alas! Grace Van Studdiford is far from being so in "The Paradise of Mahomet," which followed Lulu Glaser at the Herald Square. This opera bouffe had a brief and checkered career last season in other hands. The music, written years ago by Planquette, who gave us "The Chimes of Normandy," is supposed to have been refurbished by Silvio Hein, no mean composer on his own account. It seems to me that the most catchy airs smack most of the modern. One of them, "I Can't Get Enough," sung by the comedian, Robert G. Pitkin, was most aptly named so far as its impression on the audience was concerned; and the same may be said for another number, "You're So Different from the Rest," sung by Mr. Pitkin and Miss Maude Odell.

This, I believe, is Miss Odell's first venture into the operatic field. She is certainly to be congratulated on her success. As for Mr. Pitkin, this young man is quite new to me, but I predict big things for him. He is funnier than De Wolf Hopper in his palmiest days, and is free from those over-worked mannerisms that make most funny men so tedious.

Miss Van Studdiford, formerly with the Bostonians as Grace Quivé, has a voice of good range and power, but is not so well fitted with "The Paradise of Mahomet" as she was some years ago with "Red Feather."

Another musical show, current on Broadway at this writing, is "Marriage à la Carte"—a title that seems to have no sinister relation to the story of the piece. The libretto is by C. M. S. McLellan, who wrote "The Belle of New York" for this same Casino, and "Leah Kleschna" for Mrs. Fiske; the score is by the Englishman, Ivan Caryll, who furnished the tunes for "The Girl from Kay's" and her sisters.

Just as an American and a Britisher divide the authorship, so do an American, Harry Conor, and a Viennese, Emmy Wehlen, share the lead in the cast. It is Miss Wehlen's first visit to this country, and she has made a very pleasing impression, as has also the vehicle, which elicited its strongest eulogies from the critics on the score of having not a single allusion to Broadway from curtain-lift to tag.

Far different was the reception accorded a more serious work by Mr. McLellan—"Judith Zaraine"—thus bearing out my statement that it is easier to get a fore-

doomed failure produced than a possible success. In this case, the failure had already been pronounced both in London and Chicago, yet up bobs the piece again, with a change of name and some slight alterations in the story and the cast. But I fancy that Broadway's coldness toward this tedious disquisition on capital and labor will put the play on the shelf for good.

#### PERCY MACKAYE'S BEST YET

Fantasy ran rampant on the New York stage in mid-January. In the same week that brought us William Faversham in "The Faun," Edmund Breese stepped forth as a star in "The Scarecrow," the Percy Mackaye romance published in book form some time ago, and originally suggested by Hawthorne's "Feathertop."

The sputterings of *Dickon*, the devil (Breese), and *Blacksmith Bess* (Alice Fischer) in the first act of "The Scarecrow," seem obscure and irrelevant to one who has not studied the play from the printed page; but H. B. Harris has done marvels on the production side. The transformation of the scarecrow, which we see *Dickon* and *Bess* put together out of bits of wire and straw, into the breathing personality of *Lord Ravensbane* (Frank Reicher) is accomplished with a dexterity truly wondrous. Too seldom now has the stage any opportunity to deceive the eye, and when such mechanical marvels are yoked with Mackaye's clever lines, success should be a matter for congratulation on both sides of the footlights. The mirror scene for the third curtain is thrillingly effective, and the fourth act contrives to keep the interest active to the end, although I should advise a cutting of *Ravensbane's* soliloquy.

"The Scarecrow" was at first designed as a starring vehicle for Edgar Selwyn, with the star in the title-rôle; but the success of "The Country Boy" decided Mr. Selwyn to stick to writing dramas instead of acting in them. It was then arranged to star Edmund Breese as *Dickon*. For some two years H. B. Harris has been looking for a play to fit this capable actor, who has been a favorite with the public since he was seen with Robert Edeson as the football coach in "Strongheart." Early in the autumn he was featured as the husband in "The Spendthrift," and theater-goers will not soon forget his impersonation of the leonine millionaire in "The Lion and the Mouse." He strikes me as eminently good

in "The Scarecrow," throwing a wonderful amount of energy into the part, and his satanic make-up is admirable.

For the name-part in "The Scarecrow" no better choice could have been made than Frank Reicher, half-brother to Hedwig. A quickening of the tempo, when the strawman first begins to speak, even at the sacrifice of some realism, would be grateful to the audience; but this is a drawback for which the author, doubtless, is more responsible than the actor.

#### WHY MISS ADAMS CROWS IN "CHANTECLER"

The cap-sheaf to the fantastic bunch of productions that came to Broadway in the first month of 1911 was the long-heralded "Chantecler," which Charles Frohman presented for the first time anywhere in English, at the Knickerbocker Theater, on January 23, with Maude Adams as the *Cock*. Protests against the selection of a woman for this essentially virile rôle have been heard on all sides since Mr. Frohman announced his choice as long ago as last April; but the event proves that from a purely business point of view, at least, he could have done nothing wiser. Not only does M. Rostand demand unusually heavy royalties for his play, but it goes without saying that the costuming foots up into big figures, and there has been no stinting in the completeness of either feathers or scenery.

Fascinating is the figure of Miss Adams, when, in a simple white gown, and with the little cap on her head that reminds one of *Juliet's*, she steps before the curtain and speaks a prologue that whets anew the curiosity of the multitude assembled on the hither side of the footlights.

"No, not yet; wait please," she says once or twice, as the impatient curtain starts to rise behind her.

Then, as various noises come from the mysterious region of back stage, she explains what each one means. At last she lets us know that all humans have departed from the farm, and that only the animals are left. Then come the three knocks, the traditional French signal for the commencement of the play, and Miss Adams steps aside, having given us the best enjoyment of the whole evening—her own charming self, delivering a very original and prettily expressed preface to a play whose full meaning can be but imperfectly conveyed by any English rendering.

Briefly put, the central idea of the story is that the *Cock* believes that it is his crowing which causes the sun to rise each morning. Wounded in a fight with a game rooster, he loses his voice for the nonce; and then, when he beholds the sun appear without his having called it, he refuses to carry on his romance with the hen pheasant, and, utterly humiliated, goes back to his daily round of farmyard life. He cannot make the sun rise, but he will be contented with the humbler task of telling the world that it has risen.

The story, it will be seen, is extremely slight, so that one must rely on the beauty of the lines and the skill of the actors for three hours' enjoyment, when once curiosity has been satisfied by seeing the costumes.

From the next day's notices I cull the subjoined succinct opinions of the New York critics on this important performance:

"Miss Adams's desire to appear in the title-rôle is impossible to understand," said the *Sun*. "The speeches of *Chantecler* were a pitiful strain on the physical powers of the actress. She was an alluring specimen of masquerading womanhood, not a whit more masculine in any suggestion than the *Hen Pheasant*, so daintily played by May Blayney."

According to Louis de Foe, of the *World*, the play "failed to hold the deep interest that the audience was ready to grant it. As characters in action, whether human or poultry, it could not arouse a thrill. So the applause did not grow in volume as the evening proceeded, and by the time the end was reached the audience was ready to go home." Mr. de Foe adds that either Otis Skinner or Tyrone Power would have been magnificent in the title-rôle.

Of Miss Adams herself, the *Times* said:

The sum of all her qualities spells woman, if it spells anything at all. Her exquisite femininity, indeed, is most responsible for her success. But whatever *Chantecler* is—and to different minds he may be many things—he is never feminine.

Arthur Warren, in the *Tribune*, wrote of the play:

It suffers now, of course. But that was expected. It will succeed, nevertheless; and that was expected. But its success will be a success of curiosity.

The *Evening Post* declared:

As a barnyard spectacle the show is a good one, but it seldom amounts to anything more, and a barnyard spectacle in which no particular care

has been taken to give individuality to the principal characters is but a poor substitute for a literary and poetic fantasy from which most of the literature and nearly all the poetry has been extracted.

Charles Darnton, in the *Evening World*, affirmed that "in spite of its cocky hero, 'Chantecler,' as a play, hasn't much to crow about. The sex struggle developed in the love of *Chantecler* for the *Hen Pheasant* cannot mean very much under the present circumstances."

To the mind of the *Evening Mail* man, "Chantecler" was "just a stunt," while it was the opinion of Acton Davies, in the *Evening Sun*, that as the result of Miss Adams playing the lead, the acting honors went easily to the *Hen Pheasant*, whereas "with a man, and by that we don't mean a great man, but just any man playing the rôle, this would not have been so." And Alan Dale, in the *American*, affirmed that "if 'Chantecler' meant anything, its meaning was completely missed. It became a pretty feminine escapade."

Why did Charles Frohman permit this sort of thing, you ask? What does he mean by it? The answer seems to be business, pure and simple. In fact, looking back upon the whole affair, I do not see what else he could have done with any prospect of financial success.

Suppose, for instance, that he had cast Otis Skinner for the *Cock* and put Maude Adams in for the *Hen Pheasant*. In that case not only would Miss Adams have been playing second fiddle to another performer, but Mr. Frohman would have been giving the public four dollars' worth of stars for two. As the matter stands, "Chantecler" is a great monetary success, far greater than it was in Paris. Everybody wants to see Maude Adams in any case, even more than to see "Chantecler," and five thousand dollars' worth of tickets were sold at the Knickerbocker on the day after the opening, while people were reading how ill-advised it was to cast a woman for the *Cock*.

I hear that Mr. Frohman is laughing in his sleeve at the critics. He needn't. He has done exactly what they all said he would do—coined a lot of money out of the slaughter of art to make a poultry carnival.

WANTED—A PLAY FOR OTIS SKINNER

Meanwhile, what of Otis Skinner in "Sire"? Last month I told you that I could imagine his awaiting with special

anxiety New York's reception of this play from the French, following in the wake of so many Gallic frosts. Well, the outcome only made more poignant the regret that managerial sagacity prevented his participation in "Chantecler."

The premises of this new Lavedan play are most promising. An elderly French countess, who has never married, believes that the son of Louis XVI did not really die in captivity, but survives and is the rightful King of France. So obsessed is she by her loyalty to the disinherited dauphin that her doctor and her priest arrange to have a clock-mender (Otis Skinner) assume the rôle for the nonce to satisfy her, as she has declared that she could rest easy if she could but see the prince once. Embroidered on this main theme, however, are intrigues with the countess's companion, which, however spicy they may have been in the original, smack of anything but verity in the adaptation; also imbroglions with a band of conspirators, more episodic than important. In fact, all this business reminds one of comic opera minus both comedy and music. But there is worse to come.

The presentation to the *Countess* is made, and the deception succeeds. Then Louis N. Parker, author of "Pomander Walk," who adapted the play, begins to have his real troubles. Here he has his hero saddled with protestations of love for *Leonie*, and yet he has to make him utter equally fervent avowals to the spinster of sixty. The inevitable result is a jostling of impressions on the part of the spectator which leaves him, at final curtain-fall, uncertain whether he has been assisting at pseudo-farce or near-tragedy.

As *Denis Roulette*, Skinner was fine, except for his occasional lapses from mid-nineteenth-century Gallic raillery to twentieth-century Broadway bluster. Handicapped with so poor a vehicle, however, one can scarcely blame him for wobbling about in it.

#### MARIE TEMPEST IN SMALL TYPE

It is owing to the scarcity of new plays that we were permitted to see Marie Tempest, minus big type on the program of the New Theater, in a revival of "Vanity Fair," a version of Thackeray's novel, by her husband, Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, and Robert Hichens, produced in London some years since.

The real status of the New Theater in American stageland was emphasized in this engagement of Miss Tempest as a "guest player" with the stock company, her name appearing nowhere on the house-bill except in the list of characters, and there in type of exactly the same size as that of the rest of the cast. Graham Browne, who was delightful as the husband in the London production of "Penelope," and who scored so heavily here in "Israel," was the *Rawdon Crawley*, with Louis Calvert as *Sir Pitt*, and Rose Coghlan for *Mrs. O'Dowd*. It goes without saying that Miss Tempest acted *Becky Sharp* to the life. The part in this version is as long as *Hamlet's*, and the authors have made no attempt to furbish up *Becky's* character at the finish.

The play was presented at the New Theater in seven scenes, the flower-market at Brussels and the reception at *Lord Steyne's* house being very elaborately mounted. On the other hand, the episode of the ball at Brussels, of which so much was made in Mrs. Fiske's "Becky Sharp," is omitted.

As a play, I think the Langdon Mitchell version was superior. This other, I should say, is more interesting to lovers of Thackeray than to those who seek at the theater an acted story perfectly comprehensible.

What Miss Tempest will do next is at this writing undetermined. She cannot go on tour in "Vanity Fair," at this season of the year, supported by the New Theater company; and on account of the subscribers' rights there, the play cannot be given at the Central Park West house more than a certain number of times consecutively. So that you see Marie Tempest needs a new play quite as badly as does Otis Skinner.

Miss Tempest has been telling the London *Sketch* that she is not in the least sensitive on the subject of her age, adding that she believes she is the only actress whose birth-date is given in "Who's Who." We need not apologize, therefore, for stating it as July 15, 1866. It may be added, however, that she is not quite correct in thinking that she stands alone as a victim of the inquisitive biographer. A brief search of the English compendium to which she refers reveals the following:

Marie Cecilia McCarthy (better known as Cissie Loftus), born October 22, 1876.

Olga Nethersole, born January 18, 1870.

Mrs. Kendal, born March 15, 1849.

Ellen Terry (Mrs. James Carew), born February 27, 1848.



Miss Tempest resents the report that her first appearance was made in musical comedy. "Boccaccio," one of Franz von Suppe's operas, introduced her to the footlights when she was a mere schoolgirl in London. Her part was *Fiammetta*, and Miss Tempest declares that her début was the only time she has never been nervous on the stage.

That all-Indian, truly American play, "The Arrow Maker," is still only in preparation at the New Theater. Meanwhile this magnificent temple of drama has been utilized to do honor to visiting genius. A special performance of "Sister Beatrice" was made the occasion of presenting a medal to Ellen Terry. The ceremony was followed by a tea on the roof-garden, at which actresses of the stock company "poured," while playwrights, artists, and society folk fraternized and discussed the apparently non-existent American drama.

'Tis a pity that the New Theater declined "The Scarecrow." Here was a golden opportunity, it would seem, to encourage native talent. Albert Bruning would not have made a bad *Devil*.

#### PROBLEMS OF THE NEW THEATER

It is possible that the New Theater may feel itself justified in its refusal of "The Scarecrow" in the light of the fact that the New York run of the piece lasted only three weeks. Placed in repertoire, however, the same number of performances might have been spread over a considerable time, and, with more opportunity for people who had seen the play to tell others of it, its life might have been longer. Still, after all, it is easy to criticize, but infinitely difficult to conduct, an enterprise of such scope as the New Theater—more difficult in this country than in any other.

Here the temptation to produce only those plays which will afterward make money on the road is almost insurmountable. In the countries of continental Europe, the traveling company does not exist. Each theater stands alone, and plays a repertoire which can be made up irrespective of what other cities may need.

At our New Theater it is practically impossible to obtain plays from the leading playwrights at first hand, unless they can be assured of a long run; and a long consecutive run is not possible, with the subscribers' rights to be considered. The management pays a flat rate to the author for

each performance, and guarantees fifteen. For one play, last winter, it paid one hundred and fifty dollars a night. If the piece was given four times a week, the six hundred dollars thus accruing falls far short of the two thousand dollars paid for royalties out of the box-office receipts of a comedy which ran at the same period in one of New York's so-called "commercial theaters."

But the New Theater, it must be remembered, is still young, and more or less in the experimental stage. If it is kept alive—and its abandonment would indeed be a misfortune—each added year of life will tend to strengthen its position, until the *réclame* of a production at the country's leading playhouse will come to have a lure that no dramatist with a soul for art can resist.

I have just time to mention, before going to press, the New Theater's first American offering of its second season—"The Piper," by Josephine Preston Peabody. This is a poetic drama based on the legend which Robert Browning made familiar. It has already been performed in London and at the Shakespeare Memorial Theater, in Stratford-on-Avon, where it took the prize offered for the best romantic play in English verse. I believe it was at one time considered by Otis Skinner, and I think his abandonment of it was wise. It is scarcely a drama to win large-sized audiences, with its subtle intentions and long stretches of recitation.

The title-rôle now falls to Edith Wynne Matthison, and if managers must persist in giving men's parts to women players, I wish there were always a Miss Matthison to play them. Her charm permeates the piece like a perfume; and next to it is the admirable work of George Foster Platt as producer. His vistas at the New Theater are particularly alluring, and "The Piper" affords him a fine opportunity on the opening of the door inside the Hollow Hill, whither the children have been lured, and at the crossways, where the piper sets the solemn procession, convent-bound, to dancing.

From the purely dramatic side, the best moments in this play are in its first act, laid in the market-place at Hamelin. Next to Miss Matthison, effective work is done by Frank Gillmore, wholly disguised from his blond self as *Michael the Sword-Eater*; by Olive Oliver as *Veronika*, the grieving mother; and by a newcomer, Dora Josslyn, as *Barbara*, the bewitched girl.

Matthew White, Jr.



# STORIETTES

## Queen Delia's Box

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

"BUT with all them old rascals tryin' to marry the purty young actresses, I tell ye it's—"

"Dalia's a good girl," said Mrs. McFinn sternly, "an' she won't be marryin' anny one without lettin' me know."

"A good girl," repeated Mr. McFinn.

"An' tender-hearted—so fond of animals she wouldn't hurt even a fly!"

"Annyhow," said Mrs. Gilligan, her neighborly interest not yet sated, "it must be fine to have her away from that good-for-nothin' Schmidt that was so crazy about her; an' him run away now with a circus!"

"Her carin' for him!" Mrs. McFinn was ejaculating, when Mr. McFinn, at the window, suddenly struggled upright.

"Would ye look at the carriage stoppin' and the big box up be the driver?" The head of the house dropped his pipe with a crash. "And there's Dalia—down in the carriage. Dalia! Look up here!"

Touching was the reunion at the foot of the stairs, while Mr. McFinn and the driver made a portage with the box. That wooden masterpiece, spacious as a good-sized trunk, bound with iron and locked with an enormous padlock, set both Mr. McFinn and the cabman to puffing.

"In the old room, papa, if you've got it left for me, and be careful!" called Delia, as, straining and tugging, the two man-handled the box up the abrupt stairway.

"What's inside?" demanded the panting driver at the top.

"Pretty dresses and more pretty dresses, I'm thinkin'," said Mr. McFinn.

"I never handled no pretty dresses before that shifted around this way, and I never seen no trunk before that had holes bored into it," said the cabman, wiping a dewy forehead. "Now, how are you going to get it through that rocking-chair and that sewing-machine?"

"It don't matter; we can lay it in the

kitchen for now, and I'll be draggin' it into the old room meself."

With the heavy box set squarely beside the kitchen stove, Mr. McFinn lost himself in speculation.

"And what's in it, I'm wonderin', too? It ain't clothes—the weight does shift—he was right. And the little holes?" A suspicion shadowed his mind, but he resented it indignantly. "Sure I know Dalia wouldn't do a thing like that. Of course, it's filled with nothin' but coshtumes and powder-puffs and such like." He kicked the box meditatively. Hark! He listened and kicked again, but this time with no response. Laughing nervously, he turned away.

"It's nothin' but my ears playin' me tricks," he said.

Back in the sitting-room, the three women were in a clatter of talk, which was abruptly interrupted by Delia.

"Papa, did you put the box in the old room?"

"And why did you want it so particular in the old room?" He tried to keep the anxiety from his voice.

"You didn't take it into the kitchen? Not beside the stove?"

"It'll hurt nothin', Dalia, and as quick as me back's rested I'll put it annywhere you say."

The brow of the actress wrinkled.

"Can't you change it now?"

"For shame, Dalia!" said her mother. "What is there in the box to be hurt by a minute or two in the kitchen?"

"I'm curious, too, Dalia," chipped in Mrs. Gilligan. "What have you got in that fine box?"

"It's coshtumes, maybe—the dresses she wears when she's playin' queens on the stage," Mrs. McFinn suggested; "and some grand ones, too, or I know nothin' at all about it. Tell us, Dalia, what you're after keepin' locked up so close."

The actress fumbled nervously with her locket.

"Well, ma, there's a gorgeous red one with fur trimmin's across the front—and white roses."

"And did you wear that when you was a queen?"

"Y-yes, when I was bein' billed as *Queen Cleopatra*."

"And sure one dress ain't all that's in that big box?"

"Well, there's one in green—"

"Good for you, Dalia!" interposed the loyal McFinn.

"And did they like you in green?"

"Well, there was a fellow in Buffalo who—"

Again a baleful suspicion overcast Mr. McFinn.

"Dalia, have you seen annything of young Schmidt at all in your travels?" he inquired.

Delia hesitated, and her cheeks reddened perceptibly.

"I saw him once or twice."

"And what'll he be doing?"

Instead of replying, Delia rested her hand on her father's shoulder.

"Papa, dear, can't you move that box over into the room now? I'm afraid of having it left longer in the kitchen, and if you wait till to-night—"

It was Mrs. Gilligan who stepped into the breach.

"Darlin', if you want the box moved now, I'll get Tim to move it for you. He'll be home by this time, and glad he'll be to lend a hand. No, you're not imposin' a bit; you just step over to the flat, and we'll get him, and let all the children shake hands with a real actress."

"That's it," said Mr. McFinn, artfully concealing his impatience to have the women out of the way.

"Run along, Dalia," added her mother; "and the while I'll be fixing up a place for the box in your room."

With a last reluctant peep at the kitchen, Delia left the apartment, while Mrs. McFinn, seizing a broom, scurried into the disordered bedroom. Mr. McFinn rose to his feet.

"If it's nothin' but dresses," he said slowly, "faith, dresses won't be hurt by bein' looked at; but if it's—"

He did not finish the sentence, but shook a huge fist at the box by the stove. Then he knelt down with his ear at one of the holes.

Something—some one—was moving about inside.

"Who's in there?" he shouted.

The noise stopped, only to recommence louder than before.

"All right, me laddybuck!" said Mr. McFinn sardonically. "What's a padlock between friends? If you want to get out, it's not me that's going to stand in your way—oh, no!"

He opened the door leading to the back stairway, where hung the household tools, and, selecting those needful, knelt again beside the box.

"Aye," he grunted, as the screws of the hasp twisted in their grooves, "keep on moving, me boy, and soon I'll give you all the room you want!"

With three screws on the floor, he braced himself for the fourth and last, which was a sticker.

"Out ye come now!" he said, bending close to his work, and with one leg over the lid. "Round once more! Aisy inside there, Mr. Schmidt!"

So intent was Mr. McFinn on his work that he quite overlooked the fact that the removal of the last screw freed the hasp, and left the lid clear for opening. He took out the last screw; he laid it carefully beside him; he wiped his brow with his handkerchief; and then unexpectedly—which is the way most things happen—the box-cover, with Mr. McFinn astraddle, flew upward, and Mr. McFinn, clutching at the air, flew backward with it.

He grabbed for the stove, and missed. Missing the door-posts, he half slid and half tumbled across the threshold, and went bumping down the back stairway. There, at the landing, his wits almost jolted out of him, he heard his wife scurry into the kitchen.

"Dan! Dan! What's happened? A-a-e-ee-ee!"

Mr. McFinn tried to rise, only to find himself tightly wedged in a small clothes-basket, while from above came a man's heavy tread and the voice of Tim Gilligan, the expressman.

"And what's wrong, Mrs. Mac? Sure I won't let nothin' hurt you! I'll knock the block off—warroo-oup!"

As the second yell of horror ended in a second crash, Mr. McFinn managed to extricate himself from the clothes-basket. Two steps at a time he bounded up the stairway to the top, and there he stopped short,

unable even to shout a defiance. His mouth opened and shut feebly.

"For the love of Heaven!" he gasped.

Its long, sinewy neck curved around the partition, its skin a golden green in the sunlight, an enormous snake stared him full in the face!

While Mr. McFinn stood there like an unhappy bird, a fresh horror nerved him to speech.

"Dalia!" he shouted, as his daughter came into the house. "Keep away! Keep away!"

"Keep away nothing!" said Delia, stepping boldly toward the monster. "Come here, King; be easy now—easy! Down with you! Out of that, Lady! Back you go into the box, every one! To think a poor girl's father should go peepin' and spyin' on her! In with you, Queenie! What'll you be wantin' on a kitchen table?"

And thus, chastising and rebuking, she finally drove the reptiles back to their narrow confines.

The Gilligans had gone. Wofully, the

unhappy Delia dabbed her eyes with a lace handkerchief.

"Och! I tried so hard to be a regular actress, but a girl like me don't have a chance; and I met Mme. Madero—from Indianapolis and dyin'—and she give me the act, and if you like animals, there's nothin' bad about snakes!"

She stopped talking, to sob at clock-tick intervals; but the resentment of Mrs. McFinn in nowise abated.

"And what for did you write home such stories to make me the shame of all the neighbors, sayin' again and again you were a queen on the stage?"

With a shake of the head, Delia sat up defiantly.

"And I am a queen!" she said, with a dash of pride in her voice. "I'm the Queen of the Snakes, and makin' a living at it; and Herman Schmidt, for all your abusing him, he owns a moving-picture theater in Portland that's making him his twenty dollars a day clear; and him and me, we're going to be married, come June!"

## In Case of Emergency

BY PERLEY POORE SHEEHAN

A FULL moon, big and yellow, was hanging over the cypress swamp. On a knoll, to the right, stood a ruined house, forming a lonely, majestic silhouette, broken only where a solitary window reflected the moonlight. Earlier in the evening, the bellying of an alligator had come from farther up the creek, sounding like an amateur hand on an automobile-horn, and a whip-poorwill had practised its call over and over again in the shadow of the house. Now all that could be heard was the grating of crickets and the occasional splash of a fish in water that could not be seen.

It was not an attractive place to pass the night, but the man who shuffled along the weed-grown lane toward the ruined house went with the air of one who was going home. There was a half-full sack on his shoulders, and he leaned far forward under its weight. It gave him an appearance of age that was belied by the swift agility of his gait.

He paid no attention to the night sounds or night specters around him. He evidently

gave no thought to the moccasins that might infest the trail. But just as he reached the bottom of the slope, some instinct made him pause. A moment later, while his sack was in mid air between his shoulder and the ground, a voice hailed him, close at his side.

"Hello there, Henry!" it said. "No use, Henry; I got my gun right here. By grab," it added; "the mosquitoes almost et me up!"

"Hello, Tiger!" replied the man addressed as Henry. "You mean you've come after me?"

"I've come after you, Henry," said Tiger in the same matter-of-fact tone.

Henry reflected for a moment. He could not see his captor, but he knew that his captor could see him. That was one reason why Tiger—otherwise Deputy-Sheriff Bob Jones—bore the name he did; that, and his record as a fighting man.

"Are you goin' to handcuff me, Tiger?" he asked.

"I never handcuffed a white man yet,

Henry," the deputy answered with a touch of pride.

"Come on up to the house," said the prisoner. "There'll be more moon in an hour. We'll make a smudge, and eat and drink something in comfort."

Tiger averred that there was nothing in this plan at variance with his sworn duty; so Henry picked up his sack, and the two men, like two friends, walked up the slope together.

It had been a fine house once, grand and stately. Its tall pillars and wide porches, as they became more clearly visible in the growing moonlight, even now recalled something of its early romantic splendor. Henry's great-grandfather—who was one day to be charged with treason—built it when he married the most beautiful girl in the commonwealth; but to-day, of all their dreams and plans and hopes, nothing was left on earth save this ruined house and the forlorn prisoner who now entered its dilapidated door.

Henry succeeded, with some cursing, in lighting a lantern. The sparse hairs on his unshaven chin glistened as he leaned over it. The dim glow and dark shadows made his long, lean face and unshorn locks more attractive than they might have been by daylight. His long, thin hands seemed effeminate as he pushed down the chimney and set the lantern on a table. He was poorly dressed in cotton shirt and trousers, with heelless shoes and no socks.

The deputy was similarly dressed, but he was a man of an entirely different type. He was short and wiry of build, with a square face and round, unwinking, pale-blue eyes. Country nicknames are likely to be apt. Tiger he was—not of the drowsing kind, but alert and watchful, cruel and physically efficient.

The room they entered had once been the dining-hall of the mansion. It was long and broad and high, with a great fireplace. Where the plaster still clung to the lath there were remnants of a decorative cornice with intertwined "G. M.'s"—the initials of the founder. Around two sides of the room were patches of wainscoting in white-enameled wood.

Now, the room served as kitchen and living-room. A broken, rusty stove let its misfit pipe into the fireplace. There was a faded blue mattress on the floor in a corner, half-covered by a pile of soiled bed-

ding. Beside the table there were two rickety chairs. That was all.

While Tiger watched him unblinking and in silence, Henry tore a corner from something in the bedding and lit it with a match. A reek of bitter smoke filled the room.

"That'll keep 'em under until we can get somethin' into our-insides," said Henry. "The mosquitoes sure is bad!"

Throwing the smoldering rag into the center of the floor, he turned to the stove. He bore ope of the noblest names in the South, a name no bearer of which had ever failed in hospitality.

"What did you do it for, Henry?" asked Tiger at last.

"He killed one of my hogs."

"But you ought to have put the law to him."

Henry was busy at the stove. Gradually the acrid stench of the smudge was yielding to the more congenial smell of frying pork and corn.

As he worked, Henry seemed more effeminate than ever. With his uncut hair and thin shoulders he might have been a girl in disguise.

"I said I'd kill him, and I did," he said simply. "Do you reckon they'll let me off?" he added, after a long pause.

"I reckon not, Henry," Tiger replied.

Neither spoke until the food was on the table. Then the host said to his guest:

"I got a treat for you, Tiger. It's somethin' I found as I was rummagin' around. Look here!"

He went over to where a bit of wainscoting was still intact, and, pressing up a portion of the molding, disclosed the door of a secret cupboard. The sole contents of the hiding-place was a long, slender wine-bottle of ancient form, on which was pasted a square of white paper with a written inscription.

"I just couldn't drink it alone," said Henry. "I bet it's good. I expect it's about a hundred years old."

Tiger purred, and looked at the bottle with savage gusto.

"Your family used to be famous for their wine," he said. "I've heard my own father say so, and he knew!"

Henry took from his pocket a large knife, such as farmers use to prune their trees, and deftly pulled the cork.

"Shall we drink out of the bottle, or



use the dipper?" he asked, with a nervous laugh.

"Use the dipper," Tiger advised. "We might waste some of it."

Henry took the dipper from a water-bucket near the stove, and brought it to the table. With a steady hand he tilted the bottle and filled the dipper to the brim. The wine was crimson, shot with black shadows, like some old Burgundy. Its fragrance was powerful and aromatic.

"You go ahead first, Tiger," said Henry. "You're the oldest."

"No, go ahead," the deputy urged. Then, while Henry still hesitated with the dipper in his hand, the officer asked: "What is that writ on the bottle? My eyes are full of that smoke."

"I can't make it out, neither," the host

declared, looking at the paper. "I reckon it's the date, and where it come from." Then he raised the dipper and spoke: "Here's hopin'—here's hopin' they'll let me off!" And he drained the draft to the last drop.

Neither of the two men could read; otherwise they might have deciphered that faded, fine old handwriting thus:

*This wine was poisoned by myself in case of emergency. Keep it, and, if need be, use it; for better than dishonor is the grave.*

This leads one to wonder if prayers are not sometimes uttered from beyond the tomb, and answered, too. At any rate, what proud old "G. M.," long since forgotten, would have willed in this emergency, came to pass.

## An Unexpected Arrival

BY G. GORDON WEST

THE dishes — from which, with the ferocity of a starving animal, Jim Conners had snatched the food hastily set before him—had been pushed back to make room on the table for his brawny arms, and for the unkempt head resting upon them. Beside him, her hand on his shoulder, stood Mollie, speechless in the presence of a fatality beyond the help or melioration of words.

So they had remained for an hour—two hours, it may have been; for the silent passage of time meant practically nothing to those two waiting, stunned and helpless, for the inevitable next step in the ruthless march of circumstances.

Suddenly the hand, whose touch had been till then merely a passive reminder of bodily and spiritual nearness, tightened where it lay. Jim started, lifting his miserable face, its blankness shivered by a wave of expectant fear.

"What is it?"

"Help! There's help comin'!"

The woman had half turned. Her spare figure was bent forward seekingly, her intent gaze fastened upon the door.

"Help?"

The man swung about, a light of hope flaming in his hunted eyes; but only the closed door, the uncurtained window, and

the patch of darkening woodland and sky beyond stared pitilessly back at him. A low, snorting laugh, not good to hear, broke from his lips.

"Who's bringin' it? Where's it from?"

He turned a look of hard skepticism upon the face so near his own.

"It's comin'!" the other whispered.

Her fixed eyes seemed to pierce the enclosing walls and the gathering dusk, to annihilate space and time alike, in order to reach a goal to whose existence her every instinct bore witness. But something hampered the vision. A baffled frown contracted her brows. One hand swept up and out as if to brush aside a tangible obstruction. There was a moment's wavering doubt; then she straightened up, her expression one glow of luminous certainty.

"Ellen, Ellen!" she breathed. "It's Ellen, Jim, bringin' it. I see—but I can't rightly see—"

Once more that troubled gaze searched the void. With an exclamation of rage, the man jerked back from her. It was always the same, always of Ellen, dead and buried these ten years, that she thought!

He flung his elbows on the table, his head again bowed in his hands. To think that even now, when she knew the hideous suffering his weeks in the wood had meant;



knew that he had been seen, and that already the sheriff must be well on his way to secure his prisoner; knew that her husband's unsupported word would have but a shadow's weight against the damning evidence that all but convicted him untried; knew that in all likelihood these were the last moments they ever would have alone together—to think that even now her mind should be all taken up with the child she had lost! It was the last drop of gall in the bitterness of his cup.

On a wave of sudden determination, he started up. Starvation and misery had driven him to put his head into the trap, but there was nothing to prevent his making a fight to get it out again. He would take what food there was in the house, and make a break for the woods. Safe there for the time being, somehow he would succeed, at last, in beating his way through to an unguarded point of the coast, find a boat, get across to the mainland, and then, with the whole world before him, evade pursuit and begin life anew.

But even as the familiar plan reiterated its alluring promise, a blast of wind that shook the cottage turned him sick with remembrance of what he had just been through. And things must grow worse with each succeeding day, for winter, the merciless winter of the North, was upon them. He cowered back into his chair, beaten and helpless.

For a while there was neither sound nor movement in the room; then Mollie's hand again fell lightly, but with quivering insistence, on his arm. The touch brought him upright, tense and expectant. Night had almost closed in upon them, but there was still light enough to show him that she was listening, body and soul focused in her ears.

He bent his head, concentrating every nerve to hear what she heard; but the purr of a lowered wind around the house alone broke the silence. He raised questioning eyes—but just then it reached him, muffled, dragging, yet unmistakably a footstep nearing the door.

Already they were here!

Like a hunted animal, he sprang to his feet, glaring about for way of escape. Realization of the utter futility of any attempt stayed him half-way to a rear window.

In a sharp revulsion of feeling, the measureless injustice of his situation burned

like a physical agony through his brain. God, man, and nature—all were against him. Out of the whole universe, on his side was only the woman waiting there with him for those dogs of the law to enter and do their work.

A sense of loneliness greater than he could bear made him draw close to search her face for a look which would tell him that her suffering was comparable to his own. The room was almost dark, but his fierce eyes penetrated the gloom—and what he beheld was rapt, breathless joy! It looked out of her wide eyes, showed itself in her parted lips, her tense body, her complete absorption in what was beyond the closed door, at which already a hand was fumbling. She was wholly unconscious of her husband's presence.

A wave of insane fury made his great fist double and half rise, only to fall impotent as the latch rattled and the door swung open.

He stood erect, calmed by the sheer finality of the moment. Rage and fear, the sense of desolation, concern for what was to come—all had gone together. The end begun seemed as a thing consummated, and it was with a reckless kind of satisfaction that he faced the open doorway. But the single figure revealed there, leaning heavily against the frame, showed little resemblance to the burly group he had expected to see.

An instant the stranger halted, as if his strength could bear no further strain; then, with a supreme effort, he drew himself over the threshold and across to the chair that Jim had vacated. As he did so, the door gently swung to, blown, it seemed, by some unfelt draft through the house.

"Ellen!" burst with anguish from Mollie's lips.

She sprang forward, only to let her hand fall nerveless upon the latch. It was as if an imperative command had forbidden her to lift it, and blind obedience was her only course. With a long, quivering sigh, she turned and moved toward the stranger.

"Get a light, Jim," she said in a low, steady voice.

Automatically he complied, setting the unshaded lamp on the table. Its glare fell over the inert form slouched against the chair-back. The head hung sidewise; the closed eyes, the sagging lips, the relaxed body spoke of exhaustion carried to its furthest limit.

Jim's glance was perfunctory. Nothing outside of his own trouble could at that hour strike even a spark of passing interest from him.

Mollie looked up. Her expression had the sad peace of one who has passed through bitter waters to find the utmost promise fulfilled, the end justifying all that has gone before.

"Don't you see who it is, Jim?"

Something in her manner made him bend sharply to scrutinize the features of the unconscious man. One long, incredulous stare, and Jim Conners had stumbled to his knees, his head was buried in Mollie's skirts, and the massive shoulders were convulsed with rending, hysterical sobs.

All unheard by the occupants of the room the door again opened, to admit five cautious figures. They spread out, as if to bar any possible way of escape.

Their leader drew near to the little group, started, bent closer, glared at the spent figure in the chair, and with an astounded, low-toned "Great Scott!" fell back, casting an amazed glance at his companions.

They crowded forward and stood speechless. They were face to face with a man whom they had believed dead. A body, positively identified as his, had been found six weeks before, under conditions that seemed unerringly to fasten his murder upon Jim Conners, who was known to have violently quarreled with him just before his sudden disappearance.

He never could explain how he came there. His going away had been the impulse of a moment, strengthened by fear of Jim's possible bearing toward him in view of the grounds for their quarrel. He had gone to Chicago and found work there. He was on his way to it—and the next thing he knew was when he opened his eyes to the crowding faces in the kitchen of Jim Conners's cottage.

Between lay six blank weeks. Where he had been, or what had befallen him, he had not the slightest inkling. What he could least understand was why he had found his way to that house, of all places in the world.

But Mollie thought she knew.

## The Egoist

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

TEN o'clock Monday morning. De Kuna glanced at his watch. His train for New York left at eleven. Grayner's car was to take him away at ten thirty. He had half an hour.

He had finished his breakfast, and was quietly smoking his cigar on the veranda, overlooking the private links. Some of the other guests had already got well into their game; but Beatrice Grayner had not yet come out. He wondered if she would.

At that moment her figure appeared in the doorway. As he stood up and looked at her, he thought her the most perfect thing in the world; and De Kuna was severely critical of women.

He never expected to be able to tell her how much he loved her. There were reasons why this was impossible. At least he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had himself well under control. He came from an old race. At one time opulent, the family's fortunes had dwindled. The clerkship he held was an abomination; but at least he

supported himself, and was invited out, just by reason of his manners and his general adaptability.

"I am sorry you must go back to town."

"Thank you. So am I. It could hardly manage without me, you know—after to-day noon."

"Always bantering!"

"A good way to forget one's troubles. You have been very kind to me, by the way. You have given me a perfect week."

"I assure you the pleasure has been all ours. We shall miss your wit—your continuous cheerfulness."

"And I shall miss all this—" He indicated the vast expanse of estate; the wonderful lawns, the graveled walks, the groups of artistic buildings—all the things that made the Grayner place one of the finest in the country. "And more," he added. "I shall miss—you."

She sat down, and they chatted amiably of all sorts of things. He promised to send her a certain book, the title of which was

alluring, and of which he had heard good reports. She begged him not to trouble, and said that she would order it.

"As if," he protested, "I was never able to do anything for you!"

"Oh, if you put it that way, I should be delighted; and if you will write in it, I shall value it highly."

The car drew up. De Kuna's baggage had already been arranged in front. A little group gathered to wish him good-by. He shook hands all around. Pressing hers, he whispered:

"I fear that I am leaving my heart behind me."

She smiled, taking it as a jest.

"I shall guard it zealously! You must come again."

"I shall never be able to resist your call."

He waved a farewell from the rear of the car. On the train, he plunged into the smokers, and tried to interest himself in a supposedly exciting novel; but finally he gave it up.

De Kuna was hit very hard. He saw nothing but that perfect face, that adorable figure; he heard nothing but that sweet intonation; and he knew that she never could be his.

"After all," he thought to himself, "love is largely an affair of finance. It is always the question of whether one can support a wife, from the common laborer up to the indigent gentleman—and was there ever a more perfect specimen of the latter than myself? Born with every taste, and with an inherited critical faculty, and doomed to associate with people who must never be nearer to me than mere patrons!"

His soliloquy lasted until he reached the city. As he turned into the street where his office was, a newsboy blocked his way.

"Extra! All about the big failure!"

Failure! De Kuna was indirectly interested in all failures. The news of the street was to him like the gossip of a country town to any of its citizens. He gave one glance at the head-line and then leaned heavily up against the stone coping of a near-by building.

He stared almost blindly at the words:

#### GRAYNER & CO. FAIL.

Big Banking Firm Goes Under—Announcement Causes Consternation.

This morning, at nine o'clock, the big banking and brokerage firm of Grayner & Co. announced

its suspension. The assets are said to be about two millions, with liabilities running up to four or five millions. The news was a surprise to—

Pulling himself together, De Kuna rushed into his office. The first man he met was Worthington, the manager.

"Well," said Worthington, grasping him by the hand, "glad to see you back. No news—except this, of course"—pointing to the paper. "They didn't know it up in the country. You just came from there, didn't you? Too bad, old man. I have suspected it all along."

De Kuna grasped him by the arm.

"Are you positive," he whispered, "that Grayner can't recover? Aren't these reports exaggerated?"

"On the contrary, the newspapers don't know the worst. I do, for I have just seen Grayner. You know, we had some of his paper, and I had to see him about it. He told me positively that he was absolutely ruined—and he said it with a smile on his face."

"Oh, the old man is game, all right!"

Out of the dark there came to De Kuna the flash of an inspiration, a vague thought that gathered substance like a flood.

"This news has upset me a little, old fellow. I am due here to-day, but could you spare me until to-morrow? If I came in the morning—"

"Certainly. You know the family. No wonder it has upset you. I'll just say that you are a little delayed, and I'll have one of the boys take up your connections to-day. Run along!"

De Kuna walked to the Subway. He had a time-table in his pocket. Consulting it, he saw he just had time to get the express back to where he had come from. On the train he would have time to think it over, and develop his plan.

His idea was a simple one. He loved Beatrice Grayner, but it never would have done to tell her so before this. He had altogether too much pride for that. Neither could he tell her so afterward, for then *she* would have too much pride. But if he could get there before she knew that her father was ruined, and tell her of his love, he could win her—he *might* win her—why not? His heart bounded at the thought.

At the station he got into a hack. The driver whipped up, and half-way to the Grayners' said sententiously:

"Bad failure!"

"You know it here?"

"Sure! Telephone came from town this morning."

De Kuna's heart sank, but at least there was a hope left.

"Do the family know?"

"Don't think they've been told."

One of the guests was sitting on the piazza as De Kuna got out.

"Rotten bad!" he whispered. "Beatrice doesn't know; we have all gone on just the same. She hasn't the faintest idea, so don't say anything. We are gradually going; I leave next train; keep up the bluff—understand?"

"Certainly. Where is she?"

"Over at the tennis-court."

De Kuna strolled over. Beatrice was seated with a group as he came up. She gave a little cry of surprise and pleasure as he appeared.

"How delightful! You found that you could spend another week—or you missed your train! I am so glad."

"A word with you," he whispered.

In a few moments the two broke away—not without a warning look at De Kuna from some of the other men—and strolled down the gravel path through a small forest of pines.

"Beatrice, I came back because I love you. I found that, away from you, it was all a blank. Won't you tell me something to give me hope?"

She smiled. Was he wrong in thinking that her eyes threw fire?

"Quite impossible," she said coldly. "You are a delightful companion, but a husband—never! The difference between us is too great. Not your fault, you understand—just fate; but you have only a small clerkship, with no prospects, whereas I—I am the daughter of a millionaire. You mustn't think of it for a moment!"

De Kuna stood silent, paralyzed by her words. Then the old racial temper came up within him, tearing its way through. Beside himself with wounded pride, he thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out the afternoon newspaper.

Quietly he handed it to her. She looked at the paper, looked at him; and then she smiled inscrutably.

"Thank you—I know all about *that*!"

"Your father's failure?"

"Certainly. I knew it last night. He telephoned me. No one knows that I know it. I have a wire in my room."

"And yet—you said to me—what you did—just now?"

This time she laughed lightly.

"I only told you what you have been thinking—up to this morning," she said. "If you had really loved me, you would have told me so yesterday, when your own pride was the one thing at stake. You wouldn't have waited until now—when it is too late!"

## Aphrodite's Third Offense

BY EDWIN COLE

IT was a beautifully and unusually marked hare—the body entirely white, but for a round, black spot between the long ears. Its eyes were large, brown, limpid, and sorrowful in expression.

A devotee of science, however, must suppress sentiment for the sake of the cause. I held the hare's soft, throbbing body with my left hand, and inoculated it with the fever bacilli. Three hours, I mused, and death would be on this beautiful creature—a sacrifice to the human desire for knowledge. Surely, I thought, it was not an ignoble end.

A chorus of shrill, plaintive cries from without the laboratory aroused me to sud-

den action. I thrust the hare into its death-cell, shut the compartment with a bang, and rushed out of the door. I guessed what had gone wrong. My wife's iniquitous feline was making havoc in my supply of the *leporidæ*.

It was as I had surmised. Through the wire netting of the pen in which the hares were confined, I caught a glimpse of the sinuous form of the big cat, gamboling about in the enclosure, into which she had leaped from the near-by fence, uncertain as to her victim when so many tempting ones were offered.

It was not Aphrodite's first offense. Once before she had slain one of these creatures,



destined to aid me in my research. I rushed toward the pen. The cunning animal observed me with much distaste, gave up the chase with evident reluctance, and leaped back to her fence post, where she regarded me with open boldness.

I seized a convenient stone, and I believe I should have slain the feline then and there had not my wife appeared at a window and intervened.

"Don't kill her, John," she pleaded. "You know how Toodles loves her!"

If Toodles, who is our three-year-old, loved the most hardened criminal in the State prison—a thing of which Toodles is quite capable—and my wife were Governor, she would pardon the villain unhesitatingly.

"Well," I quoted grimly, "three times and out! On the event of the third offense, the sentence of death shall be pronounced and executed on the goddess of love."

The feline mewed plaintively at the sound of her mistress's voice, and I retired to my study.

It was two hours later. I was deep in a treatise on the dread fever. In some respects I disagreed with the learned author; in one, at least—our conclusions were in accord.

An hour after the inoculation, the subject, itself, is an active medium of infection.

Yes, I mentally agreed, that was so; and when the subject was a hare, convulsions might be expected between the second and third hours.

I put aside the book and stretched myself. My eyes wandered out of the open window, and over the smooth lawn, and rested on Toodles, toddling about to his heart's content. Winding in and out between his sturdy little legs, with arched back and waving tail, was Aphrodite, looking larger and blacker than ever beside the tow-haired youngster. My heart softened toward her. For a cat, she had a great amount of affection, after all.

I leaned out of the window to watch the pair. Then my eye caught sight of a third actor in the tableau, and I uttered an impatient exclamation. One of my big Belgian hares had come hopping around a corner of the house, evidently just escaped from its pen.

Toodles ran toward it, gurgling his delight. Aphrodite crouched, ready for a spring, with lashing tail and twitching

whiskers. Another hare gone, I told myself, provoked that I had let the cat live. I caught up an inkstand, the nearest weapon at hand, and would have hurled it at her, had I not feared hitting Toodles; but I mistrusted my marksmanship.

"Scat!" I cried.

My glance turned to the hare again. Toodles was but a few yards away from it. Ordinarily, the Belgian hares would run from Toodles; but this one remained motionless.

To my surprise, I noted that the creature was pure white. I had no white hares but the one in my laboratory, and that, as I have said, had a black mark between its ears.

Even as I watched it, the hare turned its head. There, fairly between its long ears, was a round black mark!

In a flash of thought it came to me how it had happened. Interrupted in my task, I had failed to assure myself that the door of the death-cell had latched when I closed it. In my hurry, I had left the laboratory door open, and later I had returned to my study, at the other end of my house, by another door.

With the realization of all this, a cold sweat came over me. Fear paralyzed me for the moment. Then I called to Toodles with all the power of my lungs. I coaxed—I commanded—but the little fellow would not hear me.

"Bunny! Bunny! Ooo-oo!" he gurgled, and ran on.

My study is in the second story of the house. I had not time to run down-stairs and out into the yard. To jump meant, in all probability, to break a bone without saving the boy. Yet better chance this, I thought, than that the child should be subjected to contact with that venom-laden creature!

I thrust a foot out of the window. But, even as I hung so, into the picture of the running child and the crouching hare there burst a ball of black. It launched itself on the wretched hare; there was a single squeak, and the big black cat emerged from the struggling mass of black and white, took the hare by the throat, and bore it off in triumph, its long hind legs trailing on the ground.

So it was as I had prophesied—Aphrodite's third offense was her last; but in place of a dishonored grave, she lies in state in my rear dooryard.

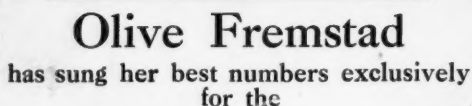


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